View here the Author's Design,
His Book displaid, his Tapers shine,
The Athenian Bird, the Dog, and Cat,
Which watchfull Study intimate.
THEOPHILA doth before Him stand
Amused with erected Hand,
And, like an Eagle, upward flies,
Rapt by bright ANGELS to the SKIES.

FRONTISPIECE TO THEOPHILA (CANTO V, P 66, OF ORIGINAL REDUCED FROM 10½ INCHES BY 5½)

MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL I CONTAINING

CHAMBERLAYNE S PHARONNIDA
AND ENGLAND S JUBILEE
BENLOWES' THEOPHILA
AND THE POEMS OF
KATHERINE PHILIPS AND
PATRICK HANNAY

EDITED BY

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

A GREAT English critic Mr Matthew Arnold and a great French man of letters Mérimee though they might not agree in all points agreed in one—in disparaging and discountenancing the study of minor literature Mr Arnold s utterances on the subject (or some of them for they are numerous and sometimes inconsistent) are probably well known to most readers of this book, of Mérimee s his qualification of the praise which it was impossible for him to refuse to Ticknor s *History of Spanish Literature* with blame for the inclusion of the *romerus*, may serve as a sufficient example Both are formidable antagonists and Goethe, from whom it is not im probable that both derived at least support for their opinion and who notoriously in his later days at any rate held it himself, will seem to most people no doubt, an antagonist more formidable still But one of the cardinal principles of literary as of other knight errantry is that the adventurer is not to be too careful—if he is to be careful at all—of the number or of the individual prowess and reputation of his adversaries The greater and the more they are the greater his success if he triumphs the less his discredit if he succumbs—when his case is the right and theirs is the wrong I have no doubt that in this respect Goethe and Mérimée and Mr Arnold were wrong It is not difficult to trace various causes of their error the chief of which are that all three were in a certain sense disenchanted lovers of Romanticism, that Romanticism as it was bound to do by mere filial piety enjoined the study of *all* literature and (further) that none of them had any special bent towards literary history Mr Arnold regarded all history with an impartial dislike, Goethe probably did not find this kind scientific enough and Merimée though no mean historical student in his own way, was a student of manners of politics of archaeology rather than of literature

Yet there can be no doubt that from the point of view of literary history and not from that point only, the neglect of minorities is a serious and may be a fatal mistake It is a mistake which used to prevail in the elder offspring of Clio herself but in most of her family it has been long outgrown There is even at the present day perhaps a danger of too much attention being paid to small things—the complaint is all but unanimous that the document is killing the historian Literary history, however is a very youthful member of the historical household it is not in any fully developed condition much more than two hundred years old and its classics are few and disputed Most of those which could pretend to the

position have been constructed on the very principle here attacked; such a book as Taine's, for instance, deliberately ignores whole schools, whole periods, whole departments, and is even extremely eclectic and anomalous in its treatment of principals. Yet it surely should not require much argument to show that this proceeding is not only absolutely unscientific, but inartistic in the last degree from one point of view, and perilous to the last degree from another. Even in the sphere of inorganic or inanimate or irrational things no reasonable physicist would care to generalize from a single example, or a few, leaving many unexamined. And the expressions of the human mind and sense in art are infinitely more individual and individually differentiated than chunks of the same rock, or blooms of the same flower, or specimens of the same animal race Every fresh example *may*—it may almost be asserted that every fresh example *does* give the rule with a difference, and by far the larger number of these differences are at least illustrative From the confinement of the attention to a few examples, however brilliant and famous, come hasty generalizations, insufficient exposition, not seldom downright errors Nor is it enough that the historian, as he too seldom does, should have made an examination, more or less exhaustive, for himself, it is desirable that the opportunity of controlling, checking, illustrating that examination should be in the hands of the student

This opportunity, in regard to the poets now collected, few students who have not easy access to the very largest libraries can possibly have enjoyed The invaluable collection of Chalmers -which ought long ago to have been supplemented by a similar *corpus* for the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—contains a very fair number of mid-seventeenth century poets, but not one of those here presented Nor has any one of them enjoyed the good fortune I do not for a moment insinuate that any one has deserved it of Herrick, who was himself omitted by Chalmers The best and largest thing here given, Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, was indeed reprinted by Singer eighty years ago but his edition is now scarce and dear Very few of the others have been reprinted at all, and in every case the familiar adjectives just used apply to the reprints where they exist As for the originals, though the extreme collector's mania point has not been yet reached in their case, as in that of the books of the period immediately preceding and some (especially first editions of plays) of a later time, yet most of them are excessively costly twenty or thirty shillings, or two or three pounds having to be given for small duodecimos of large print And what is more, copies are not to be obtained on the asking even at these fancy prices To collect the texts which we here propose to give would cost anything from twenty to fifty pounds in money, and I really do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that it might cost from twenty to fifty weeks, if not months, in

time And while it is certainly not extravagant to say that most students have neither too much time nor too much money at command it is not I think, illiberal to say that at least some collectors who have plenty of both do not exactly collect for the purposes of study

So far, little answer is likely to be attempted, but there remains a different set of objections to face 'Are these things *worth* collecting and reprinting? it may be asked— Is either the *prodesse* or the *delectare* likely to be got from them?' Nor do I propose to answer this in the lofty manner of some by saying that knowledge is knowledge and to be striven for and imparted putting all questions of profit or of delectation aside This (to split the old commendation) may be the most orgilous fashion of defence, but it is not the best perhaps and it is certainly not the most prudent, especially as there are divers others The importance of the matter here given for the proper comprehension of English literary history is really great It may be best classed and indicated under three heads those of Versification Diction and Subject

In Versification, the poems here set before the reader being mostly in rhyme do not illustrate one of the main features of their period that disintegration or disvertebration of blank verse which the contemporary plays display so remarkably But their exposition of the rhymed couplet of the period comes very close to this and indeed, as contrast pendant, practically forms part of the same subject We give here in the forefront of the book, the greatest poem, in bulk and merit alike which was ever written in this particular form of heroic and the special *Introduction* to *Pharonnida* will be found to contain some further remarks on the matter It is sufficient here to say that what this poem shows on the great scale many others show more or less —the conflict of the two principles of 'stop and *enjambement* which goes on everlastingly in this province of English Prosody When the couplet[1] first emerges from the heap (to use Guest s excellent but for himself rather damaging phrase on a more general point) its examples are almost necessarily 'stopped —as in the *Orison of Our Lady*, in Hampole and elsewhere—because the fact of the writer having no more to say in the space almost of itself determined his limitation to ten feet But when Chaucer first took it up as a poetic medium and vehicle on the great scale his genius could not fail whether consciously or not, to discover the double capacity of the metre He has sometimes been claimed as a great exemplar of *enjambement* but as a matter of fact he is quite as great a one of the stopped couplet when he chooses and neither Dryden nor

[1] These remarks necessarily made here *obiter* the writer hopes to develop in a *History of English Prosody* on which he has been for some time engaged The observation is made simply to guard them against the supposition of being idle or random *dicta*

Leigh Hunt could have been under the slightest difficulty in learning from him and quoting from him examples of the form which each preferred The remarkable instances of 'clench' and 'stop' which are found in *Mother Hubberd's Tale* could escape no careful reader of Spenser and those who like to discover literary anticipations and 'false dawns' have had no difficulty in finding many others in Elizabethan poetry In particular, those final couplets of Fairfax's stanzas which had such a great influence on Waller and his followers, necessarily take the stopped form as a rule, and sometimes equal in emphasis anything in Pope himself.

But the dramatic model of the rhymed couplet, very frequently used and never quite expelled by blank verse in its palmiest days, as necessarily inclined to overlapping and both the pregnancy of thought and the rather undisciplined exuberance of Jacobean and Caroline times favoured the same tendency This, undoubtedly, caught or lent contagion from or to the other tendency to licence in blank verse itself The sliding, slipping flow of Wither and Browne was consequently most alluring, in decasyllables and octosyllables alike and for some time very few writers even tried to resist the allurement Chamberlayne himself, and Shakerley Marmion earlier, are the chief of not a few who have displayed the sin and its solace. There is indeed no doubt of either Hardly any metrical device so well deserves the hackneyed praise of 'linked sweetness long drawn out' as these verse-paragraphs, punctuated by rhyme as well as pause, when they are successful. Nothing so well enables us to understand Milton's otherwise almost unintelligible wrath with the rhyme he had managed so exquisitely as the same paragraphs, or rather paragraph-heaps, when they are not successful And the odds are undoubtedly rather against their succeeding Even Keats, a greater poet by far than any one here presented, and endowed with a miraculous finger for poetic music, cannot always cannot very often keep them straight or curl them satisfactorily They encourage themselves by their own transgression the poet who drinks of them will almost certainly drink to excess And there is nothing for it, as Keats himself found, but one or other of the astringent antidotes which Milton and Dryden respectively applied. Yet, as we have seen in the nineteenth century, from Keats himself to Mr William Morris, poetry will turn to them, and will not be denied the indulgence Nay, there is the curious fact that, after Keats had discarded the decasyllabic *enjambement* of *Endymion*, he fell back upon the octosyllabic *enjambement* of the *Eve of St Mark*, and would obviously have done great things in it had he had time

It is, therefore, by no means an unimportant thing, in the interests of the history of English Prosody and of English Literature, that the documents of this period of unbridled overlapping should be put completely within the reach of the student and reader first, that

he may understand and appreciate them in themselves, secondly, that he may understand and appreciate the reaction against them thirdly that he may understand and appreciate the new reaction to something like them more than a century later They have a great deal to teach us they are a source or a main part of one they cannot be dismissed except by the most short sighted impatience, as things dead and obsolete The newer tendency to extend the view of literature laterally and take in what other nations and other languages are doing is valuable and to be encouraged but not at the expense of retrospection and of the maintenance of continuity in the study of particular literatures Nowhere is it truer that the thing that hath been shall be than in this field nowhere are the ancestral heirlooms—less as well as more precious—to be more carefully treasured and looked up from time to time

The other points chiefly noticeable in regard to Versification are two—the practice of irregular 'Pindaric metres and the peculiar tone and colour of the common measure and the quatrain of eights The popularity of Cowley was sure to encourage the practice of the first, but Cowley s own addiction to it was of course only an instance not a cause of the general fondness for it This fondness was also itself, no doubt, but a sort of evidence of discontent or want of skill with previously popular metrical arrangements like the restless liberties taken with the Spenserian stanza by poets from the Fletchers to Prior We have nothing of the very first excellence to promise in this form—nothing like the best of Crashaw or of Vaughan—certainly nothing equal to that splendid anonymous piece[1] which Mr Bullen discovered in the Christ Church Library But it must be remembered that Cowley himself is by no means invariably or even very often successful with it, and that its apparent promise of *numeros lege solutos* is the most treacherous and dangerous of deceits The poet (or perhaps hardly the poet but the verse writer) thinks he has got rid of an incumbrance when he has in reality thrown away the staff that supports his steps and the girdle that strengthens his loins Only masters of euphony and harmony can really triumph with these irregular arrangements which require such a transcendental regularity Nay more we know from the remarkable example of Tennyson s early verse and its effect on Coleridge, that the very masters themselves cannot always appreciate others mastery in it So that in our range of sixty years and more from Patrick Hannay to Ayres we shall not see many successes here yet the lesson of their absence will not be idle or superfluous

But the third and last general metrical colour of this verse is the most satisfactory, it is indeed one of the principal evidences in English poetry of the almost incomprehensible blowing of the wind of the spirit in a particular direction for a certain space of time Whether it was the special accomplishment of Ben Jonson the

[1] 'Yet if His Majesty, Our Sovereign Lord, &c

greatest single tutor and teacher of the verse of the mid-seventeenth century, or whether this accomplishment itself was but the first and greatest instance of a prevalent phenomenon, it would be uncritical rashness to attempt to decide. But what is certain is that the new, the wonderful, the delightful cadences which we find in such mere anonymities as

> Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,
> I took it to be thine
> But when I saw it had a wound
> I knew that heart was mine
> A bounty of a strange conceit!
> To send mine own to me
> And send it in a worse estate
> Than when it came to thee!

or in Marvell's magnificent

> My love is of a birth as rare
> As 'tis, for object, strange and high
> It was begotten by Despair
> Upon Impossibility

meet us often here, even in the warblings of the mild if matchless muse of 'Orinda.' Some of course will say, according to their usual saying, that it is the thought which is charming in both these that it is the Caroline conceit, not the Caroline cadence, which is so bewitching Let us distinguish The thought, the conceit, is caressing· but it would be perfectly possible so to put it that it should not have this rushing soar, this dying fall, and it would not be very hard to get the soar and fall with much less fantastically gracious fancies In fact, we should have to go to these very Carolines to borrow them Nobody, except by imitation, has got it since, nobody had it before It is only when one appreciates it that it becomes evident how some of those thus gifted managed also to strike out (quite casually it would seem) the matchless *In Memoriam* variation of eights, which also dates from this time, and which carries its own music so indissolubly bound up in it that only violence, or dulness unspeakable, can effect a divorce between them If these notes not exactly wood-notes but notes of a slightly sophisticated yet exquisitely tempered society came first into existence a little before the accession of the first Charles, they hardly survived the death of the second, under whom very worthless and unpoetical persons still, in some strange fashion, were able to produce them, while later, very respectable and even poetical persons were unable to produce them at all We shall not, indeed, find any of the very best examples of them here, those very best examples are so irresistibly and so universally charming that they have, in almost all cases, long ago served as passports to at least the modified general knowledge given by anthologies. I can promise

my readers no Herrick nor even any Sedley or Aphra Behn But the purpose of the collection will be fully attained by showing that in lesser degree, the gift prevailed —that even the minor poet had it that it was an appanage and a privilege not of the individual but of the time Not until such points as these have been mastered—with the result and reward of being able to distinguish what is of the time and what of the individual—is a real grasp of the history of literature and especially of poetry possible. The process corrects at once the extreme determinism of the Taine school, and the extreme individualism which will not look at filiations and groups and *milieux* at all it turns the student if he will be turned, into a scholar who can appreciate, and a lover who can understand

In point of Diction the authors here given add a good deal to the word and phrase book of the period and I have thought it worth while to draw attention to some of these additions in the several Introductions and to all the more remarkable ones in the glossarial notes The general tendency is double and the evidences of this duplicity are perhaps more striking than those in most of the better known poetry of the time though not more so than those in its slightly more accessible, but not really much more generally read, drama One set is in the direction of a sort of new aureate diction—of 'inkhorn terms' corresponding to those of which the mighty chief of contemporary prose writers, Sir Thomas Browne is so prodigal Chamberlayne though not quite so lavish of them is a thorough contemporary of Brownes in his enthean and his astraeisms.' But, as is well known all Jacobean and Caroline writers, from Bacon and Greville to Thomas Burnet, succumb to this temptation the indulgence in which was no doubt a main cause of the imminent reaction to 'a naked natural way of speaking, though some of the greatest men on that side, notably Dryden never quite relinquished their fondness for traduction and the like This indulgence is certainly more pardonable in poetry than in prose where also it is not unpardonable to some tastes it only becomes so when (as it must be confessed often happens) it is either pushed to the verge of the burlesque in itself or associated with grotesque and vernacular locutions Benlowes is a particular offender in this way, but it can hardly be said that any one of the Caroline minors is entirely to be trusted to escape the danger and the offence Yet the better of these *mustata* may be regarded with a little affectionate regret by those who hold that in language as elsewhere the old motto keep a thing its use will come has its value and that it is hardly possible for any tongue to be too rich or too hospitable provided only its treasures or its guests do not underlie the reproach of barbarism There is a charm in such a phrase as 'the epact of the heart'[1] which none but word lovers and thought lovers know

The other tendency connects itself forwards rather than backwards

[1] In the anonymous song, 'Why should I wrong my judgement so?'

in respect of development, though one of its sources is to be sought in an earlier age. It is the indulgence in familiar and slovenly forms of speech which grew upon writers during the later years of the seventeenth century, and against which Swift, at the beginning of the next, delivered his famous onslaught in the *Tatler* This, as has been said, is particularly painful when it is found in close proximity to the 'aureate' phrases just discussed; but its worst instances possess an offensiveness which is independent and intrinsic, and which is perhaps the great drawback to the enjoyment of this poetry These take the most slipshod conversational contractions not merely such as 'they're' for 'they are,' and 'she 's' for 'she is,' but such as the horrors, now luckily obsolete even in conversation, of 'do's,' not for 'does' but for 'do his,' 'th' castle' for 'the castle,' 'b' the' for 'by the,' and the like. In some cases, of course, a mere slur of the voice will get over the difficulty but in many it will not And the result is then one of the most jarring grains of sand between the teeth, one of the most loathsome flies in the ointment. Some of the passages where it occurs are utterly ruined by it; there are none, I think, where it is not a more or less serious drawback to the poetic pleasure It is noticeable more or less in all the poets of the time except Milton, whose ear saved him, almost if not quite invariably, from anything that cannot be resolved into a tolerable trisyllabic foot: and it continued for a long time after our strict period Even Dryden is not proof against it, in the verse of his plays, though he too was kept by his genius from often (not from sometimes) committing it in his strictly poetic verse Of the others, persons not represented here as different as Crashaw and Marvell, persons represented here as different as Chamberlayne and Benlowes, are almost indiscriminately guilty of it [1]

This always uncomely and sometimes hideous and horrible fault was at least partly due to a wrong theory, not of Diction itself but once more of Versification to the strange delusion (first put into words by Gascoigne, who laments what he thought the fact thirty or forty years before the beginning of our time, and finally formulated by Bysshe twelve or fifteen beyond the end of it) that, either universally or in all but a very few trivial song metres, English prosody admitted of nothing but disyllabic feet It was to get back the ten syllables into the heroic line, the eight into the 'short' line (as Butler calls it) and no more, that these abominable Procrustean tortures were committed It is possible the contrary may seem indeed *im*possible —that the fantastic combinations of consonants sometimes produced, were not intended to be pronounced as they are printed that, as was observed above, a saving slur was allowed But in some cases at least no sleight of tongue with the actual syllables is itself possible the verse simply cannot be made euphonious by any acrobatism of

[1] It is to the credit of 'J D,' the introducer of Joshua Poole's *English Parnassus*, that he protests against mere 'apostrophation,' as he calls it

pronunciation And it is not surprising that in order to get rid of it Dryden tended more and more to the rigid decasyllable with an occasional indulgence in the complete Alexandrine when he could not suit himself with less room Never till Shenstone and then only by a kind of timid suggestion was the dactyl (of course it was not as a rule a dactyl at all) allowed back into English heroic or blank verse and during this period of proscription there was practically no alternative between inconvenience and cacophony for those poets who were not consummate masters Hardly one of ours deserves that grudgingly to be allotted description, and accordingly they nearly all succumb

Yet again there is special interest of Subject about not a few of the poets and poems here given and this has not, like the others, been in any great part anticipated by previous collections and editions Of the Heroic Poem on which the mind of the late sixteenth and the whole of the seventeenth century was so much set only Davenant s *Gondibert* the most popular example doubtless of the kind at its own time has been hitherto accessible with any ease, and *Gondibert*, though the most considerable English piece save one in bulk, has the disadvantage of having been written by a man who is not single minded in his ideas of poetry who with much of the actual has more of the coming taste and fashion Here we give, not only *Pharonnida* the queen of the whole bevy, but some others of much less merit and importance no doubt but still constituting a body of evidence and not a mere isolated example Of the kind itself something is said in the *Introduction* to Chamberlayne s romance but something more may fitly and almost necessarily must be said here It is for the reasons just now hinted at and others not at all a well known kind and with all the abundance of monographs—German American and English—on English Literature which the last few decades have seen no one has yet summoned up courage to take it with its analogues the Heroic Prose Romance, and the 'Heroic Play for thorough and synoptic treatment Except in cases which break through and above its limitations such as Milton s *Paradise Lost* which, be it remembered takes to itself the actual style and title[1] or as Cowley s *Davideis* it is a kind which incurs the familiar dangers of sitting (or attempting to sit) on two stools Starting from the theory and practice of Tasso who wished to effect a *modus vivendi* between the Virgilians and the partisans of Ariosto, and from the doctrine of Scaliger that the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus was a perfect prose epic writers first in Italy and Spain then in France and almost contemporaneously in England endeavoured to secure the variety, the freedom to some extent and the sentimental and story telling attractions of the Romance with something of the majesty unity and prestige of the Epic They very seldom achieved these

[1] At the close of the prefatory note on 'The Verse'

latter, and if like Milton they did, it was almost necessarily at the cost and to the neglect of the former The smaller 'Heroic' poems are often mere narrative love-pieces, scarcely more than lyric in appeal, though unwisely divesting themselves of the lyric charm in form But *Pharonnida* is much more than this, and though, no doubt, the versification and the diction subject it to risks which need not necessarily have been run, yet, to some extent, the Heroic Poem might not do unwisely to choose Chamberlayne as its champion.

At any rate, the greater and smaller examples here presented will supply materials for information and judgement on two points of literary history and criticism, neither of which is without very considerable interest and importance In the first place, we have here a definite species (or chapter) of the general class (or history) of Verse-Narrative This, even in ancient times, had some difficulty in subjecting itself to the rigid theory of Epic Unity The *Iliad* obeys this pretty fairly which is the less wonderful inasmuch as the theory was certainly deduced from the *Iliad*, if not from the *Iliad* alone But the *Odyssey* and even the *Aeneid* have to take the benefit of all sorts of subterfuges in order to comply with it and disastrous as is the shipwreck of ancient epic generally, we can see from writers like Nonnus on the one hand and Statius on the other, that orthodoxy was by no means universal if it was even general Mediaeval verse knew nothing of it, and the mighty genius of Ariosto flouted it unceremoniously not to say wantonly An intending verse tale-teller, in the middle of the seventeenth century, might well 'not know what to think of it' even in face of Tasso and Spenser, much more of Marini and Chiabrera and the French 'long poem' writers from Ronsard to Chapelain. Either because of such bewilderment, or for other reasons, he generally fortified himself with certain things, a punctilious extravagance of sentimental interest, often suggesting the tone of the *Amadis* cycle, a curious nomenclature of a rococo-Romance kind which has perhaps some indebtedness to the same source, intricately and almost violently entangled adventures, revolutions, discoveries, and the like In many cases it seems to have been more or less a chance whether he wrote in prose or in verse

In fact (and this brings us to the second point), the kind supplies another important link or chapter in the history of Fiction generally. Very much of it, one might almost be sure, would not have been written in this form if the prose-novel had taken forms more definite and variously available. And yet it is necessary to repeat the 'almost' For the verse-novel itself, we must remember, has made its appearance as late as the nineteenth century in some very notable examples in English It may almost claim *Sordello* and *The Princess*, it may quite claim *Festus*, and *Aurora Leigh*, and *Lucile* and *Glenaveril* If Mr William Morris led verse-narrative

back to more natural ways it does not follow that it will always abide in them At any rate here are examples—little known not so little worth knowing—of one of the forms which it has taken in the past of English poetry and English literature That this form has been much neglected hitherto is certainly not a reason for continuing the neglect It certainly *is* a reason for repairing it in the most important point the provision of the actual materials for study

To these considerations of direct interest and importance, from the point of view of the history of literature, there remain to be added some of an indirect kind

Most, though not all of the writers here reprinted were forgotten during the eighteenth century but some at least of them were of note in the seventeenth and more than one has been a power of this or that moment during the last hundred years The influence which they—or rather the spirit which they exhibit—exerted upon Dryden has sometimes been exaggerated but more generally overlooked and it is a matter of real and great importance It is not merely that he mentions Orinda with admiration [1] and Cleveland with contempt [2], nor that he confesses in somewhat other but closely allied matter, how conceit and bombast and 'alembicated metaphysicalities for a long time were the Delilahs of his imagination [3] It is not merely that the Lines on Lord Hastings are in existence to show that he could as a boy out Benlowes Benlowes and out catachresis Cleveland himself From these first puerilities to those almost last and almost noblest lines where he addresses—

> [The] daughter of the rose whose cheeks unite
> The differing titles of the Red and White,

he is the servant of misguiding or rightly guiding fantasy—a fantasy at the worst the by blow and bastard of older *Furor Poeticus* at the best its legitimate offspring It is this quality which differentiates him from the mere prose and sense versifiers, and which is so unfortunately missed by those who cannot appreciate him because they appreciate Milton just as others cannot appreciate Keats because they appreciate Byron And our poets are almost the last, except a few well known exceptions for a hundred years to show the constant presence of this will o the wisp which does not always lead astray and which is at any rate better than darkness and perhaps than common daylight So too how appreciate the justice (in this case one may be frank enough to say the injustice) of *Mac Flecknoe* when the songs that Flecknoe actually sang are more unknown than those to which Browne (forgetful of δεῦρ αγε νῦν and its music) made the famous reference? How apportion the

[1] In the Anne Killigrew *Ode* viii 162
[2] In the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*
[3] Dedication of *The Spanish Friar*

office of the true critic and that of the mere satirist in Butler without having *Theophila* before us? How fully comprehend the to us rather incomprehensible wrath and ridicule with which Addison and others pursue the childish, but not wholly unamiable, practice of making verses in the shape of altars, and candlesticks, and frying-pans, without a full collection of the original offences?

The other source of interest referred to is less equivocal There is no doubt that some of these seventeenth-century writers were extremely influential in the Romantic Revolt of the nineteenth They could not but be so, inasmuch as they were precisely the persons against whom the neoclassic poets—the 'school of prose and sense'—had themselves revolted. The poetic blood of these old martyrs was the necessary seed of the new Church, and not only the seed but the fostering soil and the kindly fertilizer. That Keats must have had direct obligations to *Phaeonnida* has never been matter of doubt since people began to study Keats seriously, but there is fair reason to believe that he knew others of our collection One ceases to think his famous and very ugly rhyme of 'favour' and 'behaviour' a mere cockneyism, when one finds it in Shakerley Marmion. Not, of course, that it may not be found elsewhere, but that both in subject and execution *Cupid and Psyche* is exactly one of the poems which Keats is most likely to have read, enjoyed, and followed Southey's relish of *Phaeonnida* is cited in the proper place, as is Campbell's, which caused, more surprisingly to those who know Jeffrey only at second hand, Jeffrey's Sir Egerton Brydges, whose influence was much greater than is perhaps now generally appreciated, paid much attention to the writers of this time and class in the *Censura Literaria* and the invaluable *Retrospective Review* did what it could to reintroduce them, whilst Singer, if he had met with more encouragement, would probably have reprinted more of them than he actually did No one can mistake as a result no doubt not of any 'plagiarism' nor even of following in the sense too commonly understood by the collectors of parallel passages, but of kindred in spirit, and perhaps of actual familiarity the resemblances to the poetry of these, as of other seventeenth-century men, which are found in early nineteenth-century poets like Beddoes and Darley, not to mention the 'Spasmodics' and other outlying groups or individuals It is impossible to imagine a better antidote or alterative to Blackmore and Glover than Chamberlayne, to the average minor poet of the eighteenth century than Benlowes or Katherine Philips or even Philip Ayres Even the extremest minority is worn with a difference and with a difference which is still agreeable and refreshing 'Agreeable and refreshing' *Dulce refrigerium!* It sounds better in Latin, though the sense is pretty exactly the same and the Latin phrase at least expresses the charm of these writers perhaps as well as any that could be

invented There is no need to relinquish a jot of the pedagogic or, if the shibboleth of the day be preferred the 'scientific' arguments and claims just advanced, but in a matter of art and especially of poetical art they can never be quite victoriously decisive 'Is the delight here? is a question which anybody has the right to ask at any moment and it moves the case into another court.

But there is no difficulty in giving the affirmative answer though of course that answer must itself be subject like all such, to the yet further, and in this case final tribunal of individual taste Some people will not like even Chamberlayne much less Benlowes and the rest it has even been admitted that they can find reasons for not liking, if they choose to seek them But it must be remembered that in Art, and especially in Poetry the potency of the negative and the potency of the affirmative in replies to this question are utterly different in weight and scope The negative is final as regards the individual, *he* has a right to dislike if he does dislike though there may be subsequent questions as to his competence But it is not in the least final as to the work in question It is (let it be granted) not good for *him*, it does not follow that it is not good in itself Now the affirmative carries with it results of a very different character *This* is final in regard to the work as well as to the reader That which should be delectable has delighted in one proven and existing case and nothing—not the crash of the world—can alter the fact It has achieved—though the value of the achievement in different cases may be different

From this point of view few of the poets now presented need fall back on the mere scholastic historic estimate though one or two may have to do so Puzzling as it may be to extract and define the essence of the charm which is found in almost every page of Chamberlayne and which is not so rare elsewhere the examples already referred to will show that that charm itself has been felt by persons whose competence is too certain and whose idiosyncrasies are too various to permit the poohpoohing of it as an effect of crotchet or *engouement*, or simple bad taste The fact is that it is as genuine as it is elusive and almost as all pervading as it is sometimes faint and felt from far If it can be explained in any way it is by the constant presence of the worship of Imagination and of the reward which Imagination bestows upon even her most mistaken worshippers Sometimes they are mistaken enough, they confuse their Goddess with a Fancy which is not even Fancy made of golden air but an earthy Fancy bedizened with tinsel But the better Fancy is only Imagination a little humanized, and even the worst has something not quite alien from the divine As we come closer to the confines of the period it is most curious to see the last flutters and flashes of the wings of this Fancy as she takes her leave in such things as Ayres's *Fair Beggar*, and his *Lydia Distracted* Earlier, she is always with us,

and Imagination herself not seldom. There are who like not these for companions, no doubt, for those who do, let us cut short this ushership at once and allow the music to begin [1]

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

[1] NOTE TO INTRODUCTION The principles of editing which have been adopted can be very shortly set forth In all cases, whether the texts have been set up from reprints, as in a few cases, or from the originals, as in most, they have been carefully collated with these originals themselves and all important variations noted, and where necessary explained The spelling has been subjected to the very small amount of modernization necessary to make it uniform with the only uniformity which is at all possible At this time no texts were printed with very antique spelling, and some present for whole pages nothing that is not modern, except an occasional capital Initial A very few readers might prefer the reproduction of anomalous and contradictory archaisms, but these would certainly repel a much larger number, and interfere with the acquaintance which it is desired to bring about With regard to punctuation, the fantastic and irregular clause- and sentence architecture of the time hardly admits of a strict application of any system This is partly remedied, or at least recognized, in the originals by an extremely liberal use of the semicolon, which has been generally retained, except where means of improvement are obvious Glossarial notes have been added where they seemed necessary or very desirable, but with a sparing hand, and notes explanatory of matter, with a hand more sparing still The object constantly kept in view by the editor has been the provision, not of biographical bibliographical, or commentatorial minutiae, but of a sufficient and trustworthy text for the student and the lover of literature (*Unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances have hitherto prevented the accomplishment of the collation of Hannay I trust to complete it shortly and to give the results, if any, in Vol II*—G S)

CONTENTS

Pharonnida:

A

HEROICK POEM.

BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE
Of *Shaftsbury* in the County of *Dorset*.

Ἴσκε ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγων ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Hom Odyss Lib XIX

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Clavell*, at the Sign of the *Stags head* neer St *Gregories* Church in St. *Pauls* Church yard, 1689.

[Two vols in one of 258 and 215 pp respectively The print and leading of these is quite different, the first having small type and thirty four lines to the page, the second a larger letter and twenty-six or twenty-eight lines]

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

THE extreme scantiness of our biographical knowledge[1] of the author of *Pharonnida* has not even in recent or comparatively recent years been compensated by any fullness of critical or general acquaintance with his works He was even more unfortunate than Herrick as regards the time at which he came and his chances of popularity and his kind of work was a great deal less likely to recommend itself to future generations That the original edition is very rare indeed, and that Singer's reprint eighty year ago was published in no very great numbers and is now far from common or cheap are facts which no doubt have had a good deal to do with the general neglect but criticism is not quite blameless in the matter That Langbaine should have seen nothing in *Pharonnida* is indeed itself nothing if there ever has been anything which may possibly have ruffled the smoothness of Shakespeare s brow since his death, it must have been Langbaine s admiration That the eighteenth century should have left our poet not contemptuously but utterly alone is not wonderful for his system of versification is simply anathema to the orthodoxy of which Bysshe was the lawgiver and which Johnson did not disdain to profess

Southey who read *Pharonnida* early and might have been expected to like it has indeed left a pleasant tribute But the author of an elaborate and useful argument with extracts in the *Retrospective Review*[2] which no doubt served as shoehorn to draw on Singer s reprint gives very little criticism and that little by turns extravagant and grudging I have myself a very great admiration for Chamberlayne but I fear I could not except

It is practically limited to what can be found in the prefatory matter of his poem with a very few external contributions—as that he was born in 1619 practised as a physic an at Shaftesbury died there on Jan 11 1679 and was buried his son Valent ne putting up a monument to him *Pharonnida* appeared (London R Clavell) w th a portrait (generally absent) in 1659 The tragi comedy of *Lov s Victory* which accompanies it in S nger s reprint but (as a play) is not given here had been published the year before and was reprinted in 1678 with alterations as *It s Lad by the Nose* a title not obviously appl cable At the Restorat on Chamberlayne published a short poem of some interest *England s Jub le*[ ] which has never I th nk been reprinted but which is given at the end of *Pha o t ida*

In a note to *Th Vision of the Maid of Orleans* (*Poet s* one vol edition p 79) he gives a co s derable extract f om Pharo nida s remarkable dream n Book I Canto v and speaks of the author as a poet to whom I am indebted for many hours of delight But even he while acknowledging an interesting story, subl m ty of thought and beauty of express on excepts against the uncouth rhymes the quaintest conceits and the most awkward inversions

I pp 21-48 with a further art cle on *Loves Victory* pp 258 71

as regards the inequality, say that 'his main story is carried on with deep and varied interest and developed with great but unequal power,' or grant 'individuality' to 'the character of Almanzor' On the other hand, to speak of the 'involved and inharmonious' diction, and still more of 'the poverty and insignificance of the rhyme,' is as excessive in the other direction, though it may not be utterly untrue and the remark about the rhyme in particular shows that the critic had not grasped Chamberlayne's system We can come together again on 'richness of imagery,' 'impassioned and delightful poetry,' &c

The first person to do some real justice to *Pharonnida* was Campbell in his *Specimens*, which again give not much criticism and chiefly praise the story—the weakest part—but provide admirable selections, the perusal of which stirred Jeffrey himself to admiration and desire for more Of late years things have been better[1], but even yet the poem is far too little known, and the hope of extending the knowledge of it was one of my main motives in suggesting and planning this edition

The points of interest from which *Pharonnida* can be regarded are neither few nor unimportant In the first place it is, with Davenant's much better known but far inferior *Gondibert*, the chief English example of that curious kind the 'Heroic poem'—the romanticized epic which, after the deliberations of the Italian critics and the example of Tasso, spread itself over Europe in the late sixteenth century and held the field for the greater part of the seventeenth With something of the late romance of the *Amadis* type in it, this poem had a good deal of intended reference to the *Aeneid*, but perhaps linked itself most of all to the prose *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, which attracted great attention from the Renaissance and had been pronounced by Scaliger himself the model of a prose epic The resemblance, indeed, between *Pharonnida* and the type of the Greek romance generally is very strong in the prominence and persistent persecutions of the heroine, in the constant voyages and travels, alarums and excursions, ambushes and abductions, and, it may be added, in the very subordinate position of Character Indeed Chariclea and some of her sisters are much less open to Pope's libel than the good Pharonnida and the bad Amphibia of our poem

An even greater attraction to some readers is its position at the very end (indeed, in a sort of appendix to the great volume) of Elizabethan verse, in conception, in versification, and in phrase Like the whole body of this verse, from Spenser downwards, it is of imagination (or at worst of fancy) all compact the restraints of prose and common sense are utterly alien to it Its author has passed from the merely 'conceited'

[1] Mr Gosse in *From Shakespeare to Pope* did, perhaps, most to draw attention once more to Chamberlayne

to the 'metaphysical' stage, and if his excursions into the *au delà* do not reach the sublimity or the subtlety of Donne the flaming fantasy and passion of Crashaw they leave very little to desire in their fidelity to the Gracianic motto *En Nada Vulgar* The immense length of his verse paragraphs (to be referred to further) is closely connected with this intricacy and excursiveness of thought and so no doubt at least according to the present writer's idea, is the impassioned and delightful poetry But so also is the extreme incoherence not merely of the story as a whole but and still more of its component incidents and episodes It is, of course impossible not to think of *Sordello* in reading it and I should say myself that the poem which has rather absurdly become a proverb for incomprehensibility in the proper sense of the word is much the more easily comprehensible of the two Mr Browning's thought pursues the most astonishing zigzags and whirligigs and shifts but it is solid and you can if you are nimble enough, keep your clutch on it Chamberlayne's constantly sublimes itself off into a kind of mist before making a fresh start as a solid, at quite a different point from that at which it was last perceived in that condition

So too with the versification Although it is of course quite possible to trace the stopped and stable couplet not merely in drama but in narrative and miscellaneous poetry, from Spenser and Drayton and Daniel downwards the general tendency of the Elizabethan distich had been towards an undulating *enjambement* and this had grown much stronger both in octosyllable and decasyllable with strictly Jacobean poets like Wither and Browne But Chamberlayne serpentines it to a still greater extent Indeed it is impossible not to discern in him something akin to that extraordinary *unscrewing* of blank verse itself which is noticeable in his dramatic contemporaries and which might have disvertebrated English verse altogether if it had not been for the tonic in different forms of Milton and Dryden The 'poverty and insignificance of rhyme on which our *Retrospective* friend is so severe are of course deliberate The rhymes are intended not as a stop signal at the end of the couplet but as an accompanying music to the run of the paragraph Unfortunately the possession of this accompaniment is too likely to dispense a poet from that attention to varied pause and to careful selection of value in individual words with which the blank verse paragrapher cannot dispense if he is to do anything distinguished It would be interesting if one could know whether Milton ever heard of *Pharonnida* but I think I do know what he would have said of it It is not insignificant that his nephew Phillips while mentioning the unimportant *Robert* Chamberlain says nothing about William in a tale of Caroline poets which descends to Pagan Fisher and Robert Gomersal But for all its dangers and all its actual lapses it

makes a medium frequently delightful even if we had not *Endymion*, and more, not less, seeing that we have that

It is in his diction, using that word widely to include composition and grammar, that Chamberlayne's state is least gracious His ugliest fault he shares with most of his contemporaries, even with Dryden occasionally, and it is so ugly that it constitutes perhaps the most serious drawback to the enjoyment of him by modern readers Partly owing to that gradual vulgarization of the language which Dryden arrested to some extent, but which it is a redeeming merit of the eighteenth century in prose and verse to have cauterized but partly also to the prevailing critical error as to the strictly syllabic character of English verse, *Pharonnida* swarms with things like 'in's hand,' 't' the coach,' 'Perform 't' These uglinesses cannot always (as, by the way, they generally can in Dryden) be smoothed away by printing in full and allowing trisyllabic feet, they are too often 'in grain' Very much more tolerable, but occasionally unsatisfactory, is his indulgence, generally a repeated indulgence, in such words as *remora*, *enthean*, *catagraph*, *astracism* And disapproval must begin again, not so much in regard to the licentiousness of his syntax—for English grammar, after all, is made by good English writers, and not vice versa—as to the extraordinary haphazardness of syntax, phrase, and composition alike I do not wish to burden this introduction with extracts of any length, but those who turn to the passage about the governor of the fort in Book II, Canto ii, lines 123–132, will find a capital example of our poet at his very worst It is perhaps well that this worst should be got over beforehand, so that things like it may not possess the additional disgust of surprise But it must be admitted that the greatest danger in reading him is lest the reader, by too frequent occurrence of these choke-passages, may be tempted to skip, and that in the lack of *ordonnance* which has been noted, he may find himself hopelessly befogged at the point where he alights from his skipping-pole.

As if all this were not enough, Chamberlayne has multiplied his obstacles of commission by an omission which nearly all of his few critics have noticed, but which none of them has fully followed out We know from his own words at the end of the Second Book that the poem was thus far written, but broken off, at the second battle of Newbury in October, 1644 And whether its author resumed it at once after the complete disaster of the Royal arms next year, or earlier, or later[1], it was certainly not published for fifteen years afterwards This would, in itself, render inconsistencies and gaps likely enough. but it would not account for the

[1] It has been thought, from bibliographical peculiarities in the original, that the *last* part was printed later than the rest The last *volume* (see note on reverse of half-title) is certainly quite different in typography and arrangement from the first

extraordinary *incuria* which Chamberlayne constantly displays One would imagine not merely that he had never read his MS through, but that he had never taken the trouble to read his proofs a process which could hardly have failed to reveal to the most careless author some, if not all of the discrepancies of nomenclature, &c In the first few pages he calls one of his characters indifferently Ariamnes and 'Aminander, but here this slip of the pen is so glaring that it hardly misleads A little later he puts the careful (the careless will not mind) hopelessly out, by transferring the name Aphron' to one Andremon both persons having already appeared and being entirely distinct He never seems to know whether his main scene of action is in the Morea (where it certainly opens) or in Sicily, and there may, perhaps, be corroborative evidence of some passing intention to change the whole *venue* from Greece to Italy in his calling the same person at one time an 'Epirot and at another a Calabrian Although the exits and the entrances of his characters are very complicated and sometimes correspond at long intervals he will (there is an example at I iv 109) omit to name them and describe them in such a round about fashion that anybody but a very wary and attentive reader must be at least for a time at sea Finally as indeed Thackeray and others have done, he will kill and bring alive again with the completest non chalance At least though his phrase is constantly enigmatic it is hard to understand the lines at IV i 192 where, in reference to the wicked Amphibia and her paramour Brumorchus it is said that the prince

refers
Their punishment to death s dire messengers,

in any other sense than that both were executed Yet at V iii 360 Amphibia is still alive still a lady in waiting to Pharonnida and in case to execute the crowning treason of the story which kills the princess s father and very nearly brings herself to the scaffold as his murderess

This being the case and the arguments prefixed by the author being almost useless[1] it may be well to present a brief analysis canto by canto of a poem which one tolerably practised reader had to read three times before its general subject was at all clearly imprinted on his mind

Book I, Canto i[2] Aminander [Ariamnes] a Spartan lord hunting on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto sees a naval combat between Turks and Christians and when the combatants wrecked by a squall are still fighting on the beach rescues the Christian heroes Argalia and Aphron

Canto ii Another lord Almanzor the villain of the piece finds two damsels Carina and Florenza in a wood He offers violence to Florenza

[1] The abstract in the *Retrospective Review* is a little scrappy and capricious

[2] Observe the *five* books and the *five* cantos in each This was one of the curious heroic punctilios to bring the construction nearer to the *five* acts of Drama

and her lover, Andremon, though coming in time to save her, falls before his sword But Argalia, who has been sleeping near, is waked by the scuffle, takes her part, and severely wounds Almanzor, despite the succour of his friends Forces come up, and, appearances being against Argalia, take him into custody

Canto III He is conveyed to the capital, where, according to the custom of the country, it is the duty of the king's daughter, Pharonnida, whose mother is dead, to preside over the tribunal She falls in love with Argalia at first sight, but he is condemned, receiving three days' respite as an Epirot, a citizen of an allied state, which is confirmed by ambassadors from Epirus then present

Canto IV This is however not sufficient to obtain his pardon and he is about to suffer when Aminander reappears with Florenza herself, who tells the whole story Argalia is set at liberty and is about to depart with the ambassadors (who have become 'Calabrians' and who have told what they know of his origin) when a fresh adventure happens Molarchus the Morean (now Sicilian) admiral, who has been charged to convoy the envoys, invites the king, princess and court on board his flag-ship and makes sail, having formed a design to carry off Pharonnida This he does, though there is a fierce fight on board, by throwing her into a prepared boat and making off, while the crew do the same, having previously scuttled the ship Argalia, however, with the help of his friend Aphron, though at the cost of the latter's life, secures one of the boats, rescues the king, and lands on a desolate island, where they find that Molarchus has conveyed Pharonnida to a fortress Argalia, always fertile in resource, makes a ladder of the tackling of some stranded boats, scales the walls, slays Molarchus, and rescues the princess

Canto V tells of a halcyon time at Corinth, where Pharonnida and Argalia, who is captain of her bodyguard, fall more and more deeply in love with one another, till the usual romance-mischance of a proposed betrothal to a foreign prince interrupts it and the book finishes with this agony further agonized by Argalia's appointment on the very embassy destined to reply favourably to the Epirot suitor

In Book II, Canto I we return to Almanzor, who forms a plot to abduct the princess, succeeds at first by turning a masque into a massacre, but is defeated by the rising of the country people, who half ignorantly rescue her But her ravisher, in

Canto II, thinking he has gone too far to retreat, sets up a rebellion and garrisons the castle of a city named Alcithius, which the king at first retakes, but which only serves him as a place of refuge when Almanzor has beaten him in the field He has just time to send to Epirus for help before the place is invested

Canto iii It is almost reduced by famine, and the besieged are meditating the forlorn hope of a sally when Zoranza the Epirot prince arrives with a large army the vanguard of which commanded by Argalia and supported from the castle disperses the rebel forces, though not at first completely After a glowing interview between the lovers the hero has to expel the remnant of the foe from a strange cavern fastness where he finds a secret treasury with mysterious inscription

Canto iv Another interval of war The unwelcome suitor is called off by troubles at home and the lovers (Argalia still commanding the princess s guard) enjoy discreet but delightful hours in an island paradise

Canto v Episode of two Platonic Fantastic lovers Aeretius and Philanta, on whom a practical joke is played Intrigues of Amphibia who excites the King s jealousy, and induces him to send Argalia at the head of a contingent to Epirus After pathetic parting scenes Argalia leaves Pharonnida and the poet 'leaves the Muses to converse with men that is to say to fight the Roundheads at Newbury

Book III Canto i opens with a semi episode of the rival loves of Euriolus and Mazara for Florenza and Mazara s consolation with Carina, Florenza s companion at her original appearance In

Canto ii the princess unwarily reading aloud a letter from Argalia with her door open is overheard by her father who is furiously angry and sends letters of Bellerophon to the Prince of Syracuse [Epirus] as to Argalia Zoranza, nothing loth makes Argalia captain of the fortress Ardenna with a secret commission to the actual governor to make away with him He is saved from death for the moment by a convenient local superstition and carried off (still prisoner) by an invading fleet, which fails to capture Ardenna But Pharonnida is strictly imprisoned in the castle of Gerenza In

Canto ii Argalia, after a rapid series of adventures at sea and in Rhodes is captured by the Turkish chief Ammurat and sent to his wife Janusa in Sardinia to be tortured and executed But Janusa falls in love with him and this and the next Canto contain the best known and perhaps the most sustained chapter of the poem, Argalia being not merely

> Like Paris handsome and like Hector brave,

but also like Joseph chaste The passage having ended happily for him, tragically for Janusa and her husband he seizes ships mans them with Christian slaves rescues the Prince of Cyprus from a new Turkish fleet, returns to the Morea, and after a time resolves aided by his Cyprian friend, to release Pharonnida In this at first they succeed

Book IV Canto i Episode of Orlinda and the Prince of Cyprus Pharonnida and Argalia enjoy a new respite in a retired spot but are

attacked by outlaws, who wound Argalia and carry off the princess Their chief is Almanzor, who in

Canto ii tries to force Pharonnida to accept him by threats, and immures her in a living tomb from which she is rescued by Euriolus (mentioned before) and Ismander, on whom and Aminda there is fresh episode continued into

Canto iii by entrances of certain persons named Vanlore[1], Amarus, and Silvandra, but not concluded The rest of Canto iii, Canto iv, and

Canto v contain an account of Argalia's recovery, and long conversations, in which he reveals what he knows of his youth to a friendly hermit.

Book V, Canto i Meanwhile Pharonnida has retired to a monastery and is about to take the veil (has actually done so after a fashion) when Almanzor attacks the convent and once more carries her off, but surrenders her to her father that he may obtain his own pardon and plot further

Canto ii Argalia goes to Aetolia, of which he is the rightful heir, and fights his way to his own

Canto iii He is however rejected as suitor and attacked by his rival Zoranza But Almanzor procures both this prince's murder and that of King Cleander (who is never named till very late in the story) Then Pharonnida in Canto iv undergoes her last danger, and in Canto v is finally freed by Argalia as her champion from Almanzor, whom he at last slays, and from all her other ills by marriage with her deliverer

Now for my part I am entirely unable to pronounce this 'one of the most interesting stories ever told in verse' As a whole it is romance 'common-form,' of by no means a specially good kind, only heightened by the telling in a few passages—the dream, the story of Janusa, the entombment of the heroine, and two or three others I would, as Blair's typical person of bad taste said of Homer, 'as soon read any old romance of knight-errantry,' and would a great deal sooner read most of them *for the story* If anybody agrees with Pope that 'the fable is the soul or immortal part of poetry,' Chamberlayne is not the poet for him But he is, if not *the* poet, a poet and little less than a great one, for those who enjoy the 'poetic moment,' the 'single-instant pleasure' of image and phrase and musical accompaniment of sound The extraordinary abundance of these things is the solace of those sins of his in *ordonnance* and versification and diction which have been so frankly and amply acknowledged above It is hit or miss with him, no doubt and equally without doubt, he misses too often—far oftener than a poet of the School of Good Sense would do But he hits not only much oftener than the poet of good sense would do,

[1] It will be observed that Chamberlayne's nomenclature, mainly of the odd rococo-romantic type popular in seventeenth-century literature, is still more oddly mixed This particular name must have been a favourite, for it recurs in *Love's Victory*

but also as the poet of good sense rarely does at all He is far too careless of what he says, and of its exact meaning and of the concatenation thereof with other meanings But he always tries in the great adverb of the Italian Platonist critic Patrizzi to say it *poeticamente* or as Hazlitt (who certainly did not know Patrizzi) unconsciously translates it, 'in a poetical way Chamberlayne s sky and landscape are occasionally very dark—it is difficult to find one s way about under the one and across the other but both are constantly lighted up by splendid shooting stars The road through his story is as badly laid made and kept as road can be but fountains and wildflower banks are never long wanting by its sides and it occasionally opens prospects of enchanting beauty

There is at least not disgrace of incongruity in this eulogy for Chamberlayne s own style is nothing if not starry and flowery His metaphors and similes and imagery generally for atmospheric phenomena and especially for Night and Day are inexhaustible

> 'Day s sepulchre the ebon arched night
> Was raised above the battlements of light

he writes here, there

> 'And now the spangled squadrons of the night
> Encountering beams had lost the field to light

And again

> 'The day was on the glittering wings of light
> Fled to the western wild and swarthy night
> In her black empire throned'

And again

> 'Now at the great st antipathy to day
> The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay
> Vested in clouds black as they had been sent
> To be the whole world s mourning monument —

passages which could be added to almost indefinitely Nor is his imagination limited according to Addison s rule to 'ideas furnished by sight there is more than this in the phrase 'Desire the shady porch of Love analogues of which will be found in almost every page In fact *Pharonnida* is simply a Sinbad s Valley of poetic jewels though here as there it may be a little difficult to get at them The practice of filling Introductions with extracts instead of leaving the reader to find them for himself is I have said an objectionable one But I may take the middle course and instance as more than purple patches —the picture of Argalia at the bar (I iii 165 sq) Pharonnida s dream already mentioned (I v 153 sq) one of the longest and finest of the bursts , the mystic chamber in the outlaw s cavern (II iii 480 sq), Pharonnida s island (II iv 129 sq) the close of Book III Canto i and the beginning of the next Canto where

she reads the letter, the valley of Florenza's home, and the lovers' sojourn there These are but a few, and the reader will find plenty more for himself

One point, uninteresting to some, will be of the very highest interest to others, and that is what may be called the Battle of the Couplets in *Pharonnida* It is, as has been said, the last, and in more senses than one the greatest, of poems written in that 'enjambed' and paragraphed variety of the heroic, which was driven out and replaced by its rival a very few years afterwards, when that rival had secured the assistance of Dryden But as everybody ought to know, the stopped dissyllabic couplet itself is of an ancient house, though its supremacy was modern It made perhaps the very first appearance in the scattered couplets of Hampole and others before Chaucer It is very much less absent from Chaucer himself than those who call the metre of *Endymion* Chaucerian appear to imagine Spenser shows himself a master of it in *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, and it is abundant not merely in the dramatists but in the non-dramatic Elizabethans Ben Jonson seems to have thought it the best of all metres, but, above all, the tails of Fairfax's stanzas, from which so many of the later seventeenth-century poets learnt, are full of it Chamberlayne, who was not much more than ten years older than Dryden, could not miss it unless he had set himself the sternest rules of self-criticism and, as we have seen, he never criticized himself at all Even the few examples given in this Introduction will show its presence but much more remarkable ones, both of the completed couplet and of the Drydenian single line which helps to constitute and clench it, will be easily found by the inquirer Just at the beginning such a formation as

'From all the warm society of flesh'

is unmistakable in its tendency, though it actually forms part of a couplet very much 'enjambed' There is no need to draw the moral of

'Dropt as their foes' victorious fate flew by
To shew his fortune and their royalty'

or 'Rebellion's subtle engineer might sit
To wreck the weakness of a female wit'

or 'The vexed Epirots who for comfort saw
Revenge appearing in the form of law'

These are the single spies which forerun the battalions

I have no desire to expatiate in these Introductions, or to take up room better occupied by the too long neglected texts, and there remains little that it is desirable and less that it is necessary to say Chamberlayne's other work of substance, his play of *Love's Victory*, contains many fine passages in the serious blank verse, most of which will be found extracted in the article upon it in the same volume of the *Retrospective Review*,

nor is even the comic part though it shares the ribaldry and the crudity common in such productions devoid of some of Chamberlayne s audacious felicities of expression If that supplementary Dodsley which has long been wanted should ever appear the piece should certainly find a place there but it is out of our way His poem to the King at the Restoration may be worth subjoining to *Pharonnida*

On the whole he is not quite so much of an 'awful example as even his panegyrists, Campbell and others used to make him At his date, and with the idiosyncrasy shown by the fact that he spent at least fifteen years over his poem as it was it was practically impossible that he should in any case have devoted to it the critical Medea sorcery which made perfect things of such very imperfect ones as the original *Palace of Art* and the original *Lady of Shalott* He might, of course, not have written it at all and he might possibly have written it in the other vein of stopped couplet epigrammatic clench and emphasis and more suppressed conceit In either case it would not be what it is We should have lost (in words of its own) acquaintance with *Pharonnida*' And by some that acquaintance would not willingly be relinquished for the possession not merely of one but of a dozen long poems written in the strictest and most savourless orthodoxy of Le Bossu and La Harpe[1]

[1] Mo t of the few accounts of Chamberlayne mention a prose version of *Pharonnida* entitled *Eromena or The Noble Stranger* which appeared four years after his death in 1683 (London Norris) One naturally imagines—the present editor certainly d d so till he read it—a book of length *a la Scudery* The actual work is a tiny pamphlet containing some seventy small pages of large print but adorned with a fresh Pindaric motto (*τίνα θ ὁ τ ἥρωα τί ἄνδρα κ λαδησομεν*) and a dedication to Madam Sarah Monday The earlier cantos are paraphrased with some fullness the bulk of the story is altogether omitted As Pharonnida becomes Eromena so does Argalia take the alias of Horatio The thing which acknowledges no indebtedness is worthless enough and only curious because of the admixture of Chamberlayne s own original and highly poetic phrases with the flattest prose

To the Right Worshipful Sir William Portman, Baronet[1]

HONOURED SIR,

Though, by that splendour[2] with which the bountiful hand of fortune, illustrated by the more excellent gifts of nature, hath adorned you, to the illuminating the hopes of all your expecting friends, I might justly fear these glow-worms of fancy may be outshone, to the obscurity of a contemptible neglect, you being like, ere long, to prove that glorious luminary, to whose ascending brightness the happiest wits that grace the British hemisphere, like Persian priests prostrated to the rising sun, will devote the morning sacrifices of their muses: yet, animated by your late candid reception of my more youthful labours, whose humble flights, having your name to beautify their front, passed the public view unsullied by the cloudy aspect of the most critic spectator, I have once more assumed the boldness to let the infirmities of my fancy take sanctuary under the name of so honoured a patron. Though my abilities could not clothe her in such robes as would render her a fit companion for your serious studies, yet I hope her dress is not so sordid, but she may prove an acceptable attendant on your more vacant hours. For my subject (it being heroic poesy) it is such as the wiser part of the world hath always held in a venerable esteem, the extracts of fancy being that noble elixir, which heaven ordained to immortalize their memories, whose worthy actions, being the products of that nobler part of man—the soul, are by this made almost commensurate with her eternity, which otherwise, (to the sorrow of succeeding ages, who are in debt for much of their virtue to a noble emulation of their glorious ancestors), had either terminated in a circle of no larger a diameter than life, or, like short-breathed ephemerae, only survived a while in the airy region of discourse.

This, sir, having been the past fortune of our predecessors, and, as the pregnant hopes of your blooming spring promises[3] the world, like to be yours in the future, yours, when both the splendid beauties of your most glorious palace, and the lasting structure of your marble dormitory, time shall have so levigated, that the wanton winds dally with their dust, I doubt not but to find you so much a Mæcenas, as to affect the eternizing of your name more from the lasting lineaments of learning than those vain phænomena of pleasures, which are the low delights of more vulgar spirits.

Though I confess these papers beneath the serious view, which a wit, acuated with the best adjuncts of art, will, ere long, render the ordinary recreations of your progressive studies, yet, as in relation to the latitude for which they were calculated, I hope they may not appear unworthy a

[1] This was the sixth Baronet (1641?–90), who succeeded to the title in 1648, and matriculated at All Souls in the very year of the appearance of *Phaeonnida*. He was a great Tory, and captured Monmouth, but joined William of Orange.

[2] Orig. 'splen*do*r,' on the strength of which, I suppose, Singer has altered 'hono*u*red' before, and 'labo*u*rs' just below, to the same form, though they were correct in text. I shall, therefore, print *-our* throughout, following the original in almost every case.

[3] Singer altered 'promises' to 'promise' and 'serenities' to 'serenity.' But these false concords are too constant in Chamberlayne, and too often made certain by the rhyme to be mere slips of pen or press. I have therefore restored the original forms, as also in all cases (oversights excepted) where the reprint of 1820 unnecessarily changes 'in' to 'on,' &c.

present supervisal it being intended (like the weak productions of the early spring) but for the April of your age where though my hopes tell me it may subsist whilst irrigated by those balmy dews of passion which are the usual concomitants of youth I am not guilty of so unbecoming a boldness as to think it fit to stand the heat of your more vigorous maturity when the meridian altitude of your comprehensive judgement shall have attained so near an universality of knowledge as the sun when in its apogæom doth of light that being only hindered by a comparatively punctillo of earth as the powerful energies of noble souls are by the upper garments of their mortality from being at once ubiquitary blessings

Shaftesbury May 12, 1659

Fortified by these considerations with the hope of your acceptance and assured that prefixing your name is an amulet of sufficient power to preserve me from the contagion of censure I have with an unruffled confidence given these papers a capacity of being publicly viewed If their being liked attain but near the dimensions of your being beloved it will co equate the knowledge the world shall have of them that being so universal as the serenities[1] of your bliss is the happiness of your nearest relations so is it much of the hopes of those that only know you at a remoter distance And shall be still the prayer of

Sir
Your devoted Servant
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE

The Epistle to the Reader

SINCE custom obliges me to give a welcome at the gate I shall not be so irregular as not to meet that common civility with a fair compliance And though like the passive elements I lie open to all the incongruity of aspects (of which I have some reason to doubt the most powerful may be found in a disdainful opposition) yet, like the noblest of active creatures—light I shall not think myself sullied by every vapour nor solicit his acquaintance that cannot so long spare his eyes from beholding more active vanities

I have always held it a solecism for entertainers to be beggars and although by exposing these papers to the public view I must consequently expect variety of censures should be loath to descend so low to court the applause of every reader from whose various genii I am necessitated to take such welcome as affection in most though judgement in some shall incline them to give For the first of which as their censures are doubtful so their calumnies are small—not of weight sufficient to balance the indifferent temper of my thoughts but for the latter (since looked upon as competent judges) though their sentence may be formidable I shall beg no further favour than what their ability thinks fit to bestow only, for what they may justly except against could rather wish that whilst these papers were private I had had their advice to reform than now they are published their censure to condemn Fortune hath placed me in too low a sphere to be happy in the acquaintance of the age s more celebrated wits wherefore wonder not that I appear unushered in with a train of encomiums which though I confess if from knowing and judicious friends add a lustre to the author's ensuing labours yet the custom of these times often makes them appear as ridiculous as a splendid and beautiful front to an empty and contemptible cottage

I have made bold with the title of heroic but have a late example[2] that deters me from disputing upon what grounds I assumed it if it suits not

[1] See previous note

[2] No doubt the Preface to *Gondibert*

with the abilities of my pen, yet it is no unbecoming epithet for the eminence of those personated in my poem For the place of my scene, manner of composure, and the like, (though in prefaces they often find an immature discovery, and, perhaps, but acuate an appetite to what, on further progress, may prove but a distasteful banquet), I hold them so impertinent, that, if will and leisure serve you to read, you may suddenly, with more advantage, satisfy yourself, if not, omit them as strangers to your other affairs, and not to be understood but in their own dialect

I have done with all that in probability may prove my readers, and now a word to such, whom I presume will be none, for they are desired to do no more than the epistle, it being fit to serve them Like vagabonds, let them enter no farther than the gate, —I mean, all squint-eyed sectaries, from the spawn of Geneva to the black brood of Amsterdam, together with some rascals of a lower rank, such as usurp the abused title of Sons of Art, and, with an empty impudence, endeavour to pollute those immaculate virgins, whilst the other, with an exalted villany, sully the celestial beauties of divine truth For the first of which, the preposterous genius of the times hath so far favoured them, that now nothing is more vendible than the surreptitious offsprings of their imagined wit every stationer's shop affording pregnant examples of it, in big bulked volumes of physic, astrology, and the like, by these indigent vermin, either to satisfy their clamorous wants, or enhance their esteem in the vulgar opinion, basely prostituted to every illiterate spectator, whilst truth, and a guilty conscience, tells them nought is their own but the hyperbolical titles, which, to discerning eyes, appear but the glorious outsides to tainted sepulchres, in which their detected villany shall be abominated by more knowing posterity These cry down all things of this nature for subjects of inutility, not tending to the improvement of science, which, in the most genuine construction of it, hath no enemy from which her ruin is more formidable than from them

But for my more dangerous sceptic, (who yet is so much like the foal of an ass, that he appears to the world with his spleen in his mouth), I mean my pretended zealous censurer, from whom in me it were an overweening boldness to expect civility, since, (though not for the nature, which he understands not, yet for the name, which he hath only heard of), he is so much an enemy to the muses, that should the seraphic strains of majestic David, or the flaming raptures of elegiac Jeremiah, appear to the world in their pristine and unpolluted purity, his ignorance would extend to so vast an error, to censure them of levity

But as no man will esteem the sun less glorious, for that the hated owl avoids its sight, so I presume none, except their own deluded followers, will betray so palpable a dearth of judgement, as to bear the less esteem to majestic poetry, for the illiterate scandal of flattering ignorance Poesy, (if justly meriting to be invested in that glorious title) being so attractive a beauty that it doth rather, like an Orphean harmony, draw that emblem of a beast, the unpolished clown, to a listening civility, than, like Circe's enchantments, change the more happily educated to a swinish and sordid lethargy But her defence being a burthen which already stands firm on so many noble supporters, whose monuments will remain till time itself shall be lost in eternity, I need not add my weak endeavours to illustrate a Beauty which the wiser world already admires Now, though she want the applause of some, attribute it not to the defect, either of her excellency, or their judgement, but to that various dress of humours, wherewith nature hath chequered the universe Concluding with that honour of ancient Thebes—

Τερπνὸν δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἴσον ἔσσεται οὐδέν.
Pindarus in Olympionicum octavo.

W. C.

PHARONNIDA

BOOK I Canto I[1]

THE ARGUMENT

From sea s wild fury and the w lder rage
  Of faithless Turks two noble strangers freed
Let courtesy their grateful souls engage
  To such a debt as doth obstruct their speed

Where they to fill those scenes inactive rest
  Would tedious make in f ir description saw
How Sparta s Prince for his queen s loss oppprest
  Found all those ills cured in Pharonnida

THE earth which lately lay like nature s tomb
Marbled in frosts had from her pregnant womb
Displayed the fragrant spring when, courted by
A calm fresh morning ere heaven's brightest eye
Adorned the east a Spartan lord (whom fame
Taught from desert made glorious by the name
Of Aminander) with a noble train,
Whose active youth did sloth like sin disdain,
Attended had worn out the morning in
Chase of a stately stag which having been 10
Forced from the forest s safe protection to
Discovering plain his clamorous foes had drew
Up to a steep cliff s lofty top where he
As if grown proud so sacrificed to be
To man s delight 'mongst the pursuing cry
Who make the valleys echo victory
Sinks weeping whilst exalted shouts did tell
The distant herds—their ancient leader fell
  The half tired hunters their swift game stopt here
By death like noble conquerors appear 20
To give that foe which now resistless lies
With their shrill horns his funeral obsequies,
Which whilst performing their diverted sight
Turns to behold a far more fatal fight—

[1] These headings were in orig The First Book. Canto the First &c in two lines So too each verse paragraph begins with an indented couplet

[2] This initial passage may deserve a note which I shall not repeat though it describes a process frequently necessary Singer read Were they for 'Where they but kept the comma of the orig at rest and inserted none at they or 'make while he did insert an apostrophe at scenes H s text thus becomes unintelligible which mine I hope is not

8 sloth like] Orig 'sloth l ke

That since-famed gulf, (where the brave Austrian made
The Turkish crescents an eternal shade
Beneath dishonour seek) Lepanto, lay
So near, that from their lofty station they,
A ship upon whose streamers there were fixt
The Christian badge, saw in fierce battle mixt 30
With a prevailing Turkish squadron, that
With shouts assault what now lay only at
That feeble guard, which, under the pretence
Of injuring others, seeks its own defence.
  Clear was the day, and calm the sea so long,
Till now the Turks, whose numbers grew too strong
For all that could no other help afford
But human strength, within their view did board
The wretched Christians, to whose sufferings they
Can lend no comfort, but what prayers convey 40
To helpful heaven, by whose attentive ear,
Both heard and pitied, mercy did appear
In this swift change A hollow wind proclaims
Approaching storms, the black clouds burst in flames,
Imprisoned thunder roars, and in a shower,
Dark as the night, dull sweaty vapours pour
Themselves on the earth, to enrich whom nature vents
The ethereal fabric's useless excrements,
Whose flatuous pride, as if it did disdain
Such base descents, rolling the liquid plain 50
Into transparent mountains, hurls them at
The brow of heaven, whose lamps, by vapours that
Their influence raised, are crampt, whilst the sick day
Was languishing to such a night, as lay
O'er the first matter, when confusion dwelt
In the vast chaos, ere the rude mass felt
Heaven's segregating breath—but long this fierce
Conflict endures not, ere the sun-beams pierce
The scattered clouds, which, whilst wild winds pursue,
Through sullied air in reeking vapours flew 60
  In this encounter of the storm, before
Its sable veil let them discover more
Than contained horror, a loud dreadful shriek,
Piercing the thick air, at their ears did seek
For trembling entrance being transported by
Uncertain drifts, rent sails and tackling fly
Amongst the towering cliffs,—a sure presage
That adverse winds did in that storm engage
Some vessel, which did from her cordage part,
With such sad pangs—as from the dying heart 70
Convulsions tear the fibres. But the day,
Recovering her lost reign, made clearer way

27 seek] Orig. 'seeks'

For a more sad discovery They behold
The brackish main in funeral pomp unfold
The trophies of her cruelty Her brow,
Uncurled with waves was only spotted now
With scattered ruins, here engaged within
The ruffled sails, some sad souls that had been
For life long struggling tired at length are forced
To sink and die yonder, a pair divorced 80
From all the warm society of flesh
With cold stiff arms embrace their fate,—the fresh
And tender virgin in her lover's sight
The sea gods ravish and the enthean light
Of those bright orbs her eyes which could by nought
But seas be quenched, t eternal darkness brought
Whilst pitying these a sudden noise whose strange
Confusion did their passions object change
Assaults their wonder, which by this surprise
Amazed persuades them to inform their eyes 90
With its obscure original when led
By sounds that might in baser souls have bred
A swift aversion clashing weapons they
Might soon behold—upon the sands that lay
Beneath the rock a troop of desperate men
Unstartled with those dangers (which e en then
Their ruined ship and dropping garments showed
Heaven freed them from—what mercy had bestowed)
Let their own anger loose which flaming in
A fatal combat, had already been 100
In blood disfigured but when now so near
Them drawn, that every object did appear
In true distinction, they with wonder raised
To such a height as poets would have praised
Their heroes in, a noble Christian saw,
Whose sword (as if by the eternal law
Of Providence to punish infidels,
Directed) with each falling stroke expels
A Turk s black soul yet valour being oppress
By multitudes must have at length sought rest 110
From death, had not brave Ariamnes by
His hunters followed brought him victory,
Whilst the approaching danger did exclude
E en hope the last support of fortitude
The desperate Turks that chose the sea to be
Their sad redeemer of captivity
Though from that fear they fled to death had now
Upon the shore left none life could allow

84 enthean] This, a rather favourite word with Chamberlayne and his contemporaries ought not to have become obsolete for we have no single equivalent to *divinely* inspired or furnished

But motion to, though, stopped by death such store,
All the escaped appeared, but such as bore 120
The fatal story of destruction to
Their distant friends When now a serious view,
By Ariamnes and that noble youth,
(Whose actions, honoured as authentic truth,
Made all admire him), of their pitied dead
With sorrow took, one worthy soul unfled
From life they found, which, by Argalia seen,
With joy recals those spirits that had been
In busy action lost, but danger, that
Toward the throne of life seemed entering at 130
Too many wounds, denies him to enlarge
The stream of love, as noble Virtue's charge
To him, her follower Ariamnes, by
His goodness and their sad necessity
Prompted to pity, fearing slow delays
As danger's fatal harbinger, conveys
The wounded strangers to the place where he
His palace made the throne of charity
'Twas the short journey 'twixt the day and night,
The calm fresh evening, time's hermaphrodite, 140
The sun, on light's dilated wings, being fled,
To call the western villagers from bed,
Ere at his castle they arrive, which stood
Upon a hill, whose basis, fringed with wood,
Shadowed the fragrant meadows, thorough which
A spacious river, striving to enrich
The flowery valleys with whatever might
At home be profit, or abroad delight,
With parted streams that pleasant islands made,
Its gentle current to the sea conveyed 150
In the composure of this happy place
Wherein he lived, as if framed to embrace
So brave a soul as now did animate
It with his presence, strength and beauty sate
Combined in one 'twas not so vastly large,
But fair convenience countervailed the charge
Of reparations, all that modest art
Affords to sober pleasure's every part,
More for its ornament, but none were drest
In robes so rich, but what alone exprest 160
Their master's providence and care to be,
A prop to falling hospitality
For he, not comet-like, did blaze out in
This country sphere what had extracted been
From the court's lazy vapours, but had stood
There like a star of the first magnitude,
With a fixed constancy so long, that now,
Grown old in virtue, he began to bow

Beneath the weight of time, and since the calm
Of age had left him nothing to embalm 170
His name but virtue strives in that to be
The glorious wonder of posterity
Each of his actions being so truly good,
That like the ground where hallowed temples stood
Although by age the ruins ruined seem
The people bear a reverend esteem
Unto the place so they preserve his name—
A yet unwasted pyramid of fame
Rich were his public virtues but the price
Of those was but the world to Paradise, 180
Compared with that rare harmony that dwells
Within his walls, each servant there excels
All but his fellows in desert each knew—
First when,—then, how his lord's commands to do
None more enjoyed than was enough none less,
All did of plenty taste none of excess
Riot was here a stranger but far more
Repining penury, ne'er from that door
The poor man went denied nor did the rich
E'er surfeit there 'twas the blest medium which 190
Extracted from all compound virtues, we
Make and then Christian Mediocrity
Within the compass of his spacious hall
Stood no vain pictures to obscure the wall
Which useful arms adorned, and such as when
His prince required assistance, his own men
Valiant and numerous managed to defend
That righteous cause, but never to attend
A popular faction whose corrupted seed
Hell did engender and ambition feed 200
His judgement, that like life's attendant—sense
To try each object's various difference
Fit mediums chose (which he made virtue) here
Beholding (though these wandering stars appear
Now in their greatest detriment) the rays
Of perfect worth he to that virtue pays
Those attributes of honour which unto
Their births though now in coarse disguise was due
To Aphron's wounds successful art applies
Prevailing medicines whilst invention flies 210
To the aphelion of her orb to seek
Such modest pleasures as might smooth the cheek
Of ruffled passion, which being found are spent
To cure the sad Argalia's discontent
Which long being lost to all delight, at length
Revives again his friend's recovered strength

192 Christian] This must be in the sense of 'christen' so Singer

They, having now no remora to stay
Them here but what their gratitude did pay
To his desires, (whose courtesy had made
Those bonds of love with as much zeal obeyed 220
As those which duty locks), preparing are
To take their leave, even in whose civil war
Whilst they contend with courtesies, as sent
To rescue, when his eloquence was spent,
Brave Aminander, with such haste as shewed
His speed to some supreme injunction owed
Such diligence, a messenger brings in
A packet, which that noble lord had been
Too frequently acquainted with to fear
The unseen contents, which opened did appear 230
A mandate from his royal master to
Attend him ere the next day's beauties grew
Deformed with age, which honoured message read,
To banish what suspicion might have bred
In's doubtful friends, he, the enclosed contents,
With cheerful haste, unto their view presents
Their fear thus cured by information, he,
That his appearance in the court might be
More glorious made by such attendants, to
Incite in them a strong desire to view 240
Those royal pastimes, thus relates that story,
Whose fatal truth transferred the Morea's glory
So often thither. ''Twas, my honoured friends,
My fate ('mongst some that yet his court attends)
Then to be near my prince, when what now draws
Him to these parts did prove at once the cause
Of joy and grief Not far from hence removed
The vale of Ceres lies, where his beloved
Pharonnida remains, a lady that
Nature ordained for man to wonder at, 250
She not being more the comfort of his age
Than glory of her sex but I engage
Myself to a more large discovery, which
Thus take in brief—When youth did first enrich
Beauty with manly strength, his happy bed
Was with her royal mother blest, who fed
A flame of virtue in her soul, that lent
Light to a beauty, which, being excellent,
In its own sphere by that reflection shone
So heavenly bright—perfection's height of noon 260
Dwelt only there Some years had circled in
Time's revolutions, since they first had been
Acquainted with those private pleasures that
Attend a nuptial bed, ere she did at
Lucina's temple offer, whose barred gate,
Once open flow, both their good angels sate

In council for her safety Hopes of a boy
To be Moreas heir, fill high with joy
The ravished parents, subjects did no less,
In the loud voice of triumph, theirs express 270
'But when the active pleasures of their love,
Which filled her womb had taught the babe to move
Within the morys mount preceding pains
Tell the fair queen that the dissolving chains
Nature enclosed it in, were grown so weak
That the imprisoned infant soon would break
Those slender guards The gravest ladies were
Called to assist her, whose industrious care
Lend nature all the helps of art, but in
Despair of safety send their prayers to win 280
Relief from heaven, which swift assistance lent
To unload the burthen, but those cordials sent
By harbingers, with whom the fair queen fled
To deck the silent dwellings of the dead,
And lodge in sheets of lead o'er which were cast
A coverlet of the springs infants past
From life like her—even whilst Earth's teeming womb
Promised the world, and not a silent tomb,
That beauteous issue But those nymphs, which spun
Her thread of life, the slender twine begun 290
Too fine to last long undenied by
The ponderous burthen of mortality,
Beneath whose weight she sinking now to death,
The unhappy babe was by the mother's breath
No sooner welcomed into life before
She bids farewell, of power to do no more
But whilst her spirits with each word expires
Thus to her lord express her last desires—
'Receive this infant from thy dying queen,
Name her Pharonnida'—At which word between 300
His trembling arms she sunk, and had even then
Breathed forth her soul, if not recalled again
By their loud mournings from the icy sleep,
Which like a chilling frost, did softly creep
Through the cold channels of her blood to bar
The springs of life, in which defensive war,
The hasty summons sent by death allow
Her giddy eyes, whose heavy lids did bow
Toward everlasting slumber no more light
Than what affords a dim imperfect sight,— 310
Such as the troubled optics being by
Dying convulsions wrested, could let fly

273 morys] Orig 'mory qu ivory ? The orig looks like a misprint and ivory mount is a favourite Elizabethanism

278 care] Again a note on Chamberlayne's singular habit of putting a plural noun to a singular verb may serve once for all

Thorough their sullied crystals, to behold
Her woeful lord, whilst she did thus unfold
Her dying thoughts "O hear, O hear, (quoth she) I do
By all our mutual vows conjure thee to
Let this sweet babe—all thou hast left of me,
Within thy thoughts preserve my memory
And since, poor infant, she must lose her mother,
To beg an entrance here, oh let no other
Have more command o'er her than what may bear
An equal poise with thy paternal care
This, this is all that I shall leave behind,
An earnest of our loves here thou may'st find,
Perhaps, my image may'st behold, whilst I,
Resolving into dust, embraced do lie
By crawling worms—followers that nature gave
To attend mortality, whilst the tainted grave
Is ripening us for judgement O my lord,
Death were the smile of fate, would it afford
Me time to see this infant's growth, but oh!
I feel life's cordage crackt, and hence must go
From time and flesh,—like a lost feather, fall
From th' wings of vanity, forsaking all
The various business of the world, to see
What wondrous change dwells in eternity"
'This said, she faintly bids farewell, then darts
An eager look on all, but, ere she parts,
E'en whilst the breath, with which in thin air slips
Departing spirits, on her then cold lips
In clammy dews did hang, she of them takes
Her last farewell, whilst her pure soul forsakes
Its brittle cabinet, and those orbs of light,
That swam in death, sunk in eternal night
'Thus died the queen, Pharonnida thus lost,
Ere knew, her mother, when her birth had cost
A price so great, that brought her infancy
In debt to grief, until maturity
Ripened her age to pay it After long
And vehement lamentation, such whose strong
Assaults had almost shook his soul into
A flight from the earth, her father doth renew
His long lost mirth, at the delight he took
In his soul's darling, whose each cheerful look
Crimsoned those sables, which e'en whilst he wore,
A flood of woes his head had silvered o'er,
Had not this comfort stopt them, which beguiles
Sorrow of some few hours, those pretty smiles
That drest her fair cheeks, like a gentle thief,
Stealing his heart through all the guards of grief

315 The first Alexandrine But the duplication of 'O hear' may be a slip

But when that times expunging hand had more
Defaced those sable characters he wore
For sorrow's livery o'er his soul and she
Having outgrown her tender infancy
Did now (her thoughts composed of heavenly seed)
To guide her life no other guardian need
But native virtue, for her calm retreat,
When burthened Corinth was with throngs replete
He chose this seat whose venerable shade
(Waving what blind antiquity had made) 3 0
For sacred held is not so slighted but
A custom ancient as our law hath shut
Hence (as the hateful marks of servitude)
All that unbounded power did e'er obtrude
On suffering subjects which this happy place
Fits so serene a blessing to embrace
As is this lady whose illustrious court,
Though now augmented by the full resort
Of her great father's train doth still appear
This happy kingdom's brightest hemisphere 380
A hundred noble youths in Sparta bred
Of valour high as e'er for beauty bled
All loyal lovers and that love confined
Within the court are for her guard assigned
But what (if aught in such an orb of all
That's great or good may low as censure fall)
The court hath questioned is—the cause that moved
The prince to give a party so beloved
Into his hands that leads them, being one
Whose birth excepted, (that being near a throne) 390
Those virtues wants on whose foundation wise
Considerate princes let their favours rise
Like the abortive births of vapours by
Their male progenitors enforced to fly
Above the earth their proper sphere and there
Lurk in imperfect forms his breast doth bear
Some seeds of goodness which the soil too hot
With rank ambition doth in ripening rot
Yet though from those that praise humility
He merits not a dreaded power (which he 400
Far more applauds) raised on the wings of's own
Experienced valour hath so long been known
His foes pale terror that tis feared he bends
That engine to the ruin of his friends
Whose equal merits claim as much of fame
As e'er was due to proud Almanzor's name
'Yet what may raise more strong desires to see
Her court than valour's wished society
Is one unusual custom which the love
Of her kind father hath so far above 410

All past example raised—that, for the time
He here resides, no cause, although a crime
Which death attends, but is by her alone
Both heard and judged, he seeming to unthrone
His active power, whilst justice doth invest
His beauteous daughter, which, to the opprest,
Whose hopes e'en shrunk into despair, hath in
That harsh extreme their safe asylum been
So that e'en those that feared the event could now
Mix their desires,—the custom would allow 420
Her reign a longer date But that I may
Illustrate this by a more full survey
Of her excelling virtues, no pretence
Of harsh employment shall command you hence,
Till you have been spectators of that court,
Whose glories are too spacious for report'
The noble youths, beholding such a flame
Of virtue shewn them through the glass of Fame,
First gaze with wonder on it, which ascends
Into desire, a rivulet which ends 430
Not till its swelling streams had drawn them through
All weak excuses, and engaged them to
Attend on Ariamnes when, to show
How much man's vain intentions fall below
Mysterious fate, e'en in the height of all
Their full resolves, her countermands thus call
Back their intentions, by a summons that
The uncertain world hath often trembled at —
The late recovered Aphron, whether by
Too swift a cure, life's springs, being raised too high, 440
Flowed to a dangerous plethora, or whe'er
Some cause occult the humours did prepare
For that malignant ill, did, whilst he lay
In tedious expectation of the day
Shook with a shivering numbness, first complain
Through all his limbs of a diffusive pain
Which, searching each to find the fittest part
For its contagion, on the labouring heart
Fixes at length, which, being with grief opprest,
By the extended arteries to the rest 450
O' the body sends its flames The poisoned blood
Through every vein streams in a burning flood,
His liver broils, and his scorched stomach turns
The chyle to cinders, in each cold cell burns
The humid brains A violent earthquake shakes
The crackling nerves, sleep's balmy dew forsakes
The shrivelled optics, in which trembling fits,
'Mongst tortured senses, troubled Reason sits
So long opprest with passion, till at length,
Her feeble mansion, battered by the strength 460

Of a disease she leaves to entertain
The wild chimeras of a sickly brain
And what must yet to s friend s affliction add
More weights of grief, their courteous host, which had
Stayed to the latest step of time, must now
Comply with those commands, which could allow
No more delays, and leave Argalia to
Be the sole mourner for his friend which drew
(As far as human art could guess) so near
His end that life did only now appear 470
In thick short sobs—those frequent summons that
Souls oft forsake their ruined mansions at

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

Whilst here Argalia in a calm retreat
Allays the sorrow felt for's sickly friend,
Two blooming virgins near him take their seat
Whose harmless mirth soon finds a hapless end

The fairest seized on and near ruined by
Impetuous lust had not Andremon s speed
Protected her, till from his fall drawn nigh
The same sad fate the brave Argalia freed

THAT sad slow hour which Art e en thought his last
With the sharp fever's paroxysm past
Sick Aphron s spirits to a cool retreat
Beneath a slumber life s remotest seat
Was gently stol n, which did so long endure
Till, in that opiate quenched, the calenture
Decayed forsakes him leaving nought behind,
But such faint symptoms as from time might find
An easy cure, which, though no perfect end
Is lent to th care of his indulgent friend 10
Yet gives him so much liberty that now
Fear dares without his friendship s breach, allow
Sometime to leave him slumbering whilst that he
Contemplates nature s fresh variety
The full blown beauties of the spring were not
By summer sun burnt yet, though Phœbus shot
His rays from Cancer when, prepared to expand
Imprisoned thoughts from objects near at hand
To eye shot rovers freed Argalia takes
A noon tide walk through a fair glade that makes 20
Her aged ornaments their stubborn head
Fold into verdant curtains which she spread

In cooling shadows o'er the bottoms, where
A crystal stream, unfettered by the care
Of nicer art, in her own channel played
With the embracing banks, until betrayed
Into a neighbouring lake, whose spacious womb
Looked at that distance like a crystal tomb
Framed to inter the Naiades Not far
From hence an oak, (whose limbs defensive war 30
'Gainst all the winds a hundred winters knew,
Stoutly maintained), on a small rising grew,
Under whose shadow whilst Argalia lies,
This object tempts his soul into his eyes—
A pair of virgins, fairer than the spring,
Fresher than dews, that, ere the glad birds sing
The morning's carols, drop, with such a pace
As in each act showed an unstudied grace,
Crossing the neighbouring plain, were now so near
Argalia drew, that what did first appear 40
But the neglected object of his eye,
More strictly viewed, calls fancy to comply
With so much love, that, though no wilder fire
Ere scorched his breast, he here learnt to admire
Love's first of symptoms To a shady seat,
Near that which he had made his cool retreat,
Being come, beneath a spreading hawthorn they,
Seating themselves, the sliding hours betray
From their short lives, by such discourse as might
Have made e'en Time, if young, lament his flight 50
Retired Argalia, at the sight of these,
Though no obscener vanity did please
His eyes, than anch'rites are possest with, when
Numb'ring their beads, or from a sacred pen
Distilling Heaven's blest oracles, yet he,
Wondering to find such sweet civility
Mixt with that place's rudeness, long beholds
That lovely pair, whose every act unfolds
Such linked affections as wise nature weaves
In dearest sisters, but their form bereaves 60
That thought ere feathered with belief although,
To admiration, Beauty did bestow
Her gifts on both, she had those darlings drest
In various colours,—what could be exprest
By objects, fair as new created light,
By roseal mixtures, with immaculate white,

40 drew, 122 withdrew] Another not-to-be-repeated note may call attention here to Chamberlayne's singular liberties with preterite and past participle In the first of these two instances one is actually tempted to read 'where' which, as it happens, makes ordinary grammar But it is evidently not the sense, and 'drew' = 'drawn' as 'withdrew' = 'withdrawn'

66 roseal] Singer *putide* 'roseate,' thereby effacing a delightful word and substituting a very inferior one

By eyes that emblemed heaven's pure azure in
The youngest nymph Florenza there was seen,
To which she adds behaviour far more free,
Although restrained to strictest modesty, 70
Than the more sad Carina who if there
Were different years in that else equal pair
Something the elder seemed, her beauty—such
As Jove-loved Leda's was not praised so much
For rose or lily's residence though they
Did both dwell there as to behold the day
Lose its antipathy to night, such clear
And conquering beams so full of light to appear
Thorough her eyes showed like a diamond set
To mend its lustre in a foil of jet 80
Nor doth their dress of nature differ more
In colour than the habits which they wore
Though fashioned both alike, Florenza's green
As the fresh Spring, when her first buds are seen
To clothe the naked boughs Carina's white
As Innocence before she takes a flight
In thought from cold virginity Their hair
Wreathed in contracting curls beneath a fair
But often parting veil attempts to hide
The naked ivory of their necks—that pride 90
Of beauty's frontispiece On their heads sate
Lovely as if unto a throne of state
From their first earth advanced two flowery wreaths
(From whose choice mixture in close concord breathes
The fragrant odour of the fields) placed by
Them in such order, as antiquity
Mysterious held Being set, to pass away
The inactive heat of the exalted day
They either tell old harmless tales or read
Some story where forsaken lovers plead 100
Unpitied causes, then betwixt a smile
And tear bewail passion should ere beguile
Poor reason so at length, as if they meant
To charm him who far from each ill intent
So near them lay melting the various throng
Of their discourse into a well tuned song
Whose swift division moulds the air into
Such notes as did the spheres first tunes out do
Argalia in his labyrinth of delight
To action lost had drawn the veil of night, 110
In quiet slumbers o'er his heavy eyes
Locked in whose arms whilst he securely lies
Lest the mistakes of vain mortality
The brittle glass of earth should take to be
Perfection's lasting adamant this sad
Chance did unravel all their mirth —There had

Some of the prince's noblest followers, in
That morning's nonage, led by pleasure been
Far from their sphere the court, and now, to shun
The unhealthy beams of the reflected sun, 120
Whilst it its shortest shadows made, were to
The cool protection of the woods withdrew
In which retreat, as if conducted by
Their evil genius, (all his company
An awful distance keeping) none but proud
Almanzor, in those guilty groves which shroud
The hapless virgins, enters, who so near
Him sitting, that soon his informing ear
Thither directs his eye Unto his view
Ere scarce thought obvious, swiftly they withdrew, 130
But with untimely haste His soul, that nurst
Continual flames within it, at the first
Sight kindles them, ere he discovers more
Than difference in the sex, such untried ore,
Hot heedless lust, when made by practice bold,
I' th' flame of passion ventures on for gold
But when drawn nearer to the place he saw
Such beauties, whose magnetic force might draw
Souls steeled with virtue, custom having made
His impious rhetoric ready to invade, 140
He towards them hastes, with such a pace as might
Excuse their judgements, though in open flight
They strove to shun him, but in vain, so near
Them now he's drawn, that the effects of fear
Obscuring reason, as if safety lay
In separation, each a several way
From danger flies, but since both could not be
By that secure, whilst her blest stars do free
The glad Carina from his reach, the other
He swiftly seizes on hot kisses smother 150
Her out-cries in the embryo, and to death
Near crushed virginity, ere, from lost breath,
She could a stock of strength enough recover
To spend in prayers The tempting of a lover,
Mixt with the force of an adulterer, did
At once assail, and with joined powers forbid
All hopes of safety, only, whilst Despair
Looked big in apprehension, whilst the air
Breathed nought but threatenings, promising him to pay
For't in her answers, she doth lust betray 160
Of some few minutes, which, with all the power
Of prayer, she seeks to lengthen, sheds a shower
Of tears to quench those flames But sooner might

122 withdrew] See note on p 28
138 force] So Singer for 'form,' which I think quite possible

Hell's sooty lamp extinguished be, the sight
Of such a fair but pitiful aspect,
When lust assails wants power to protect
By this hot parley, whilst she strove to shun
His loathed embraces the thronged spirits run
To fortify her heart but vainly seek
For entrance there being back into her cheek 170
Sent in disdainful blushes now she did
Entreat civility then sharply chid
His blushless impudence, but he whose skill
In rhetoric was pregnant to all ill,
Though barren else summons up all the choice
Of eloquence, that might produce a voice
To win fair virtue's fortress though her chaste
Soul, armed against those battering engines past
That conflict without danger when enraged
By being denied with passion that presaged 180
A dangerous consequence his fierce eyes fixt
On hers that, melting with pale terror mixt
Floods with their former flames her soul's sad doubt
He thus resolves—'Unworthy whore that out
Of hate to virtue dost deny me what
Thou freely grantst to every rude swain that
But courts thee in a dance—think not these tears
Shall make me waive a pleasure that appears
Worth the receiving Can your sordid earth
Be honoured more than in the noble birth 190
Of such a son as wouldst thou yield to love,
Might call thee mother and hereafter prove
The glory of your family? From Jove,
The noblest mortals heretofore that strove
To fetch their pedigree, thought it no stain
So to be illegitimate, as vain
Is this in thee there being as great an odds
'Twixt you and us as betwixt us and gods'
Trembling Florenza on her bended knees
Thus answers him — That dreadful power that sees 200
All our disveloped thoughts, my witness be
You wrong my innocence I yet am free
From every thought of lust I do confess
The unfathomed distance twixt our births but less
That will not make my sin, it may my shame
The more when my contaminated name
Shall in those ugly characters be shown
To the world's public view that now is known
B the blush of honesty, whose style though poor,
Exceeds the titles of a glorious whore— 210
Attended whilst youth doth unwithered last
With envied greatness but frail beauty past
Into a swift decay, assaulted by

Rottenness within, and black-mouthed calumny
Without, cast off, blushing for guilt, the scorn
Of all my sex. My mother would unborn
Wish her degenerate issue, my father curse
The hour he got me As infection worse
Than mortal plagues, each virgin, that hath nought
To glory in but what she with her brought 220
Into the world—an unstained soul, would fly
The air I breathe, cast whores being company
For none but devils, when corrupted vice
A wilderness makes Beauty's paradise
To this much ill, dim-eyed mortality
A prospect lends, but what, oh! what should be
When we must sum up all our time in one
Eternal day, since to our thoughts unknown,
Is only feared, but if our hallowed laws
Are more than fables, the everlasting cause, 230
'Twill of our torment be If all this breath,
Formed into prayers, no entrance finds, my death
Shall buy my virgin-freedom, ere I will
Consent to that, which, being performed, will kill
My honour to preserve my life, and turn
The unworthy beauty, which now makes you burn
In these unhallowed flames, into a cell
Which none but th' black inhabitants of hell
Will e'er possess Those private thoughts, which give,
If we continue virtuous whilst we live 240
On earth, our souls commerce with angels, shall
Be turned to furies, if we yield to fall
Beneath our vices thus O! then take heed—
Do not defile a temple, such a deed
Will, when in labour with your latest breath,
With horror curtain the black bed of death'
Though prayers in vain strove to divert that crime
He prosecutes, yet, to protract the time,
She more had said, had not all language been
Lost in a storm of's lust, which, raging in 250
His fury, gives a fresh assault unto
Weak innocence for mercy now to sue
To hope—seems vain, robustious strength did bar
The use of language, which defensive war
Continuing, till the breathless maid was wrought
Almost beneath resistance, just heaven brought
This unexpected aid A lowly swain,
Whose large possessions in the neighbouring plain
Had styled him rich, and powerful which to improve,
To that fair stock, his virtue added love, 260

257 lowly] Orig 'lovely,' which again is quite possible, though the words are often confounded in the very bad printing of the original

Which ⟨un⟩to flattery since it lost its eyes
The world but seldom sees without disguise
This sprightly youth led by the parallels
Of birth and fortune—whatever else excels
Those fading blessings—to Florenza in
His youth's fresh April had devoted been
With so much zeal that what that heedless age
But dallied with (like customs which engage
Themselves to habits) ere its growth he knew
Love equal with his active manhood grew, 2 0
Which noble plant though in the torrid zone
Of her disdain it had never distemper known,
Yet oft those sad vicissitudes doth find
For which none truly loved that never had pined
Which pleasing passion though his judgement knew
How to divert ere reason it outgrew
It often from important action brought
Him to those shades where contemplation sought
Calm solitude in whose soft raptures Love
Refining fancy lifts his thoughts above 280
Those joys which when by trial brought t the test
Prove Thought's bright heaven dull earth when once possest
Whilst seated here his eyes did celebrate
As to those shades Florenza oft had sat
Beneath kind looks, to ravish that delight
The tired Carina, in her breathless flight
Come near the place assaults his wonder in
That dreadful sound which tells him what had been
Her cause of fear which doleful story's end,
Arrived t the danger of his dearest friend 2 0
Leaves him no time for language ere winged by
Anger and love his haste strives to outfly
His eager thoughts Being now arrived so near
Unto the place, that his informing ear
Thither directs his steps with such a haste
As nimble souls when they are first uncased
From bodies fly, he thither speeds, and now
Being come where he beheld with horror how
His better angel injured was disputes
Neither with fear nor policy—they're mutes 300
When anger's thunder roars—but swiftly draws
His falchion and the justice of his cause
Argues with eager strokes but spent in vain
Gainst that unequal strength, which did maintain
The more unlawful, all his power could do
Is but to show the effects of love unto
Her he adored few strokes being spent before
His feeble arm of power to do no more,

261 ⟨un⟩to] Altered from to by Singer I am not sure that Chamberlayne would not have risked the double trochee Which to | flatte | ry

Faints with the loss of blood, and, letting fall
The ill-managed weapon, for his death doth call, 310
By the contempt of mercy, so to prove
A sacrifice, slain to Florenza's love
The cursed steel, by the robustious hand
Of fierce Almanzor guided, now did stand
Fixed in his breast, whilst, with a purple flood,
His life sails forth i' the channel of his blood
This remora removed, the impious deed
No sooner was performed, but, ere the speed
Florenza made (though to her eager flight
Fear added wings) conveyed her from his sight, 320
His rude hand on her seizes Now in vain
She lavished prayers, the groans in which her slain
Friend breathes his soul forth, with her shrieks, did fill
The ambient air, struck lately with the still
Voice of harmonious music But the ear
Of penetrated heaven not long could hear
Prayers breathed from so much innocence, yet send
Them back denied, white Mercy did attend
Her swift delivery, when obstructing fear
Through reason let no ray of hope appear 330
Startled Argalia, who was courted by
Her pleasing voice's milder harmony
Into restrictive slumbers, wakened at
Their altered tone, hastes to discover what
Had caused that change, and soon the place attains,
Where, in the exhausted treasure of his veins,
Andremon wallows, and Florenza lies,
Bathed in her tears, ready to sacrifice
Her life with her virginity, which sight
Provoked a haste, such as his presence might 340
Protect the trembling virgin, which perceived
By cursed Almanzor, mad to be bereaved
O' the spoils of such a wicked victory
As lust had then near conquered, fiercely he
Assails the noble stranger, who, detesting
An act so full of villany, and resting
On the firm justice of his cause, had made
His guiltless sword as ready to invade
As was the other's, that had surfeited
In blood before Here equal valour bred 350
In both a doubtful hope, Almanzor's lust
Had fired his courage, which Argalia's just
Attempts did strive to quench The thirsty steel
Had drunk some blood from both, ere fortune's wheel
Turned to the righteous cause That vigour which
Through rivulets of veins spread the salt itch
Of feverish lust before, was turned into
A flame of anger, whilst his hands did do

What rage doth dictate fury doth assist
With flaming paroxysms and each nerve twist 360
Into a double strength yet not that flood
Which in this ebullition of his blood
Did through the channels boil till they run o er
With flaming spirits could depress that store
Of manly worth, which in Argalia's breast
Did with a quiet even valour rest,
Moving as in its natural orb unstrained
By any violent motion nor yet chained
By lazy damps of faint mistrust, but in
Danger's extreme still confident to win 3 0
A noble victory or i the loss of breath
If his fate frowned to find an honoured death
Filled with these brave resolves until the heat
Of their warm fury had alarums beat
T the neighbouring fields they fought which tumult by
Such of Almanzor's followers as were nigh
The grove reposed, with an astonishment
That roused them heard they hasten to prevent
The sad effects that might this cause ensue
Ere more of danger than their fear they knew 380
Arrived e en with that fatal minute he
Who against justice strove for victory,
With such faint strokes that their descent did give
Nought but assurance that his foe must live
A happy conqueror they usurp the power
Of Heaven—revenge and in a dreadful shower
Of danger with their fury s torrent strive
To o erwhelm the victor but the foremost drive
Their own destruction on and fall beneath
His conquering sword ere he takes time to breathe 390
Those spirits which when near with action tired
Valour breathed *fresh fast as the spent expired*
Here rash Araspes and bold Leovine
Two whose descent i the nearest collateral line
Unto Almanzor s stood beholding how
His strength decayed must unto conquest bow
In spite of valour to revenge his fate
With so much haste attempt as if too late
They d come to rescue and would now, to shun
His just reproof, by rashness strive to run 400
To death before him finding from that sword
Their life s discharge, which did to him afford
Only those wounds whose scars must live to be
The badges of eternal infamy
But here o erwhelmed by an unequal strength
The noble victor soon to the utmost length
Had life s small thread extended if not in
The dawn of hope some troops (whose charge had been

Whilst the active gentry did attend the court,
To free the country from the feared resort 410
Of wild bandits), these, being directed by
Such frighted rurals as employment nigh
The grove had led, arriving at that time
When his slain foes made the mistaken crime
Appear Argalia's, soon by power allay
That fatal storm, which done, (a full survey
Of them that death freed from distress being took),
Them, through whose wounds Life had not yet forsook
Her throne, they view, 'mongst whom, through the disguise
Of 's blood, Almanzor, whose high power they prize 420
More than discovered innocence, being found,
As Justice had by close decree been bound
To espouse his quarrels, whilst his friends convey
Him safely thence, those ponderous crimes they lay
Unto Argalia's charge, whose just defence
Pleads but in vain for injured innocence
Now, near departing, whilst his helpful friends
Bore off Almanzor, where he long attends
The cure of's wounds, though they less torment bred
Than to behold how his lost honour bled, 430
The sad Florenza comes to take her last
Leave of her lost Andremon, ere she past
That sad stage o'er. To his cold clammy lips
Joining her balmy twins, she from them sips
So much of death's oppressing dews, that, by
That touch revived, his soul, though winged to fly
Her ruined seat, takes time enough to breathe
These sad notes forth —'Farewell, my dear, beneath
The ponderous burthen of mortality
My fainting spirits sink Oh! mayest thou be 440
Blest in a happier love, all that I crave
Is, that my now departing soul may have
Thy virgin prayers for her companions, through
Those gloomy vaults, which she must pass, unto
Eternal shades Had fate assigned my stay,
Till we'd together gone, the horrid way
Had then been made delightful, but I must
Depart without thee, and convert to dust,
Whilst thou art flesh and blood I in a cold
Dark urn must lie, whilst a warm groom doth hold 450
Thee in thy nuptial bed, yet there I shall—
If fled souls know what doth on earth befal,
Mourn for thy loss, and to eternity
Wander alone The various world shall be
Refined in flames, Time shall afford no place
For vanity, ere I again embrace
Society with flesh, which, ere that, must
Change to a thousand forms her varied dust

What we shall be or whither we shall go
When gone from hence—wheer unto flames below 460
Or joys above—or wheer in death we may
Know our departed friends or tell which way
They went before us—these oh! these are things
That pause our divinity Sceptred kings
And subjects die alike nor can we tell
Which doth in joy or which in torments dwell
Oh sad, sad ignorance! Heaven guide me right
Or I shall wander in eternal night
To whose dark shades my dim eyes sink apace
Farewell Florenza! when both time and place 470
My separated soul hath left, to be
A stranger masked in immortality,
Think on thy murthered friend, we now must part
Eternally! the cordage of my heart
That last sigh broke With that the breath that long
Had hovered in his breast, flew with a strong
Groan from that mortal mansion, which beheld
By such of s friends whom courtesy compelled
To that sad charge the bloodless body they
With sad slow steps to s fathers home convey 480

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

The brave Argalia who designed to raise
Through all approaching ills his weighty fate
In smooth compliance that harsh guard obeys
Who towards his death did prosecute their hate

To death which here unluckily had stained
Maugre his friends the ill directed sword
Of justice had not secret love obtained
More mercy than the strict laws dare afford

Low in a fruitful pasture where his flocks
Cloud with their breath those plains whose leafy locks
Could hardly shadow them—those meadows need
No shearing—where in untold droves did feed
His bellowing herds of which enough did come
Each day to s yoke to serve a hecatomb,
Lay old Andremon s country farm in which
Happy till now being made by fortune rich
And goodness honest from domestic strife
Still calm and free the upper robes of life 10

466 in joy] Altered by S nger from enjoy, plausibly but perhaps idly

Till withered, he had worn, to ease whose sad
And sullen cares less bounteous nature had
Lent him no numerous issue—all he'd won
By prayer, confined unto his murthered son,
The blasted blossom of whose tender age,
When blooming first, taught hope how to presage
Those future virtues, which, interpreted
By action, had such fruitful branches spread,
That all indulgent parents wished to be
Immortalized in blest posterity, 20
Had seen in him, who, innocently good,
Still let his heart by's tongue be understood,
In such a sacred dialect, that all
Which verged within deliberate thought did fall,
Towards heaven was graced, and in descent did prove
To's parents duty, and to's neighbours love
This hopeful youth, their age's chief support,
Whose absence, though by's own desires made short,
Their love thought tedious, having now expired
His usual hours, the aged couple tired 30
With expectation, to anticipate
His slow appearance, to their mansion's gate
Were softly walked, where coolly shadowed by
An elm, which, planted at his birth, did vie
Age with his lord, whilst their desires pursue
Its first design, they with some pleasure view
Their busy servants, whose industrious pain
Sweats out diseases in pursuit of gain
All which, although the chiefest pleasure that
Their thoughts contain whose best are busied at 40
The mart o' the world, such small diversion lent
The aged pair, that his kind mother, spent
With a too long protracted hope, had let
E'en that expire, had not his father set
Props to that weakness, and, that mutual fear
Which filled their breasts, let his sound judgement clear,
By the proposing accidents that might,
Untouched, detain their darling from their sight
But many minutes had not left their seals
On the records of time, ere truth reveals 50
Her horrid secrets A confusèd noise
First strikes their ears, which suddenly destroys
Its own imperfect embryocs, to transfer
Its object to that nearer messenger
O' the soul—the eyes, whose beamy scouts convey
A trembling fear into their souls, whilst they,
That bore their murthered son, arrived to tell
Their doleful message, which so fierce storm fell

33 Were] Singer, officiously, 'Had'

Not long in those remoter drops before
Swelled to a deluge the swift torrent bore 60
The bays of reason down and in one flood
Drowned all their hopes When purpled in his blood
Yet pale with death—untimely death she saw
Her hopeful son grief violates the law
Of slower nature and his mother's tears
In death congeals to marble her swoln fears
Grown for her sex a burthen far too great,
Had only left death for her dark retreat
Although from grief's so violent effects
Reason conjoined with manly strength protects 70
His wretched father, at that stroke his limbs
Slack their unwieldly nerves faint sorrow dims
His eyes more than his age his hands bereft
His hoary head of all that time had left
Unplucked before nor had the expecting grave
Gaped longer for him if they then had gave
His passion freedom—his own guilty hand
Had broke the glass and shook that little sand
That yet remained into thin air that so,
Unclogged with earth his tortured ghost might go 80
Beyond that orb of atoms that attend
Mortality and at that journey's end
Meet theirs soon as swift Destiny enrols
Those new come guests within the sphere of souls
By these sad symptoms of infectious grief
Those best of friends that came for the relief
Of sorrow's captives being by that surprised
They hoped to conquer, sadly sympathized
With him in woe till the epidemic ill
Stifling each voice drest sorrow in a still 90
And dismal silence in which sad aspect
None needing robes or cypress to detect
A funeral march each dolefully attends
To death's dark mansion their lamented friends
Where having now the earthy curtain drawn
O'er their cold bed till doomsday's fatal dawn
Rally their dust, they leave them and retire
To sorrow which can ne'er hope to expire
In just revenge since kept by fear in awe—
Where power offends the poor scarce hope for law 100
By sad example to confirm this truth—
From innocent and early hopes of youth
Led toward destruction let's return to see
That noble stranger whose captivity,
Like an unlucky accident depends
On this sad subject. By the angry friends
Of those accused which in that fatal strife
To death resigned the charter of their life

He's brought unto the princess' palace, where
That age, (whose customs knew not how to bear 110
Such sails as these have filled with pride), was placed
The seat of justice, whose stern sword defaced
Not Pleasure's smoothest front, since now 'twas by
Her fair hand guided, whose commanding eye,
If armed with anger, seemed more dreadful then
The harshest law e'er made by wrathful men
  Here, strictly guarded, till the important crime,
Which urged her to anticipate the time
By custom known, had called her forth to that
Unwilling office, still unstartled at 120
The frowns of danger, did Argalia lie
An injured captive, till, commanded by
The stern reformers of offended law,
He hastes t' the bar, where come, though death ne'er saw
A brow more calm, or breast more confident,
To meet his darts, yet since the innocent
Are stained with guilt, when, in contempt of fate,
They silent fall, he means to meet their hate
With all that each beholder could expect
From dying valour, when it had to protect 130
An envied stranger, left no more defence
But what their hate obscures—his innocence
  The clamorous friends of Aphron, backed by those
Which knew his death the only mean to close
Almanzor's bleeding honour, to the fair
And pitiful Pharonnida repair,
With cries of vengeance, whose unwelcome sound
She by her father's strict command was bound
To hear, since that those rivulets of law,
Which from the sea of regal power did draw 140
Their several streams, all flowed to her, and in
That crystal fountain, pure as they had been
From heaven dispensed ere just Astræa fled
The earth, remained, yet such aversion bred
In her soft soul, that to these causes, where
The law sought blood, slowly as those that bear
The weight of guilt, she came, whose dark text she
Still comments on with noble charity
High mounted on an ebon throne, in which
The embellished silver shewed so sadly rich, 150
As if its varied form strove to delight
Those solemn souls which death's pale fear did fright,
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,
Between two sterner ministers of fate,
Impartial judges, whose distinguished tasks
Their varied habit to the view unmasks

133 Aphron] Mistake for 'Andremon' 149 in] Singer alters to 'on'

One, in whose looks as pity strove to draw
Compassion in the tablets of the law,
Some softness dwelt in a majestic vest
Of state like red was clothed the other, dressed 160
In dismal black whose terrible aspect
Declared his office served but to detect
Her slow consent if when the first forsook
The cause the law so far as death did look
Silence proclaimed a harsh command calls forth
The undaunted prisoner whose excelling worth
In this low ebb of fortune did appear
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels—fear had not
Rifled one drop of blood nor rage bego 170
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state
Throned in the medium constant virtue sat
Not slighting with the impious atheists that
Loud storm of danger, but safe anchored at
Religious hope, being firmly confident
Heaven would relieve whom earth knew innocent
All thus prepared he hears his wrongful charge
(Envy disguising injured truth) at large
Before the people in such language read
As checked their hopes in whom his worth had bred 180
Some seeds of pity, and to those whose hate
Pursued him to this precipice of fate
Dead Aphron's friends such an advantage gave
That Providence appeared too weak to save
One so assaulted yet though now depressed
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those whose public virtues we
Adore before their private guilt we see
His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs and like that prosperous dove 190
The world's first pilot for discovery sent
When all the floods that bound the firmament
Overwhelmed the earth Conscience calm joys to increase
Returns fraught with the olive branch of peace
Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear
Per awed the guilty with he doth appear
The court's just wonder in the brave defence
Of what, (though power armed with the strong pretence
Of right opposed) so prevalent had been,
T have cleared him, if when near triumphing in 200
Victorious truth to cloud that glorious sun
Some faithless swains by large rewards being won

162 detect] For the sake of rhyme no doubt It can just be interpreted as = remove the concealment from extract
183 Aphron] Mistake as before

To spot their souls, had not, corrupted by
His foes, been brought, falsely to justify
Their accusations Which beheld by him,
Whose knowledge now did hope's clear optics dim,
He ceased to plead, justly despairing then,
That innocence 'mongst mortals rested, when
Banished her own abode, so thinks it vain
To let truth's naked arms strive to maintain 215
The field 'gainst his more powerful foes Not all
His virtues now protect him, he must fall
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate
No other crime but their envenomed hate
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes
The fatal sentence—whilst the accuser reads
His charge, possessed the pitying court, in which
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich
In mercy, Heaven's supreme prerogative,
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive 220
So long, till what at first assaulted in
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been
For pity cherished, that at length her eyes
Found there those spirits that did sympathize
With those that warmed her blood, and, unseen, move
That engine of the world, mysterious love,
The way that fate predestinated, when
'Twas first infused i' the embryo, it being then
That which espoused the active form unto
Matter, and from that passive being drew 230
Divine ideas, which, subsisting in
Harmonious Nature's highest sphere, do win,
In the perfection of our age, a more
Expansive power, and, nature's common store
Still to preserve, unites affections by
The mingled atoms of the serious eye
Whilst Nature's priest, the cause of each effect,
Miscalled disease, endeavours to detect
Its unacquainted operations in
The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been 240
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now
A stranger is to what she doth allow
Such easy entrance—by those rays that fall
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,
E'en in the grasp of death, his functions melt
To flames, which on his heart an onset make
For sadness, such as weaker mortals take
Eternal farewells in Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die, 250
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding-sheet

That fatal doom which unto heaven affords
The sole appeal one of the assisting lords
Had now pronounced whose horrid thunder could
Not strike his laurelled brow that voice, which would
Have petrified a timorous soul he hears
With calm attention No disordered fears
Ruffled his fancy nor domestic war
Raged in his breast his every look, so far 60
From vulgar passions that unless amazed
At Beauty s majesty he sometimes gazed
Wildly on that as emblems of more great
Glories than earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution his fixed soul had not
Been stirred to passion which had now begot
Wonder not fear within him No harsh frown
Contracts his brow nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit wrapt in smothered groans
To clog his heart From her most eminent thrones 270
Of sense the eyes the lightning of his soul
Flew with such vigour forth it did control
All weaker passions and at once include
With Roman valour Christian fortitude
Pharonnida from whom the rigid law
Extorts his fate being now enforced to draw
The longest line she e er could hope to move
Over his face that beauteous sphere of love
Unto its great st obliquity she leaves
Him in his winter solstice and bereaves 2 0
Love s hemisphere of light not heat yet oft
Retreating wished those stars fate placed aloft
In the first magnitude of honour might
Prove retrograde so their contracted light
Might unto him part of their influence
In life bestow, passion would fain dispense
So far with reason to recal again
The sentence she had past but hope in vain
Those false suggestions moves His jailors are
The undaunted prisoner hurrying from the bar 290
His fair judge rising the corrupted court
Upon removing all the ruder sort
Of hearers rushing out, when through the throng
Kind Ariamnes (being detained so long
By strict employment) comes at whose request
The court their seats resuming he addrest
Himself t the princess in a language that
(Whilst all Argalia s foes were storming at)
E en on her justice so prevails that he
Reprieved till all hope could produce to free 00

57 petrified] Orig *putrefied* which I shall not say that Chamberlayne *could* not have meant. 291 corrupted] Apparently in the derivative sense of broken up

Her love's new care, might be examined by
His active friend, who now, being seated nigh
Pharonnida, whilst all attentive sate,
The stranger's story doth at large relate
  Pleased at this full relation, near as much
As grieved to see those jewels placed in such
A coarse cheap metal, which could never hold
The least proportion with her regal gold,
Pharonnida had now removed, if not
Thus once more stayed —The rumour, first begot 310
From this sad truth, had, with the common haste
Of ill, arrived where his disease had placed
Aphron, whose ears, assaulted now with words
Of more infection than that plague, affords
Room for the stronger passion though offended.
To leave a hold it had at first intended
To keep till ruined, the imprisoned blood,
And spirits are unfettered, by that flood
To wash usurping grief from off that part
Where most she reigned, but they, drawn near the heart, 320
And finding enemies too strong to be
Encountered, mix in their society,
Which, thus supplied with auxiliaries, in
Contempt of weakness, (when he long had been
Languishing, underneath a tedious load
Of sickness), sends him from his safe abode,
'Mongst dangers which in death's black shape attend
His bold design, to seek his honoured friend
  Come on the spur of passion to the court,
A flux of spirits from all parts resort 330
To prompt his anger, which abruptly broke
Forth in this language 'Do not, sirs, provoke
A foreign power thus far—I speak to you
That have condemned this stranger as to do
An act so opposite to all the law
Of nations, here within your realm to draw
Blood that's near and allied unto the best
Of an adjacent state If this request
Of mine too full of insolence appear,
We are spirits nobly born, and we are near 340
Enough to have't, whatever crime's the cause
Of this harsh sentence, tried by our own laws'
  This bold opposer of stern justice (here
Pausing to see what clouds there did appear

313 Aphron] The real Aphron
315 offended] Another *exemplary* note may call attention to this characteristic instance of Chamberlayne's syntax 'Offended' and 'it' can only refer to 'disease,' or 'plague,' though they have not the least grammatical connexion therewith or with anything else For though grammar permits junction with 'the imprisoned blood,' sense forbids
337 near] Singer alters to 'so near,' without any need

In that fair heaven whose influence only now
Could light to s friend s declining stars allow)
To free the troubled court which struggled in
A strange dilemma had commanded been
To a more large discovery if not by
His pitying friend discharged in a reply 350
Doubting how far irregular boldness had
Provoked just wrath Argalia thus unclad
Amazement s dark disguise — To you that awe
This court (with that kneels to Pharonnida)
'I now for mercy flee that scorn to run
From my own doom so I might have begun
The doubtful task alone, but here to leave
My friend from whom your justice did receive
This bold affront in danger is a crime
That not approaching death which all my time 360
Too little for repentance calls can be
A just excuse for, let me then set free
His person with your doubts and joined to those
What both their varied stories may compose —
'For what this noble lord whose goodness we
First found in needful hospitality
From him hath differed in impute it not
To either's error both reports begot
From such mistakes as nature made to be
The careful issues of necessity 3 0
That fatal difference whose vestigia stood
When we Epirus left, fresh filled with blood
By league so lately with Calabria made
Being composed that fame did not invade
Our ears with the report till we had been
By a disguise secured which shaded in
Whilst fearing danger we neer thought to leave
Till safe at home Thus what did first deceive
Kind Aminander, you have heard and now
Without the stain of boasting must allow 80
Me leave to tell you that we there have friends
On whom the burthen of a state depends
When to the court's just wonder thus far he
With such unshaken confidence as we
Pray on the expanded wings of faith, displayed
His soul s integrity the royal maid
Whom a repented destiny had made
His pitying judge endeavouring to evade
That doom s harsh rigour grants him a reprieve
Till thrice the sun returning to relieve 390

35 wrath] I have tr ed various punctuations for this passage but it defies all The sense is clear en u h how ver 379 Aminander] i e Ariamnes 383 court s] Or g court not quite impossibly

Night's drooping sentinels, had circled in
So many days In which short time, to win
The fair advantage of discovering truth,
Old Aminander, active as fresh youth
In all attempts of charity, to know
From what black spring those troubled streams did flow,
Hastes toward Andremon's, whilst Pharonnida,
Active as he toward all whence she might draw
A consequence of hope, lays speedy hold
On this design —Commissioned to unfold 400
Their master's love toward her, there long had been
Ambassadors from the Epirot in
Her father's court, whose message, though it might
Wear love's pure robes, yet, in her reason's light,
Seems so much stained with policy, that all
Those blessings, which the wise foresaw to fall
As influence from that conjunction, she
Opposes as her stars' malignity
Proud of this new command, with such a haste
As those that fear more slow delays may waste 410
Their precious time, the ambassadors attain
The princess' court, where come, though hoped in vain,
Only expect a speedy audience, they,
That frustrated, are soon taught to betray
More powerful passions —the first glance o' the eye
They on the prisoners cast, kind sympathy
Proclaimed,—love gave no leave for time to rust
Their memories—both the old lords durst trust
Eyes dimmed with tears, whilst their embraces give
A sad assurance there did only live 420
Their last and best of comforts Which beheld
By those from whom kind pity had expelled
All thoughts of the vindictive law, they strive
By all the power of rhetoric to drive
Those sad storms over, which good office done,
They each inform the prince, which was the son
Of nature, which adoption, withal tell how,
By their persuasions moved, they did allow
Them time to travel, which disasters had
So long protracted, for some years, with sad 430
And doubtful hopes, they had in vain expected
Their wished return, but that their stars directed
Their course so ill, as now near home to be
O'ertaken with so sad a destiny —
Since such a sorrow could be cured by none,
They sadly crave the time to mourn alone

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

398 *draw*] In this rhyme, which is common, it is more likely that 'draw' was pronounced 'dra'' than that 'Pharonnida' became 'Pharonnida*w*'
412 hoped] Orig 'hope'

Canto IV

THE ARGUMENT

At length the veil from the deluded law
  With active care by Aminander took
The startled court in their own error saw
  How lovely truth did in Argalia look.

The story of our youth discovered he
  His merits yet in higher pitch to raise
More as prince doth from a danger free
  Which unto death his noblest lords betrays

THAT last sad night, the rigid law did give
The late reprieved Argalia leave to live
Was now wrapt in her own obscurity
Stolen from the stage of time when light got free
From his nocturnal prison summons all
Almanzor's friends to see the longed for fall
Of the envied stranger whose last hour was now
So near arrived faint hope could not allow
So much of comfort to his powerfulst friend
As told her fears—she longer might suspend 10
His fatal doom Mournful attendants on
That serene sufferer all his friends are gone
Unto the sable scaffold that's ordained
By the decree of justice to be stained
With guiltless blood all sunk in grief—but she
Who by inevitable destiny
Doomed him to death most deep Dull sorrow reigns
In her triumphant sad and alone remains
She in a room whose windows prospect led
Her eye to the scaffold whither from the bed 20
Where sorrow first had cast her she did oft
Repair to see him, but her passion's soft
Temper soon melting into tears denies
Her soul a passage through o'erflowing eyes
Often she would in vain expostulate
With those two subtle sophisters that sate
Clothed in the robes of fancy but they still
O'erthrow her weaker arguments and fill
Her breast with love and wonder passion gave
Such fierce assaults no virgin vow could save 30
Her heart's surrender—she must love and lose
In one sad hour thus grief doth oft infuse
Those bitter pills where hidden poisons dwell
In the smooth pleasures of sweet oxymel
  Argalia's friends that did this minute use
As if the last of mortal interviews,

28 o'erthrow] Orig o'erthrew

Had now reversed their eyes, expecting nought
But that stroke's fall, whose fatal speed had brought
Him to eternal rest, when by a loud
And busy tumult, as if death, grown proud, 10
Expected triumphs, to divert their sight,
They from the scaffold's lofty station might,
Within the reach of an exalted voice,
Behold a troop, who (as the leader's choice,
Confined to strait necessity, had there
Enrolled all comers, if of strength to bear
Offensive arms) did first appear to be
Some tumult drest in the variety
Of sudden rage for here come headlong in
A herd of clowns, armed as they then had been 50
From labour called, near them, well ordered ride
(As greatness strove no longer to divide
Societies) some youths, brave as they had
Been in the spoils of conquered nations clad
This sudden object, first obstructing all
Their court's proceedings, prompts their doubts to call
Their absent prince, who, being too wise for fear's
Uncertain fictions, with such speed appears
As checks the tumult, when, to tell them who
Had from their homes the frighted people drew, 60
I' the van of a well-ordered troop rides forth
Loved Aminander, whose unquestioned worth,
That strong attractive of the people's love,
Expunged suspicion whilst his troops did move
With a commanded slowness to inform
The expecting prince, from whence this sudden storm
Contracted clouds, he to his view presents
Andremon's friends whose looks—the sad contents
Of sorrow, with a silent oratory
Beg pity, whilst he thus relates their story 70
'That we, great prince, we, whom a loyal fear
To strict obedience prompts, dare thus appear
Before your sacred person, were a sin
Mercy would blush to own, had we not been
Forced to offensive arms, by such a cause
As tore the sceptre-regulated laws
Forth of your royal hand, to vindicate
This suffering stranger, whom a subtle hate,
Not solemn law, pursued I here have brought
Such witnesses as have their knowledge bought 80
At the expense of all their joy, whom I
Found so confined, as if their misery
Were in their houses sepulchred, a sad
And general sorrow in one dress had clad
So many, that their only sight did prove
Lost virtue caused such universal love

To free this noble youth, whose valour lent
A late protection to this innocent
But injured maid they unconstrained had here
Implored your aid had not too just a fear 90
Caused from some troops raised by a wronged pretence
Of your commands checked their intelligence
With such illegal violence that I
Had shared their sufferings if not rescued by
These following friends whose rude conjunction shows
It was no studied plot did first compose
So loose a body But lest it appear
In me like envy should I strive to clear
This doubtful story here are those, (with that
Calls forth Andremon s friends) instructed at 100
The dearest price which by discovering truth
Will not alone rescue this noble youth
From falling ruin—but lest he retreat
Into rebellion force before this seat
A man whose power the people thought had been
To punish vice not propagate a sin
Having thus far past toward discovery here
The grave lord ceased and that truth might appear
From its first fair original to her
Whose virtue, Heaven s affected messenger, 110
Commands attention the more horrid part
Of his relation leaves And here vain Art
Look on and envy, to behold how far
Thy strict rules (which our youth s afflictions are)
Nature transcends in a discourse which she
With all the flowers of virgin modesty
Not weeds of rhetoric strewed, to hear her miss,
Or put a blush for a parenthesis
In the relating that uncivil strife
Which her sad subject was—so near the life 120
Limns lovely virtue that that copy whence
Art took those graces she doth since dispense
T the best of women Fair Pharonnida
Taught by that sympathy, which first did draw
Those lovely transcripts of herself although
Varied as much as humble flowers that grow
Dispersed in shady deserts are from those
That nice art in enamelled gardens shows
Yet, like bright planets which communicate
To earth their influence from exalted state 130
She now descends to cherish virtue in
Those lovely nymphs whose beauties though they'd been
Yet in the country clouded from report
Soon grow the praise or envy of the court
Emboldened by that gracious favour shown
To these fair nymphs, to prosecu e their own

Most just complaints, Andremon's wretched friends,
With prayers perceive that mercy which descends,
O'er all their sufferings, on the expanded wings
Of noble pity, whose fair hand first brings 140
Argalia from the sable scaffold, to
Meet those rewards to his high merits due,
Not only in what death's dark progress stays,
But life's best joy—an universal praise
Acquired from just desert Next she applies
Herself to those poor burthened souls, whose eyes
Look e'en on comforts through their tears, the dead
Andremon's mourners, whose lost joy, though fled
For ever from those wintring regions, yet
As much received as sorrow would permit 150
Souls so oppprest, the splendid court they leave
With thankful prayers And now called to receive
His sin's reward Almanzor is, whose shame,
Its black attendant, when b' his hated name
He'd oft been summoned, prompts him to deny
That legal call, which being an act too high
For a depending power to patronise,
To shun feared justice' public doom, he flies
His prince's mandates, an affront that sent
Him to's desert—perpetual banishment 160
This comet lost in clouds of infamy,
The court, which had too long been burthened by
His injured power, with praises entertain
Impartial justice, whilst to call again
Those pleasures which had in this interval
Of law been lost, the prince, convening all
That shared those sufferings, as the centre whence
Joy spread itself t' the court's circumference,
Crowns all their wishes, which, by that bright star
In honour's sphere—the auspicious princess, are 170
Exalted to their highest orbs Her love
Unto Argalia, though it yet must move
As an unnoted constellation, here
Begins its era, which, that 't might appear
Without suspicion, she disguises in
The public joy Which, 'mongst those that had been
His serious mourners, to participate,
That kind Epirot, who first taught his fate
The way to glory, comes, to whom he now
Was on those knees merit had taught to bow, 180
With as much humble reverence as if all
The weights of nature made those burthens fall
A sacrifice to love, fixed to implore
Its constant progress, but he needs no more

178 Epirot] Observe the jumble with 'Calabrian,' l 189

For confirmation since his friend could move
But the like joy where nature taught to love
  Passion's encounter which too high to last,
Into a calm of thankful prayers being past
The prince from the Calabrian seeks to know
By what collateral streams he came to owe 190
Such love unto a stranger—one that stood
Removed from him i the magnetism of blood
Whom thus the lord resolves — When blooming in
The pride of youth whose varied scenes did win
Time on the morning of my days a while
To taste the pleasures of a summer's smile
I left the court's tumultuous noise and spent
Some happy time blest with retired content
In the calm country where Art's curious hand
As centre to a spacious round of land 00
Had placed a palace, in whose lovely dress
The city might admire the wilderness,
Yet though that ill civility was in
Her marble circle Nature's hand had been
As liberal to the neighbouring fields and deckt
Each rural nymph as gaudy till neglect
Or slovenly necessity had drawn
Her canvass furrows o'er their vales of lawn
  Near this fair seat fringed with an ancient wood
A fertile valley lay where scattered stood 210
Some homely cottages the happy seats
Of labouring swains, whose careful toil completes
Their wishes in obtaining so much wealth
To conquer dire necessity, firm health,
Calm thoughts sound sleeps unstarted innocence
Softened their beds and when roused up from thence
Suppled their limbs for labour Amongst these
My loved Argalia (for till fate shall please
His dim stars to uncurtain, and salute
His better fortune with each attribute 220
Due to a nobler birth his name must be
Contracted into that stenography)
Life's scenes began amongst his fellows that
There first drew breath being true heirs to what
Whilst all his stars were retrograde and dim
Unlucky fortune but adopted him
  Whilst there residing I had oft beheld
The active boy whose childhood's bud excelled
More full blown youths gleaning the scattered locks
Of new shorn fields amongst the half-clad flocks 230
Of their unripe but healthful issue by
Which labour tired sometimes I see them try
The strength of their scarce twisted limbs and run
A short breathed course whose swift contention done

And he (as in each other active sport)
With victory crowned, they make their next resort
T' the spring's cheap bounties, but what did of all
His first attempts give the most powerful call
Both to my love and wonder was, what chanced
From one rare act The morning had advanced 240
Her tempting beauties to assure success
To these young huntsmen, who, with labour less
Made by the pleasure of their journey, had
The forest reached, where, with their limbs unclad
For the pursuit, they follow beasts that might
Abroad be recreation, and, when night
Summoned them home, the welcomest supply
Both to their own and parents' quality
An angry boar, chafed with a morning's chase,
And now near spent, was come so near the place, 250
Where, though secured, on the stupendous height
Of a vast rock they stood, that now no flight
Could promise safety, that wild rage, which sent
Him from the dogs, his following foes, is spent
In the pursuit of them, which, to my grief,
Had suffered ere we could have lent relief,
Had not Argalia, e'en when danger drew
So near as death, turned on the beast, and threw
His happy javelin, whose well-guided aim,
Although success it knew not how to claim 260
From strength, yet is so much assisted by
Fortune, that, what before had scorned to die
By all our power when contending in
Nice art, the honour of that day to win
To him alone, falls by that feeble stroke
From all his speed, which seen, he, to provoke
His hastier death, seconds those wounds which in
Their safety are by those with terror seen,
That had escaped the danger, and e'en by
Us that pursued with such amaze, that I, 270
Who had before observed those rays of worth
Obscured in clouds, here let my love break forth
In useful action, such as from that low
Condition brought him where I might bestow
On him what art required, to perfect that
Rare piece of nature which we wondered at
From those whom I, 'mongst others, thought to be
Such whose affection the proximity
Of nature claimed, with a regret that showed
Their poverty unwillingly bestowed 280

238 give the most powerful call] This is Singer's mending of the orig repetition 'did give the powerful call'

280 bestowed] This bewildering Chamberlaynean construction seems = '*Of* those *from* whom I, *thinking them* to be, &c, had procured' But in this as in hundreds of future

So loved a jewel, had procured the youth—
His foster father, loath to waive a truth
That in the progress of his fate might be
Of high account, discovers unto me
The world's mistake concerning him and thus
Relates his story — 'He was brought to us
(Quoth the good man) some ten years since by two
Who (could men be discovered to the view
Of knowledge by their habits) seemed but such
As Fortune's narrow hand had gave not much 90
More than necessity requires to be
Enjoyed of every man whom life makes free
Of Nature's city though their bounty showed
To our dim judgements that they only owed
Mischance for those coarse habits, which disguised
What once the world at higher rates had prized
I the worst extreme of time about the birth
O the sluggish morning, when the crusted earth
Was tinselled o'er with frost and each sprig clad
With winter's wool I whom cross Fortune had 300
Destined to early labours being abroad
Met two benighted men far from the road
Wandering alone, no skilful guide their way
Directing in that infancy of day
But the faint beams of glimmering candles that
Shone from our lowly cottage windows at
Which marks they steered their course one of them bore
This boy an infant then, which knew no more
Than Nature's untrod paths These having spied
Me through the morning's mists glad of a guide 310
Though to a place whose superficial view
Lent small hopes of relief went with me to
Mine own poor home where with such coarse cheap fare
As must content us that but eat to bear
The burthens of a life refreshed they take
A short repose then being to forsake
Their new found host desire with us to leave
The child till time should some few days bereave
Of the habiliments of light We stood
Not long to parl but, willing to do good 320
To strangers so distressed, were never by
Our poverty once tempted to deny
My wife being then a nurse upon her takes
The pretty charge and with our own son makes
Him fellow-commoner at the full breast
And partner of the cradle's quiet rest
Now to depart one that did seem to have
The near'st relation to the infant gave

instances the reader must take his own choice of several doubtfully possible interpretations

Him first this jewel, (at which word they showed
One which upon Argalia was bestowed 330
By those that left him), then, that we might be
Not straitened by our former poverty,
Leaves us some gold, by which we since have been
Enabled to maintain him, though not in
That equipage, which we presume unto
His birth (although to us unknown) is due
This done, with eyes that lost their light in tears,
They take their leaves, since when, those days to years
Are grown, in which we did again expect
They should return, but whether 't be neglect 340
Or else impossibility detain
Them from his sight, our care hath sought in vain"
'Having thus plainly heard as much as Fate
Had yet of him discovered, I, that late
Desired him for his own, now for the sake
Of 's friends, (whate'er they were), resolved to take
Him from that barren rudeness, and transplant
So choice a slip where he might know no want
Of education, with some labour, I
Having obtained him, till virility 350
Rendered him fit for nobler action, stayed
Him always with me, when my love obeyed
His reason, and then, in the quest of what
Confined domestics do but stumble at
Exotic knowledge, with this noble youth,
To whom his love grew linked, like spotless truth
To perfect virtue,—sent him to pursue
His wished design, from whence this interview
First took its fatal rise' And here the lord,
That a more full discovery might afford 360
Them yet more wonder, shows the jewel to
Sparta's pleased prince, at whose most serious view
The skilfullest lapidaries, judging it,
Both for its worth and beauty, only fit
To sparkle in the glorious cabinet
Of some great queen, such value on it set,
That all conclude the owner of 't must be
Some falling star, i' the night of royalty,
From honour's sphere, the glories of a crown
To vaunt, the centre of our fears, dropt down 370
And now the court, whose brightest splendour in
These fatal changes long eclipsed had been,
Resumes its lustre, which to elevate,
With all the pleasures of a prosperous state,
For that contracted span of time designed
For th' prince's stay, fancies are racked to find

367 owner] Orig 'honour,' a strange mistake elsewhere repeated.

New forms of mirth such whose invention might
Inform the ear whilst they the eye delight
All which whilst to the less concerned they lent
A flux of joy yet lost their first intent— 380
To please the princess who from mirth did move
Eccentrical since first inflamed with love
Which did soon from her fancy's embryon grow
A large-limbed tyrant when prepared to go
She sees Argalia who engaged to attend
The ambassadors, here soon put an end
To what seen from those unto love unkind
Must now force tears ere it a period find
That time expired—ordained to terminate
Her fathers stay and so that splendid state 390
That yet adorned the princess court to show
How much he did for's frontiers safety owe
Unto those moving citadels—a fleet
His mandates call each squadron for to meet
Within Lepanto in whose harbours lay
Those ships that were ordained for a convey
To the Calabrian's messengers who now
With all that love or honour could allow
To noble strangers being attended by
The brightest glories of two courts draw nigh 400
A royal fleet whose glittering streamers lent
Dull waves the beauties of a firmament
Amongst which numbers one too stately far
For rough encounters of defacing war
Whose gilded masts their crimson sails had spread
In silken flakes advanced her stately head
High as where clouds condense where a light stands
Took for a comet by far distant lands
For cabins—where the imprisoned passenger
Wants air to breathe—she's stored with rooms that were 410
So fair without, and yet so large within
A Persian sophi might have revelled in
Their spacious hulks To this Molarchus he
Whom greatness joined to know ability
Had made Sicilia's admiral invites
The royal train where with whatever delights
(Although invention all her stock had spent)
Could be upon that liquid element
Prepared their welcome, whilst at every bowl
A health inters the full mouthed cannons troul 420
A peal of thunder, which in white waves drowned
The softer trumpets do their dirges sound
Now in the full career of mirth whilst all
Their thoughts in perpendiculars did fall

414 know] One conjectures known, but the other is more like our author

From honour's zenith, none incurvated
With common cares—parents that might have bred
A sly suspicion, whilst neglective mirth
Keeps all within, from their deep bed of earth ,
Molarchus hoist his anchors, whilst that all
The rest lay still, expecting when his call 430
Commands their service but when they beheld
His spread sails with a nimble gale were swelled;
An oppressed slave, which lay at rest before,
Was, with stretched limbs, tugging his finny oar,
Conceiving it but done to show the prince
That galley's swiftness, let that thought convince
Fear's weak suggestions, and, invited by
Their tempting mirth, still safe at anchor lie
But now, when they not only saw the night
Draw sadly on, but what did more affright 440
Their loyal souls—the distant vessel, by
Doubling a cape, lost to the sharpest eye,
For hateful treason taxing their mistake,
With anchors cut and sails spread wide they make
The lashed waves roar Whilst those enclosed within
The galley, by her unknown speed had been
Far more deceived—being so far conveyed,
Ere care arrives to tell them they're betrayed
Through mirth's neglective guards Who now, in haste
With anger raised, in vain those flames did waste 450
In wild attempts to force a passage to
The open decks, whither before withdrew
Molarchus was, who now prepared to give
That treason birth, whose hated name must live
In bloody lines of infamy Before
They could expect it, opening wide the door
That led them forth, the noble captives fly
To seek revenge, but, being encountered by
An armèd crew, so fierce a fight begin,
That night's black mantle ne'er was lined within 460
With aught more horrid, in which bloody fray,
The subtle traitor, valiant to betray
Though abject else, unnoted, seizing on
The unguarded princess, from their rage is gone,
Through night's black mask, with that rich prize into
A boat, that, placed for that design, was drew
Near to the galley, whose best wealth being now
Thus made their own, no more they study how
To save the rest—all which for death designed
The conquered rebels soon their safety find 470

429 hoist] Singer 'hoists,' but it is no doubt preterite
434 oar] Orig and Singer 'ore,' which must be wrong In anybody but Chamberlayne we should expect '*And* oppressed slaves' with no 'was'

From other boats but first that all but she
O the royal train secured by death might be,
So large a leak in the brave vessel make
That thence her womb soon too much weight did take
For her vast bulk to wield which, sinking now
No safety to her royal guests allow
  The ship thus lost and now no throne but waves
Left the Sicilian prince just Heaven thus saves
His sacred person —Amongst those that fought
For timely safety nimble strength had brought 480
Argalia and his following friend so near
One of the boats in which secured from fear
The rebels sailed that now they both had took
A hold so sure, that though their foes forsook
Their oars to hinder t, spite of all their force
Argalia enters, which a sad divorce
From life as he by strength attempts to rise
From falling wounds unhappily denies
The valiant Aphron, who by death betrayed
From time and strength had now left none to aid 490
His friend, but those attending virtues, that,
Ne er more than now, for th world to wonder at,
Brave trophies built With such a sudden rage
As all his foes did to defence engage,
Those bolder souls that durst resist, he had
From their disordered robes of flesh unclad,
Which horrid sight forced the more fearful to
Such swift submission, that ere fear outgrew
His hope assisted by that strength which bought
Their lives reprieve, their oars reversed had brought 500
Him back t the place in which the guilty flood
Was stained with fair Sicilia s noblest blood
  Assisted by those silver streams of light
The full faced moon shot through the swarthy night
On the smooth sea he first his course directs
Toward one whose robes studded with gems reflects
Those feeble rays like new fallen stars he there
Finds Sparta s prince then sinking from the sphere
Of mortal greatness in the boundless deep
To calm life s cares in an eternal sleep 510
From unexpected death the grave s most grim
And ghastly tyrant having rescued him—
With as much speed as grief s distractions joined
To night s confusion could give leave to find
More friends before that all were swallowed by
The sea he hastes, when being by chance brought nigh
Dead Aphron s father to be partner in
Their cares who as they only saved had been

475 bulk] Singer as elsewhere, arbitrarily prints *h*ulk which is possible but by no means necessary

To mourn the rest, he from the rude sea saves
Him, to be drowned in sorrow's sable waves 520
  Now in the quest of that deserving lord,
Whose goodness did to's infancy afford
Life's best of comforts—education, he,
To balk that needless diligence, might see
At one large draught the wide waves swallow all
Who vainly did till that sad minute call
To Heaven for help; which dismal sight, beheld
By those that saved by accident, expelled
Their own just fears—for them to entertain
As just a grief Their needful time in vain 530
They spend no longer in their search, but, though
Unwieldy grief yet made their motion slow,
Haste from that horrid place, where each must leave
Such valued friends Numbers that did receive
Their blood, descended to nobility,
From th' royal spring, here the grieved prince might see
Interred in the ocean, the Epirot lord,
His late found son, whom love could scarce afford
A minute's absence, nor's Argalia less
Engaged to grief—to leave whom the distress 540
Of's youth relieved, but what from each of these
Borrowed some streams of sorrow, to appease
A grief which since so many floods hath cost
The noble Aminander here was lost
  Rowed with such speed as their desire, joined to
That fear which from the conquered rebels drew
A swift obedience, being conducted by
A friendly light, their boat is now drawn nigh
A rocky island, in whose harbour they
Found where the boat that had outsailed them lay, 550
Drawn near the shore but all the passengers
Being gone, the sight of that alone confers
No other comfort than to inform them that
The ravished princess had been landed at
That port, which by their sailors they are told
Belongs unto a castle, kept to hold
That island, though but one unnoted town,
T' the scarce known laws of the Sicilian crown
  This heard b' the prince, who formerly had known
That castle's strength, being vexed (although his own) 560
That now 'twas such, leaving the vessel, they,
Protected by night's heaviest shades, convey
Themselves into a neighbouring cottage, where
The prince, who now externally did bear
No forms of greatness, left to his repose
Argalia, whilst night's shadows yet did close

558 Sicilian] 1 e Morean

Discovering eyes hastes back t the harbour whence
To give the royal fleet intelligence
O the kings distress he sends forth all but one
Whose stoutness had best made his valour known 570
Of those which, conquered by his sword, are now
By bounty made too much his own to allow
E en slight suspicion room This being done
That valour, though with love twere winged might run
On no rash precipice assisted by
That skilful seaman from some ships that lie
Neglected 'cause by time decayed he takes
So much o the tackling as of that he makes
Ladders of length sufficient to ascend
The castle walls, which having to defend 580
Them nought but slave security is done
With so much ease that what s so well begun
They boldly second and first entering in
A tower (which had b the prudent founder been
Built to command the havens mouth which lay
Too low for th castle) where when come all they
Found to resist is one poor sentry bound
In sleep which soon by death is made more sound
To lodge the prince in that safe place before
His active valour yet attempted more 590
The gate s secured that led t the castle He
Protected by that nights obscurity
By a concealed small sally port is to
Its strength soon brought when now prepared to view
More dreadful dangers in such habit clad
As by the outguards easy error had
Soon as a soldier gave him entrance come
T the hall he is there being informed by some
O the drowsy guards where his pretended speed
Might find Molarchus, to perform a deed, 600
That future ages (if that honour's fire
Lose not its light) shall worthily admire
His valour hastes —Within a room —whose pride
Of art though great was far more glorified
By that bright lustre the spectators saw,
Through sorrows clouds in fair Pharonnida —
He finds the impious villain heightened in
His late success to such rude acts of sin
That servile baseness the low distance whence
He used to look grew saucy impudence 610
Inflamed Argalia who at once beholds
Objects to which the soul enlarged unfolds
Its passions in the various characters
Of love and anger now no more defers
The execution of his rage but in
So swift a death, as if his hand had been

Guided by lightning, to Molarchus sent
His life's discharge, which, with astonishment,
Great as if by their evil angels all
Their sins had been displayed, did wildly fall 620
Upon his followers, whom, ere haste could save,
Or strength resist, Argalia's sword had gave
Such sudden deaths, that, whilst amazements reigned
O'er all, he from the heedless tumult gained
That glorious prize—the royal lady, who,
In all assaults of fears, not lost unto
Her own clear judgement, as a blessing sent
From Heaven, (whilst her base foes confusion lent
That action safety), follows that brave friend,
Whose sword redeemed her, till her journey's end, 630
Through threatening dangers, brought her to that place
Where, with such passion as kind wives embrace
Husbands returned from bondage, she is by
Her father welcomed into liberty
Thus rescued, whilst exalted rumours swelled
To such confusion as from sense expelled
Reason's safe conduct, whilst each soldier leaves
His former charge, fear's pale disease receives
This paroxysm —The fleet, which yet had in
A doubtful quest of their surprised prince been, 640
Directed hither with the new-born day,
Their streamers round the citadel display,
Which seen by them that, being deluded by
The dead Molarchus, to his treachery
Had joined their strength, guilt, the original
Of shame, did to defend the platform call
Their bold endeavour, but, when finding it
Too strongly manned for undermining wit
Or open strength to force, despairing to
Be long secure, prompted by fear, they threw 650
Themselves on mercy, which calm grace, among
Heaven's other blessings, whilst it leads along
The prince toward victory, made his conquest seem—
Such as came not to punish, but redeem

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

Canto V

THE ARGUMENT

The grateful prince to show how much he loved
  This noble youth whose merits just reward
Too great for less abilities had proved
  Makes him commander of his daughter's guard

Where seated in the most benign aspect
  Kind love could grant to fair Pharonnida
A sacred vision doth her hopes detect
  Whose waking joys his absence doth withdraw

FREED from those dangers which this bold attempt
Made justly feared whilst joy did yet exempt
Those cares which when by time concocted shall
His kingdom to a general mourning call
Sparta's pleased prince, with all the attributes
E'er gratitude learned from desert salutes
That noble youth, which even when hope was spent
Kind Heaven had made his safety's instrument
By acts of such heroic virtue that
Whilst all the less concerned are wondering at 10
The grateful prince in all the noble ways
Of honour, lasting as his life repays
By whose example the fair princess taught
To shadow love (her soul's most perfect draught)
In friendship's veil so free a welcome gave
The worthy stranger that all prayer durst crave
Though sacrificed in zeal's most perfect fire
Seemed now from Heaven dropt on his pleased desire
  Some days spent here whilst justice vainly sought
That treason's root whose base production brought 20
Unto an unexpected period in
Molarchus' death with him had buried been
To future knowledge—all confessions though
In torments they extracted were bestow
Upon their knowledge being the imperfect shade
Of supposition, which too weak to invade
E'en those whose doubtful loyalty looked dim
The prudent prince, burying mistrust with him
Leaving the island with's triumphant fleet
On the Sicilian shore prepares to meet 30
That joy in triumph which a blessing brought
His loyal subjects with their prayers had sought
  To cure those hot distemperatures which in
His absence had the court's quotidian been
The princess' guard (as being an honour due
To noble valour) having left unto

That worthy stranger, whose victorious hand
Declared a soul created for command,
The prince departs from his loved daughter's court
To joyful Corinth, where, though the resort 40
Of such as by their service strove to express
An uncorrupted loyalty made less
That mourning, which the kingdom's general loss
Claimed from all hearts, yet, like a sable cross,
Which amongst trophies noble conquerors bear,
All did some signs o' the public sorrow wear
But leaving these to rectify that state
This fever shook, return to whom we late
Left gently calmed—that happy pair, which in
Desire, the shady porch of love, begin 50
That lasting progress, which ere ended shall
So oft their fate to strong assistance call
Some months in happy free delights—before
Passion got strength enough to dictate more
Than Reason could write fair they'd spent, in which
Slumber of fancy, popular love grown rich,
Soon becomes factious, and engages all
The powers of Nature to procure the fall
Of the soul's lawful sovereign Either, in
Each action of the other's, did begin 60
To place an adoration—she doth see
Whate'er he doth, as shining majesty
Beneath a cloud, or books, where Heaven transfers
Their oracles in unknown characters,
Like gold yet unrefined, or the adamant
Wrapt up in earth, he only seemed to want
Knowledge of worth Her actions in his sight
Appear like fire's feigned element, with light,
But not destruction, armed, like the fair sun,
When through a crystal aqueduct he 'th run 70
His piercing beams, until grown temperate by
That cooling medium, through humility,
Shuns her majestic worth In either's eyes,
The other seemed to wear such a disguise
As poets clothed their wandering gods in, when
In forms disguised they here conversed with men
But long this conflict of their passions, ere
Resisted, lasts not, when, disdained to bear
Those leaden fetters, the great princess tries
To quench that fire i' the embryo, ere it rise 80
To unresisted blazes—but in vain,
What her tears smother are by sighs again
Blown into flames, such as, since not to be
By aught extinguished, her sweet modesty
Strives to conceal, nor did them more betray
Than by such fugitives as stole away

Through her fair eyes those sally ports of love
From her besiegèd heart now like to prove
(Had not her honour called the act unjust)
So feeble to betray her soul's best trust 90
Her flames being not such as each vulgar breast
Feels in the fires of fancy when oppressed
With gloomy discontents, her bright stars sate
Enthroned so high that, like the bays of Fate
It stopped the current of the stream and to
The sea of honour loves fresh rivers drew
This whilst the royal eaglet doth in the high
Sublimer region of bright majesty
Upon affection's wings still hover yet
Loath to descend on th humble earth doth sit 100
Her worthy lover like that amorous vine
When crawling o'er the weeds it strives to twine
Embraces with the elm he stands whilst she
Desires to bend, but like that love sick tree
By greatness is denied He that ne'er knew
A swelling tumour of conceit nor flew
Upon the waxen wings of vain ambition
A thought above his own obscure condition
Thinks that the princess by her large respect
Conferred on him, but kindly doth reflect 110
His father's beams and with a reverent zeal
Sees those descending rays that did reveal
Loves embassies transported on the quick
Wings of that heart-overcoming rhetoric,
Instructing that the weakness of his eye
Dazzled with beams of shining majesty,
Might for too boldly gazing on a sight
So full of glory be deprived of light—
Stifling his fancy, till it turned the air
That fanned his heart to flames which pale despair 120
Chilled into ice soon as he went about
With them to breathe a storm of passion out
But vain are all these fears—his eagle sight
Is born to gaze upon no lesser light
Than that from whence all other beauties in
The same sphere borrow theirs he else had been
Degenerate from that royal eyrie whence
He first did spring although he fell from thence
Unfledged the growing pinions of his fame
Wanting the purple tincture of his name 130
And titles—both unknown, yet shall he fly
On his own merits strength a pitch as high
Though not so boldly claimed and such as shall
Enhance the blessing when the dull mists fall

95 It] Singer again arbitrarily They For bays in this sense see inf II v 174

From truth's benighted eyes, whispering in
His soul's pleased ear—her passion did begin
Whilst all the constellations of her fate,
Fixed in the zenith of bright honour, sate,
Whilst his, depressed by adverse fortune, in
Their nadir lay—even to his hopes unseen 140
  Whilst thus enthean fire did he concealed
With different curtains, lest, by being revealed,
Cross fate, which could not quench it, should to death
Scorch all their hopes, burned in the angry breath
Of her incensèd father—whilst the fair
Pharonnida was striving to repair
The wakeful ruins of the day, within
Her bed, whose down of late by love had been
Converted into thorns, she having paid
The restless tribute of her sorrow, staid 150
To breathe awhile in broken slumbers, such
As with short blasts cool feverish brains, but much
More was in hers—A strong pathetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas Nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind
On vain phantastic wings, at length did find
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity
Led into supernatural light, whose rays
As much transcended reason's, as the days 160
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
Terrestrial thoughts, like its original
In heaven, pure and immaculate, a fit
Companion did for those bright angels sit,
Which the gods made their messengers to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' the microcosm, 'bout which is hurled 170
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs, the circling planets spin
Those threads of time, upon whose strength rely
The ponderous burthens of mortality
An adamantine world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this,—framed to endure
The shock of dooms-day's darts, in which remains
The better angels of what earth contains,
Placed there to govern all our acts, and be
A medium 'twixt us and eternity 180
Hence Nature, from a labyrinth half above,
Half underneath, that sympathetic love,

141 thus] Singer 'this'

Which warms the world to generation, sends
On unseen atoms each small star attends
Here for his message which received is by
Their influence to the astral faculty
That lurks on earth communicated hence
Informing Forma sends intelligence
To the material principles of earth—
Her upper garments Nature's second birth 190
Upon each side of this large frame, a gate
Of different use was placed—At one there sate
A sprightly youth whose angel s form delights
Eyes dimmed with age, whose blandishments invites
Infants i the womb to court their woe and be
By his false shape tempted to misery
Millions of thousands swarm about him though
Diseases do each minute strive to throw
Them from his presence, since being tempted by
His flattering form, all court it though they lie 200
On beds of thorns to look on t saving some
More wretched malcontents that hither come
With souls so sullen that, whilst Time invites
Them to his joys they shun those smooth delights
This the world s favourite had a younger brother
Of different hue, each more unlike the other
Than opposite aspects, antipathy
Within their breast though they were forced to be
Almost inseparable dwelt This fiend
A passage guarded which at the other end 210
O the spacious structure stood, betwixt each gate
Was placed a labyrinth in whose angles sate
The Vanities of life attempting to
Stay death s pale harbingers but that black clew
Time s dusky girdle Fate s arithmetic
Grief s slow paced snail Joys more than eagle-quick —
That chain whose links composed of hours and days —
Thither at length spite of delay conveys
The slow paced steps of Time There always stood
Near him one of the triple sisterhood 220
Who with deformity in love did send
Him troops of servants hourly to attend
Upon his harsh commands which he from all
Society of flesh without the wall
Down a dark hill conveyed at whose foot stood
An ugly lake black as that horrid flood
Gods made by men did fear Myriads of boats
On the dark surface of the water floats

216 Grief s slow paced snail] Singer has altered this to Griefs slow snail paced which from what follows an ordinary writer might more probably have written But it by no means follows that Chamberlayne did not deliberately write the other

Containing passengers, whose different hue
Tell them that from the walls do trembling view 230
Their course that there's no age of man to be
Exempted from that powerful tyranny
A tide, which ne'er shall know reflux, beyond
The baleful stream, unto a gloomy strond,
Circled with black obscurity, conveys
Each passenger, where their torn chain of days
Is in eternity peeked-up Between
These different gates, the princess having seen
Life's various scenes wrought to a method by
Disposing angels, on a rock more high 240
Than Nature's common surface, she beholds
The mansion house of Fate, which thus unfolds
Its sacred mysteries A trine without
A quadrate placed, both those encompassed in
A perfect circle, was its form, but what
Its matter was—for us to wonder at
Is undiscovered left, a tower there stands
At every angle, where Time's fatal hands,
The impartial Parcae, dwell I' the first she sees
Clothe, the kindest of the Destinies, 250
From immaterial essences to cull
The seeds of life, and of them frame the wool
For Lachesis to spin, about her fly
Myriads of souls that yet want flesh to lie
Warmed with their functions in, whose strength bestows
That power by which man ripe for misery grows
Her next of objects was that glorious tower,
Where that swift-fingered nymph that spares no hour
From mortal's service, draws the various threads
Of life in several lengths—to weary beds 260
Of age extending some, whilst others in
Their infancy are broke, some blacked in sin,
Others the favourites of heaven, from whence
Their origin, candid with innocence,
Some purpled in afflictions, others dyed
In sanguine pleasures, some in glittering pride,
Spun to adorn the earth, whilst others wear
Rags of deformity, but knots of care
No thread was wholly freed from Next to this
Fair glorious tower was placed that black abyss 270
Of dreadful Atropos, the baleful seat
Of death and horror, *in each room replete*
With lazy damps, loud groans, and the sad sight
Of pale grim ghosts—those terrors of the night

237 peeked] This odd word ('peeckt' in orig) suggests (1) 'peak' in the Shakespearean sense of 'peak and pine,' (2) the same in that of 'brought to a point,' 'finished off,' (3) 'picked' It seems to recur below (II v 383) in 'night-peect,' which Singer has altered to 'specked'

250 Clothe] *Sic in orig*

To this, the last stage that the winding clew
Of life can lead mortality unto
Fear was the dreadful porter which let in
All guests sent thither by destructive Sin
As its firm basis on all these depends
A lofty pyramid to which each sends 280
Some gift from Nature's treasury to Fame's
Uncertain hand The hollow room with names
And empty sounds was only filled of those
For whom the Destinies dained to compose
Their fairest threads, as if but born to die—
Here all Ephemeras of report did fly
On feeble wings till, being like to fall
Some faintly stick upon the slimy wall
Till the observant antiquary rents
Them thence to live in paper monuments 290
In whose records they are preserved to be
The various censures of posterity
I the upper room as favourites to Fate
There only Poets, rich in fancy state,
In that beneath—Historians, whose records
Do themes unto those pregnant wits afford
Yet both preparing everlasting bays
To crown their glorious dust whose happy days
Were here spent well Beneath these covered o er
With dim oblivion's shadows, myriads more, 300
Till dooms-day shall the gaudy world undress
Lay huddled up in dark forgetfulness.
All which as objects not of worth to cast
A fixed eye on the princess genius past
In heedless haste until obstructed by
Visions that thus fixed her soul's wandering eye
A light as great as if that dooms day's flame
Were for a lamp hung in the court of Fame
Directs her—where on a bright throne there sate
Sicilia's better Genius her proud state 310
(Courted by all earth's greatest monarchs) by
Three valiant knights supported was whose high
Merits disdaining a reward less great
With equal hopes aimed at the royal seat,
Which *since* all could not gain betwixt her three
Fair daughters both her crown and dignity
Is equally bestowed by giving one
To each of them When the divided throne
Had on each angle fixed a diadem
Her vision thus proceeds —The royal stem 320

84 dained] Orig dained which looks like *deigned* But the sense shows that Chamberlayne must have further shortened the more usual contraction sdained

289 rents] Of course rends for the sake of rhyme Chamberlayne interchanges *d* and *t* endings freely as *reverend* for *reverent*

That bore her father's crown, to view first brings
Its golden fruit—a glorious race of kings,
Led by the founder of their fame, their rear
Brought by her father up, next, those that bear
Epirus' honoured arms, the royal train
Concluding in Zoranza, this linked chain
Drawn to an end, the princes that had swayed
Argalia's sceptre, fill the scene, till, stayed
By the Epirot's sword, their conquered crown
From aged Gelon's hoary head dropt down 330
At fierce Zoranza's feet This she beholds
With admiration, whilst hid truth unfolds
Itself in plainer objects —The distressed
Ætolian prince again appears, but dressed
In a poor pilgrim's weed, in 's hand he leads
A lovely boy, in whose sweet look she reads
Soft Pity's lectures, but whilst gazing on
This act, till lost in admiration,
By sudden fate he seemed transformed to what
She last beheld him, only offering at 340
Love's shrine his heart to her Idea There
Joy had bereaved her slumbers, had not fear
Clouded the glorious dream—A dreadful mist,
Black as the steams of hell, seeming to twist
Its ugly vapours into shades more thick
Than night-engendering damps, had with a quick
But horrid darkness veiled the room, to augment
Whose terror, a cloud's sulphury bosom, rent
With dreadful thunder-claps, darting a bright
But fearful blaze through the artificial night, 350
Lent her so much use of her eyes—to see
Argalia grovelling in his blood, which she
Had scarce beheld ere the malignant flame
Vanished again. She shrieks, and on his name
Doth passionately call, but here no sound
Startles her ear but hollow groans, which drowned
Her soul in a cold sweat of fears Which ended,
A second blaze lends her its light, attended
With objects, whose wild horror did present
Her father's ghost, then seeming to lament 360
Her injured honour In his company
The slain Laconian's spirit, which, let free
From the dark prison of the cold grave, where
In rusty chains he lay, was come to bear
Her to that sad abode, but, as she now
Appeared to sink, a golden cloud did bow
From heaven's fair arch, in which Argalia seemed,
Clad in bright armour, sitting, who redeemed
Her from approaching danger, which being done,
The darkness vanished, and a glorious sun 370

Of welcome light displayed its beams by which
A throne the first resembling but more rich
In its united glory, to the eye
Presents its lustre, where in majesty
The angels that attend their better fate
Placed her and brave Argalia—In which state,
The unbarred portals of her soul let fly
The golden slumber whose dear memory
Shall live within her noble thoughts until
Treading o er all obstructions, fate fulfil 380
These dark predictions whose obscurity
Must often first her soul s affliction be
When now the morning's dews—that cool allay
Which cures the fever of the intemperate day—
Were rarified to air the princess to
Improve her joy in private thoughts withdrew
From burthensome society within
A silent grove s cool shadows—what had been
Her midnight's joy to recollect In which
Delightful task whilst memory did enrich 390
The robes of fancy, to divert the stream
Of thoughts intentive only on her dream
Argalia enters with a speed that showed
He unto some supreme commander owed
That diligence but when arrived so near
As to behold stopped with a reverent fear
Lest this intrusion on her privacies
Might ruffle passion, which now floating lies
In a calm stream of thought He stays till she
By her commands gave fresh activity 400
To his desires, then with a lowly grace
Yet such to which Pride s haughty sons gave place
For native sweetness he on s knee presents
A packet from her father whose contents
If love can groan beneath a greater curse
Than desperation, made her sufferings worse
Than fear could represent them—twas expressed
In language that not wholly did request
Nor yet command consent only declare
His royal will and the paternal care 410
He bore his kingdom s safety which could be
By nought confirmed more than affinity
With the Laconian prince whose big fame stood
Exalted in a spacious sea of blood
On honour's highest pyramid. His hand
Had made the triple headed spot of land
One of her stately promontories bow
Beneath his sword and with his sceptre now

413 Laconian] This should be Epirot but Chamberlayne as the reader has been warned uses these appellations almost at random

He at the other reaches, which, if love
But gently smile on's new-born hopes, and prove 420
Propitious as the god of war, his fate
Climbs equal with his wishes But too late
That slow-paced soldier bent his forces to
Storm that fair virgin citadel, which knew,
Ere his pretences could a parley call,
Beneath what force that royal fort must fall
Enclosed within this rough lord's letter, she
Received his picture, which informed her he
Wanted dissimulation (that worst part
Of courtship) to put complements of art 430
On his effigies, his stern brow far more
Glorying i' the scars, than in the crown he wore,
His active youth made him retainer to
The court of Mars, something too long to sue
For entrance into Love's, like mornings clad
In grizzled frosts ere plump-cheeked Autumn had
Shorn the glebe's golden locks, some silver hairs
Mixed with his black appeared, his age despairs
Not of a hopeful heir, nor could his youth
Promise much more, the venerable truth 440
Of glorious victories, that stuck his name
For ornament i' the frontispiece of fame,
Together with his native greatness, were
His orators to plead for love but where
Youth, beauty, valour, and a soul as brave,
Though not known great as his, before had gave
Love's pleasing wounds, Fortune's neglected gain
In fresh assaults but spends her strength in vain
With as much ease as souls, when ripened by
A well-spent life, haste to eternity, 450
She had sustained this harsh encounter, though
Backed with her father's threats, did it not show
More dreadful yet—in a command which must
Call her Argalia from his glorious trust,
Her guardian to a separation in
An embassy to him, whose hopes had been
Her new-created fears Which sentence read
By the wise lady, though her passions bred
A sudden tumult, yet her reason stays
The torrent, till Argalia, who obeys 460
The strictest limits of observance to
Her he adored, being reverently withdrew,
Enlarged her sorrows in so loud a tone,
That ere he's through the winding labyrinth gone
So far, but that he could distinctly hear
Her sad complaints, they thus assault his ear —
'Unhappy soul! born only to infuse
Pearls of delight with vinegar, and lose

Content for honour is t a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty? 470
Or is t the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendour, 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What heaven made free ambitious men confine
In regular degrees Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what s parallel
Unto our honoured births the envied fate
Of princes oft these burthens finds from state
When lowly swains knowing no parent's voice
A negative make a free happy choice — 480
And here she sighed, then with some drops distilled
From Love s most sovereign elixir filled
The crystal fountains of her eyes which e er
Dropped down she thus recalls again— But ne er
Ne er my Argalia shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee Heaven! let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings which their birth
Can take from frail mortality, and earth
Contracting all her curses cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake 490
Me to a trembling penitence a curse
To make the horror of my suffering worse
Sent in a father s name like vengeance fell
From angry Heaven upon my head may dwell
In an eternal stain, my honoured name
With pale disgrace may languish, busy fame
My reputation spot affection be
Termed uncommanded lust sharp poverty
That weed which kills the gentle flower of love
As the result of all these ills may prove 500
My greatest misery—unless to find
Myself unpitied Yet not so unkind
Would I esteem this mercenary band
As those far more malignant powers that stand,
Armed with dissuasions to obstruct the way
Fancy directs but let those souls obey
Their harsh commands that stand in fear to shed
Repentant tears I am resolved to tread
These doubtful paths through all the shades of fear
That now benight them Love! with pity hear 510
Thy suppliant s prayers and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep in smiles I ll sacrifice
To thee such offerings that the utmost date
Of Death s rough hands shall never violate
Whilst our fair virgin sufferer was in
This agony Argalia, that had been
Attentive as an envied tyrant to
Suspected counsels from her language drew

So much, that that pure essence, which informs
His knowledge, shall in all the future storms 520
Of fate protect him, from a fear that did
Far more than death afflict, whilst love lay hid
In honour's upper region Now, whilst she
Calmly withdraws, to let her comforts be
Hopes of 's return, his latest view forsook
His soul's best comfort, who hath now betook
Herself to private thoughts, where, with what rest
Love can admit, I leave her, and him blest
In a most prosperous voyage, but happier far
In being directed by so bright a star 530

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK

BOOK II Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Still wakeful guilt, Almanzor s rebel sin
  Taking advantage of unguarded mirth
Which now without mistrust did revel in
  The princess court, gives thence new treason birth

By treachery seized and through night s shades conveyed
  She had for ever in this storm been lost
Had not its rage by such rude hands been staid
  That safety near as much as danger cost

THESE hell-engendered embryos which had long
Lay hid within Almanzor s breast grown strong
Now for delivery strive, clandestine plots
Ripened with age and lust dissolve the knots
Wherein his fear had fettered them, and fly
Beyond the circle of his loyalty
Since his deserts made him a stranger to
His princess court he d lived like those that do
Fly that pursuing vengeance which attends
A rebel s acts seen only to such friends 10
Whose blemished honour suffering in his fall
Assist his rising though they venture all
By that unlawful act on paths that may
Precipitate to ruin The dark way
Had long been sought for consultations did
Whisper rebellion in soft airs, forbid
To live in louder language until, like
Inevitable thunder it could strike
As swift as secret and as sure as those,
Heaven s anger hurls through all that durst oppose 0
  In all the progress of that dark design
Whose unseen engines strove to undermine
That power, which since Heaven doth in kings infuse
None but unhallowed rebels durst abuse
Time treason s secret midwife did produce
No birth like this —Such friends as often use
Had taught him their soul s characters, he makes
Sharers of s guilt but whilst he troubled takes
A care to fit each smaller wheel unto
This fatal engine those black powers that do 30
Assist such dark designs a moving spirit
Supply it with Although Almanzor s merit
Purchased few friends yet had his tempting gold
Corrupted some mongst which it surest hold

Upon Amphibia took, a lady who,
Before Florenza's sweeter virtues drew
Her favour to a better object, swayed
The princess' choice affections, she, betrayed
By glittering charms, persuades her thoughts—no deed
For guilt is branded, whose attempts may feed 40
Ambition's malice, and at one blow give
Envy and avarice a hope to live,
Pleased with their ruin, whose fair merits dwell
High in those thoughts from whence she justly fell
To rack revenge unto as large extent
As hate could wish, what hell could ne'er invent
Without assistance of a female wit
Man's first betrayer—all that seemed but fit
From treason's close embrace to propagate
Revenge, she lights him What, though close as Fate 50
When parling with the Destinies, is by
Her counsel acted, swift as stories fly
From vulgar tongues, her treachery makes known
To the bold rebel, whose intentions grown
Hence ripe for action, when his secret guilt
A strong retreat had for rebellion built,
By laying the foundation on 't in those
Who, since by want or envy made the foes
T' the public peace, are soon persuaded by
Their princess' fall to cure that malady 60
This platform laid some, whose wise valour he
By practice knew adorned with secrecy,
Amongst the number of his guilty friends,
Selected in its first attempt, attends
Treason's dark walks, which, now more secret by
Night's dismal shadows made, had brought them nigh
The princess' palace Through the hemisphere's
Dark curtain now the big-bulked roof appears,
And dappled windows showed their several light,
Like rich enamel in the jet of night 70
All rocked in sweet security they found
By Fate's false smiles, triumphant mirth had crowned
The glorious train, whose height of joy could taste
No poison of suspicion, each embraced
His free delights, yet feared no snake should lie
Lurking within those flowers Amidst which high
Divine flames of enthean joy, to her
That levelled had their way, a messenger
Makes known their near approach, for which before
She had prepared, and veiled the pavement o'er 80
In thin, but candid innocence Accurst
By all that e'er knew virtue! oh, how durst

45 rack] Singer 'wreak,' which seems unnecessary
57 on 't] Singer 'of 't,' which loses an idiom

Thy envy turn these comic scenes into
So red a tragedy as must ensue
Thy guilt s stenography which thus writes fate
In characters of blood ! But now too late
Tis to repent when punishment wrought fair
Shows thy foul crimes thou only may st despair
Leaving this fiend to hatch her vipers here
Let s breathe awhile although in full career
Stay on the brow o the precipice to view
The court s full joys, which being arrived unto
Their zenith seemed, to fate discerning eyes
Like garlands wore before a sacrifice
The cornucopiae from the tables now
Removed by full fed rurals did allow
Time for discourse as much as modest mirth
Durst stretch her wings crowned cups gave lusty birth
To active sports the hearth s warm bounties flame
From lofty piles and in their pride became
The lustre of the roof To glorify
Which yet imperfect festival the eye
That lent to this large body light divine
Pharonnida at whose adorèd shrine
These sacrifices offered were, appears
Within the hall, and with her presence clears
Each supercilious brow—if hopes to see
What s now enjoyed suffered such there to be.
The princess on her honoured throne reposed
A fancy tempting music first unclosed
The winding portals of the soul which done
Four swains whose time-directed knowledge won
Attention with credulity by turn
Sicilia's annals sung and from the urn
Of now almost forgotten truth did raise
Their fame—those branches of eternal bays
Which sober mirth preparatives unto
More active sports continuing whilst the new
Model of treason was disguising in
A mask ordained to candy o er their sin
To gild those pills of poison with delight
And strew with roses deadly aconite
Was now drawn near an end, when from without
A murmuring noise of several sounds about
The palace gates was heard which suddenly
Dissolving to an antic harmony
Proclaims their entrance whose first solemn sight,
In dreadful shapes mixed terror with delight
In the black front of that slow march appears
A train whose difference both in sex and years

94 wore] Orig 'were 99 hearth s] Orig hearts

Had spoke confusion, if agreement in
Their acclamation had no prologue been
A dance, where method in disorder lay,
Where each seemed out, though all their rules obey,
Was first in different measures trod, which done,
Twelve armed viragoes, whose strange habit won
More admiration than their beauty, led
As many captive satyrs, in the head
O' the Amazonian troop, a matron, by
Two younger nymphs supported till come nigh 140
Pharonnida's bright throne, presents the rest—
Her issue; who externally exprest
So many fair-souled virtues, born to be
Protectors of their mother—Chastity,
Who wants their help, although supported by
Her weaker daughters—Fear and Modesty
Those obscene vices, whose rude hands betray
Nature's deformities forced to obey
Their brave opposing virtues, did appear
I' the captive satyrs, who being now brought near, 150
A dreadful music's heard without, whose sound
Did gentler airs in their first births confound
Which being a signal to that act of blood
That soon ensues, whilst all expecting stood
Some happier change, the false viragoes drew
Their swords, and with a speedy fury slew
The struggling knights, who thus disguised had been,
With the more horror to be murthered in
Their royal mistress' sight, whose shrieks did tell
What trembling guests within her breast did dwell 160
Sudden and cruel was the act, yet stands
Not treason here, but whilst their purpled hands
Yet reeked in blood, their guilty souls to stain
With blacker sins, her weak defenders slain,
Rush toward the trembling princess, who now lies
Betrayed by the soul's janitors—her eyes,
To passions insupportable, which grown
A burthen to her spirits, all were flown
T' the porch of death for rest If souls new fled
From tainted bodies, that have surfeited 170
On studied sins, could be discerned when they,
Unarmed with penitence, are hurled away
By long-armed fiends—less pale, less horrid would
Their guilty looks appear Confusion could
Not live in livelier emblem, each appears
To fly the danger, but about him bears
Its pale effects—so passengers forsake
A sinking ship, such strong convulsions shake

172 hurled] Another would probably have written 'whirled' or 'haled'

Surprisèd forts, so dooms days trumpet shall
Startle the unpreparèd world, when all 180
Her atoms in their then worn robes shall be
Ravished in flames to meet eternity
  The unguarded princess, being by all forsook
But poor Florenza both from thence are took
Whilst neither in that horrid agony
Beheld their danger and transported by
Almanzor to his coach, which near attended
On his assured success who now befriended
With the protecting darkness hastes away,
Swift as desire with the fair trembling prey 190
Those few opposing friends whose will was more
Than power to relieve her, overbore
By the victorious rebels did in vain
Attempt her rescue, which since fruitless slain
Her martyrs fall leaving their lives to be
An evidence of dying loyalty
Success attends thus far, but Fortune now
Left off to smile on villany her brow
Contracted into frowns she swiftly sent
This countermand —Her followers having spent 200
Their own endeavours to no purpose raise
In haste the neighbouring villages nor stays
The swift alarum till it had outfled
The speed Almanzor made Roused from his bed
And warm embraces of his wife by those
Which had outrun the danger of their foes,
The drowsy villager in trembling haste
Snatches such arms as former fear had placed
Fit to defend, with which whilst horn pipes call
In tones more frantic than a bacchinal 210
They stumble to their rendezvous which none
But only by the louder cries had known
  This giddy multitude which no command
Knew but what rage did dictate hovering stand
Like big swoln clouds drove by a doubtful wind,
Uncertain where to fall one cries 'Behind
The greatest danger lies some like his choice,
And speedily retreat until a voice
More powerful though from the like judgement sprung
Persuades them on again some madly rung 220
The jarring bells—as far from harmony
As their opinions all which disagree
About the place whence the alarums come
One cries—the princess court, until struck dumb
By a more terrifying fool that swears
The next port is surprised toward which he stares

209 horn pipes] Orig horn *pies*

To see the beacon's blaze, but is from far
Deceived b' the light of an ascending star
So many shapes bear their weak fancies, that
All would do something, but there 's none knows what 230
In this strange medley of confusion, they
That could command, want such as would obey,
To exercise their power, each thinks his own
Opinion best, so must perform 't alone,
Or else remain, as hitherto they had,
Busy in doing nothing In which mad
Fit of distracted fury, like to fight,
For want of foes, amongst themselves, the night,
Grown grey with age, foreshowed her death, when each,
Thinking that now he'd done enough to teach 240
An active soldier vigilance in spending
A night abroad, which they will call defending
Their prince and country from a danger, but
What 't was they know not, swearing 't shall be put
In the next chronicle, they disunite
Their ne'er well-jointed forces, and a flight,
Rather than march t' the several hamlets take,
From whence at first, being scarce half awake,
Not so much clothed, their heedless haste had sent
Them only noise and number to augment 250
One troop of this disbanded company,
Which, though but few, more than could well agree
To march together, by mistake being cast
Into a narrow strait, met, as they past,
The coach that bore the princess, being by those
That stole her guarded the mad rout oppose
Their further passage, not because they thought
Them to be those their ignorance had sought
In their late meeting—the antipathy
'Twixt them and th' gentry is enough to be 260
That quarrel's parent, whose event shall make
Their prince and country blessed in their mistake
Startled from all his temperate joys with this
Unlooked-for remora i' the road of bliss,
Enraged Almanzor vows to ford the flood
O' the present danger, or with his own blood
Augment the stream With that he flies among
Those that are nearest of the numerous throng,
Who, when they found what difference was between
Their clubs (blunt as their valours) and the keen 270
Edge of his sword, would have fell back, but are
Forced on by those behind, who, being far

256 oppose] Orig 't' oppose'
262 mistake] One suspects, in this and other passages, satire on the very ineffectual 'Clubmen' of the Western counties in the Rebellion
265 vows] Orig 'rows'

From danger fear it not Thus some are forced
To fight till their unwilling souls divorced
From their cold lodgings made their peace But here
Whilst he a conqueror reigns ingenious fear
Taught them that durst no nearer come to do
Most mischief at a distance climbed unto
The rocks inequitable clifts, from thence
They shower down stones that equally dispense 280
Danger mongst friends and foes Had she not been
Defended by her coach their princess in
This storm had perished or had fear of death
Unfixed her thoughts she'd spent that precious breath
Now sacrificing in her prayers to be
From their wild rage delivered safe, but she
Oppressed with lethargies of sorrow lends
No ear to this rude fight, on which depend
So much of fate—danger appears to lie
Not more in the disease than remedy 290
Whilst the opposed Almanzor now had near
Hewed forth his way through all of them appear
More company by their loud clamours drew
Unto their timely aid Now danger grew
Horrid and threatening till the impetuous shower
Wetting the wings of the fierce rebel's power
Clog all his hopes of flight, unless he leave
His trembling prey behind him To bereave
Him of his last of hopes he sees his train
Begin to droop With those that yet remain 300
He thinks it time, whilst undiscovered to
Secure himself, which difficult to do
At length (though not unwounded) he alone
Breaks through their forces blest in being unknown,
Else had their battered weapons spared to shed
The blood of others and had surfeited
On his which adding knowledge to the fire
Of rage they had most reason to desire
The unsuccessful rebel thus secured
By speedy flight his train not long endured 310
The circling danger which from each side sends
Symptoms so deadly all their strength defends
Not the rude torrent nor their prayers could calm
Their foes stern rage Sweet mercy's healing balm
Is the extraction of brave spirits which,
By innate valour ratified enrich
With that fair gem the triumphs of success,
Whilst cowards make the victors glory less—
Their highest flame of rage being but dull earth
Fired into tyranny the spurious birth 320

279 clifts] This word does double duty for cliff and 'cleft.

Of a precedent fear, whose baseness knows
No calm, but what from others' danger grows
  And now the field, scoured by the beastly rage
O' the savage clowns, had left no foe to engage
A life, nor could their policy persuade
Them to let one survive, till he had made
The plot discovered With rude haste they crush
Their trembling souls out, and all weapons blush
In part o' the blood, so many hands had gave
Them hurtless wounds, that the expecting grave 330
Needs only take their bones, for madly they
Had minced their flesh for the vulture's easier prey
  This victory gained, they haste t' the coach, and thence
The unknown princess take, no large expense
Of prayers, poured from Florenza's fears, could be
So powerful to obtain civility
She tells them whom their rage profanes, and by
Their princess' name conjures them, but the high
Exalted outcries drown her voice, till one,
Who had the rape of the sad lady known, 340
When first performed, did with a louder voice
Proclaim her there, and, having first made choice
Of a more civil company to oppose
The uncivil clowns, rescues her, and then shows
How near their heedless rage had cast away
The glorious prize of that victorious day
  From fainting slumbers raised, the princess, now
Secure in their discovery, taught them how
To turn their fury into zeal, and show,
By serving her, the allegiance that they owe 350
Her royal father To the palace come,
Rewarding all, she there commands that some
Stay for her guard, but soon that order grew
A troublesome obedience, none would to
His cottage whilst that any staid within
The palace gates But long they had not been
Thus burthensomely diligent, ere, on
A new design, each struggles to be gone
From 's former charge, a messenger is sought,
Who to the court must post, but each one thought 360
Himself of most ability, so all
Or none must go, yet, ere the difference fall
Into a near approaching quarrel, he
Who rescued her, the princess chose to be
Her messenger Euriolus, (for so
The youth was called), disdaining to be slow
Where such commands gave wings, with speed unto
The court was come, but busy fame outflew

349 their] Orig 'her'

His eager haste and ere s arrival spread
Some scattered fragments of the news which bred 30
Suspicion of that doubtful truth from whence
His message leads to doleful confidence

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

Freed from suspicion by a cause that tells
  His injured prince Almanzor's guilt exceeds
His great st mistrust—from thence just nger swells
  Till for that fever the whole nation bleeds

Armies united in a dreadful haste
  From distant places sad spectators bring
To see by fortune justice so defaeed
  The subjects here pursue a conquered king

MOREA s prudent prince, whose fears had been
Before this message but like truths wrapped in
Dark oracles now, with a sense enlarged
Beyond imperfect doubts no longer charged
His judgement with dilemmas but in all
The haste indulgent love when by the call
Of danger frighted could procure without
Staying to let slow counsel urge a doubt
Which might but seem a remora unto
His fixed desires having together drew 10
His guard was marching when in such a haste
As breathless speed foreshowed they had been chased
By some approaching danger such as were
Too full of truth and loyalty to bear
Rebellion longer than their thoughts could be
Eased of the burthen by discovery
Arrive at th court with this sad news—that by
Almanzor who forgetting loyalty
Had seized Alcithius castle they were drove
To fly their country since that there he strove 20
To raise an army by whose strength he might
To the sword s power subject the sceptre s right
  By this sad news startled out of his late
Fixed resolutions the vexed prince whose fate
Had not through all the progress of his reign
Darted so many plagues to entertain
Them now with strength unballast, calls in haste
His late neglected council and embraced

1 Morea s] Morea again it was Sicilia at II 1 114

This sudden, but mature advice—that he
Should with such forces as could soonest be 30
Prepared for service, having only seen
Pharonnida, possess that strait between
The castle and the mountains, from whose rude
Inhabitants, which Nature did include
Within those rocks, rebellion soonest might
Grow to a dangerous tumour the dim light
Of scarce discernèd majesty, so far
Being from them removed, that, lest a war
Enforced him to command their aid, they ne'er
Heard of his mandates, being more fit to bear 40
The weight of armour on their bodies, than
Of taxes on estates—so small that, when
With all the art of industry improved,
For want were kept, but not for ease beloved
Through paths that no vestigia showed, to these,
As being retained or lost with greatest ease,
Since naturally unconstant, comes the king
Not much too late, majestic rays did bring
Props to their wavering faith that yet remained
Unclad in lawless arms, some being gained 50
Unto Almanzor, whose revolt had brought
That freedom, those, whose subtle plots long sought
For innovations, wished The sickly state,
In sad irruptions—such as future fate,
From sacred truths, speaks deadly symptoms in—
Relaxes all that order which had been
Till now her cement, the soft harmony
Of peaceful contracts, sadly silenced by
That discord in whose flames the kingdom burned,
Had all their measures into marches turned 60
Through't his dominions speedy orders flew
For raising troops, whilst, with such haste as new-
Shorn meadows, when approaching storms are nigh,
Tired labourers huddle up, both parties try
To levy armies The sad scholar throws
His books aside, and now in practice shows
His studied theories, the stiff labourer leaves
I' the half-shorn fields the uncollected sheaves
To female taskers, and exchanged his hook
Into a sword, each busy trade, that took 70
Pains in the nicer ornaments of peace,
Sit idle till want forced them to increase
The new-raised troops, that ornament o' the hall,
Old armours, which had nothing but a wall
Of long time saved from the invading dust,
From cobwebs swept, though its enamel rust
Stick close, and on the unpractised soldier put,
Forth of their breasts, nor fear, nor danger shut

Yet with an army of this temper in
Haste huddled up the wandering prince had been 80
Enforced to fight had not his just cause brought
Some loyal gentry such whose virtue sought
Truth for reward unto his side with which
He now advances more completely rich
In noble valour than s rebellious foes
In numerous troops No enemies oppose
His speedy march till being now come near
Alcithius fort Almanzor's timely fear
Hurries him thence His better fate depends
On larger hopes unto such constant friends 90
As equal guilt by sympathy secured
To them he leaves the castle and assured
Them of relief with what convenient speed
Those of his faction (which did only need
His presence to confirm rebellion by
An injured power) could draw their armies nigh
As hence he marches each successful hour
Augments his strength till the unlawful power
Trebled his injured princes But as they
Who carry Guilt about them do betray 100
Her by her sister, Fear so these whose crimes
Detected durst not in more peaceful times
Look justice in the face and therefore now
Stood veiled in arms against her fearing how
She might prevail gainst power march not till
A greater strength their empty bosoms fill
With hope—a tumour which doth oft dilate
The narrow souls of cowards till their fate
Flatter them into ruin then forsakes
Them in an earthquake whose pale terror shakes 110
Base souls to flight whilst noble valour dies
Adorned with wounds fame s bleeding sacrifice
Almanzor s doubtful army since that here
The threatening storm at distance did appear
Locked in a calm possessed with confidence
Slowly their squadrons moves but had from thence
Not a day s journey marched before the sad
News of Alcithius desperate danger had
Paled o er their camp which whilst the leaders strove
To animate Almanzor faster drove 120
On those designs which prospering might prevent
It from surrender but the time was spent
Too far before The governor that kept
It now against his prince too long had slept
In the preceding down of peace to be
Awakened into valour Only he
Had seen t kept clean from cobwebs and perhaps
The guns shot off when those loud thunderclaps

Proclaimed a storm of healths, yet, till he saw
The threatening danger circularly draw 130
An armèd line about him, in as high
A voice as valour could a foe defy,
He clothes his fears, which shook the false disguise
Off with the first assault, and swiftly flies
To 's prince's mercy; whose pleased soul he found
Heightened to have his first attempt thus crowned
With victory, which nor made his army less,
Nor steeped in blood, though travailed to success
To this new conquest, as a place whose strength
He best might trust, if, to a tedious length, 140
Or black misfortune, the ensuing war
His fate should spin, his choicest treasures are,
Together with her in whose safety he
Placed life itself, brought for security
This done, that now no slow delays might look
Like fear, he with his loyal army took
The field, in which he'd scarce a level chose
To rally 's army, ere his numerous foes
Appear o' the tops of the adjacent hill,
Like clouds, which, when presaging storms, do fill 150
Dark southern regions In a plain that lay
So near that both the armies' full survey
Might from the clifts on which Alcithius stands
Be safely viewed, were the rebellious bands
Of 's enemies descending, on each side
Flanked by a river which did yet divide
Him from the prince, who, having time to choose
What ground to fight on, did that blessing use
To 's best advantage On a bridge, which by
Boards closely linked had forced an unity 160
Betwixt the banks, his army passed He now
Within a plain, whose spacious bounds allow,
Together with a large extension, all
An ancient leader could convenient call
Removed no tedious distance from his rear
Stood a small town, which, as the place took care
How to advance so just an interest, might
Be useful—when, tired in the heat of fight,
Strength lost in wounds should force some thither by
Wants which a camp's unfurnished to supply 170
More near his front, betwixt him and the plain
Through which Almanzor led his spacious train,
On a small hill, which gently rose as though

137 nor] Orig 'nere,' which for 'never,' is not impossible In the next line one suspects '*ex*cess' but with Chamberlayne, more than with others, the least probable is the most likely

149 tops] Singer 'top,' which seems unnecessary

Its eminence but only strove to show
The fragrant vale how much nice art outwent
Her beauties in her brow's fair ornament
A splendid palace stood, which, having been
Built but for wanton peace to revel in
Was as unfit for the rough hand of war
As boisterous arms for tender virgins are 180
  To this since now of consequence unto
The first possessor had both armies drew
Commanded parties which ere night shut in
Light's latest rays did furiously begin
The first hot skirmish, which continuing till
Dark shadows all the hemisphere did fill
To such as fear or novelty had sent
T' the hills safe tops such dreadful prospect lent.
By the swift rising of those sudden fires
In whose short close that fatal sound expires 190
Which tells each timorous auditor—its breath
To distant breasts bears unexpected death
That whilst their eyes direct their thoughts unto
Their danger whom reward or honour drew
To the encounter all the uncouth sight
Affords—to horror turns that strange delight
  These circling fires drawn near their centre in
Such tumult as armies engaged begin
Death's fatal task a dreadful sound surprised
The distant ear Danger that lay disguised 200
In darkness yet now as if wakened by
The conquerors shouts so general and so high
That it e'en drowned the clamorous instruments
Of fatal war her veil of sables rents
From round the palace by that horrid light
Which her own turrets through the steams of night
In dreadful blazes sent discovering both
The shadowed armies who like mourners loath
To draw too near their sorrow's centre while
Their friends consume surround the blazing pile 210
In such a sad and terrible aspect
That those engaged in action could neglect
Approaching danger to behold how they
Like woods grown near the foot of Ætna lay
Whilst the proud palace from her sinking walls
In this sharp fever's fiery crisis falls
  But now the night as wearied with a reign
So full of trouble had resigned again
The earth's divided empire and the day
Grown strong in light both armies did display 220

03 it] Singer they as he usually reads in such cases. But it is idiomatic and probable

To their full view, who to the mountain (in
Sad expectation of the event) had been
Early spectators called Here, seated nigh
Their female friends, old men, exempted by
Weakness from war's too rough encounters, show
Those colours which their active youth did know
Adorn the field, when those that now engage,
Like tender plants kept for the future age,
In blooming childhood were, 'mongst this they tell
What heroes in preceding battles fell, 230
Where victory stooped to valour, and where rent
From brave desert by fatal accident,
Then, ere their story can a period have,
Show wounds they took, and tell of some they gave
This sad preludium to an action far
More dismal past, the unveiled face of War
Looks big with horror now both armies draw
So near, that their divided brothers saw
Each other's guilt—that too too common sin
Of civil war Rebellious sons stood in 240
Arms 'gainst their fathers clad, friends, that no cross
Could disunite, here found the fatal loss
Of amity, and as presaging blood
I' the worst aspect, sad opposition, stood
One was their fashion, form, and discipline,
Strict heralds in one scutcheon did combine
The arms of both armies—yet all this must be
By war's wild rage robbed of its unity
Whilst like sad Saturn, ominous and slow,
Each army moved, some youths, set here to grow, 250
By forward actions, stately cedars to
Adorn Fame's court, like shooting stars were flew,
So bright, so glittering, from the unwieldy throng
Of either army, which, being mixed among
Each other, in a swift Numidian fight,
Like air's small atoms when discovering light
Betrays their motions, show, some hours had past
In this light skirmish—till now, near, war's last
Sad scene arrived, as the distressed heart calls,
Before the body death's pale victim falls, 260
Those spirits that dispersed by actions were,
Back to their centre, their commander's care
Summons these in, that so united strength
Might swiftly end—or else sustain the length
Of that black storm, where yet that danger stood,
Which must ere long fall in a shower of blood
A dismal silence, such as oft attends
Those that surround the death-beds of their friends

240 Rebellious] Orig 'Rebellion's,' *nescio an recte*

In the departing minute reigns throughout
Both armies troops, who gathered now about 2 0
Their several standards and distinguished by
Their several colours such variety
Presents the eye with, that, whilst the sad thought
Beholds them but as fallen branches brought
To the decay of time their view did bring
In all the pleasures of the checkered spring,
Like a large field, where being confined unto
Their several squares—here blushing roses grew
There purpled hyacinths and, near to them
The yellow cowslip bends its tender stem, 280
T the mountains tops the army marching low
Within the vale, their several squadrons show
This silent time, which by command was set
As de to pay confessions needful debt
To oft offended Heaven whose aid though gave
Ere asked yet, since our duty is to crave
Expects our prayers The armies from their still
Devotion raised declare what spirits fill
Their breast, by such an universal joy
As to get young and not the old destroy 290
Each had by beauteous paranymphs been led
Not to rough war, but a soft nuptial bed
That fatal hour, by time which though it last
Till fixed stars have a perfect circle past
We still think short to action brought, which now
So near approached it could no more allow
The generals to consult, although there need
Nought to augment, when valour's flame doth feed
High on the hopes of victory the rage
Of eager armies Ere their troops engage, 300
Their several leaders all that art did use,
By which loud war's rough rhetoric doth infuse
Into those bodies on whose strength consists
Their safety, souls whose brave resolves might twist
Them into chains of valour which no force,
Than death less powerful ever should divorce
The prince as more depending on the just
Cause that had drawn his sword which to distrust
Looks like a crime soonest commits the day
To Fates arbitrement No more delay 310
Comforts the fainting coward—a sad sound
Of cannon gave the signal, and had drowned
The murmuring drum in silence, Earth did groan
In trembling echoes, on her sanguine throne
High mounted Horror sits wild Rage doth fill
Each breast with fury, whose fierce flames distil

273 presents] Singer as always where he notices 'present I think it well to draw occasional but not constant attention to this

Life through the alembics of their veins · that cloud
Of dust, which, when they first did move, a shroud
Of darkness veiled them in, allayed with blood,
Fell to the earth, whose clefts a crimson flood 320
Filled to the brim, and, when it could contain
No more, let forth those purple streams to stain
The blushing fields, which being made slippery by
The unnatural shower, there lets them sink and die,
Whose empty veins rent in this fatal strife,
Here dropped the treasure of exhausted life
In sad exchange of wounds, whilst the last breath,
E'en flying forth to give another death,
Supports the fainting spirits, all were now
Sadly employed, armed Danger could allow 330
In this loud storm of action, none to stand
Idle spectators, but each busy hand
Labours, in death's great work, his life to sell
At rates so dear—that foe by which he fell,
To boast his gain, survives not But now, in
This mart of death, blind Fortune doth begin
To show herself antagonist unto
Less powerful Justice In the common view
Of Reason, which by the external shape
Of actions only judges, no escape 340
From their desert—captivity, was left
The rebels' army, but the unmanly theft
Of secret flight to some, protected by
Their fellows' loss, when, in a rage as high
As if it had attempted to outroar
The battle's thunder, a rude tempest, bore
From southern climates on the exalted wings
Of new-raised winds, a change so fatal brings
T' the royal army, that from victory's near
Successful pride, unto extremes which fear 350
Did ne'er suggest, it brought them back to view
Their glorious hopes thus sadly overthrew
A strong reserve, raised by his friends to be
Almanzor's rescue, if that victory
Seemed to assist the juster part, was now
Brought near the river, which endeavouring how
To ford, they there unwillingly had been
Detained, till strength had proved but useless in
The prince's conquest, if the swelling flood,
Whose added streams, too strong to be withstood, 360
Had not in that impetuous torrent tore
That bridge which passed the royal army o'er,
Whose severed boats born down the river made
So sad a change, that, whilst their foes invade

317 veins] Orig 'reins' which, again, is quite possibly not wrong

Their rear on them the late lamented loss
Forbid the others when dispersed to cross
The waves by dangers which in each breast bred
Terrors as great as those from whence they fled
  The valiant army like life's citadel—
The heart when nought but poisonous vapours swell 370
Every adjacent part long struggling in
Death's sharp convulsions out of hopes to win
Aught there but what buys the uncertain breath
Of future fame at the high price of death
At length not conquered but o'erburthened by
A flood of power in night's obscurity
When dreadful shadows had the field o'erspread
As darkness were a herse-cloth for the dead
That this day's losses might not grow too great
For reparation by a hard retreat 380
Attempt to save such of their strengths as since
Enforced to fly might safely guard the prince
From dangers, which could but his foes have viewed
Their motions all had unto death pursued
  In this distress from that vast sea of blood—
The field where late his army marshalled stood—
The wretched prince retires but with a train
So small they seemed like those that did remain
After a deluge Where the river's course
Stopped with dead bodies ran with smallest force 390
He ventures o'er the flood whose guilty waves
Blushes in blood Some few whom Fortune saves
To attend on him alike successful by
That bold adventure whilst the prince doth fly
To guard Alcithius by his mandates are
Since the disasters of this fatal war
Forced him to seek for more assistance sent
To the Epirot Striving to prevent
Those wild reports that on the quick belief
Of female fear might be imposed by grief 400
He hastes to bear the sad report to her
Whose sorrow's lost to see the messenger

368 whence] Singer in an arbitrary mood of book grammar, 'which

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

Through the dark terrors of a dreadful night,
  The prince to 's daughter comes with flying speed,
From dangers, great as those he feared in flight,
  Is by Argalia's forward valour freed

Who having with successful fortune gave
  His master freedom, their joint strength pursue
Their flying foes unto an uncouth cave,
  In whose vast womb Fate's dark decrees they view

This last retreat, which seemed but to defer
Danger by being Honour's sepulchre,
Attained in haste, there, calming all the strife
Of various passion, since her father's life
Paid all the tears she owed his losses, he
His virtuous daughter found, prepared to be
No sad addition to his sorrow by
The faults of female imbecility—
Untimely tears, but with a confidence
High as e'er taught brave valour to dispense 10
With sad disasters, armed to entertain
The worst of ills to ease the wounded's pain,
Or stop their blood, those hands which once she thought
Should have to victors Triumph's garlands brought,
Are now employed, yet, that her acts may be
The best examples to posterity,
Her present ill, she with such strength withstood
Its power was lost in hopes of future good
  Precipitated from a throne to be
Subjected by a subject's tyranny, 20
To want their pity who of late did know
No peace, but what his influence did bestow,
With sad presaging fears, to think his fair,
His virtuous daughter, his rich kingdom's heir,
Like to be ravished from his baffled power
A trophy to a rebel conqueror,
With such afflicting griefs as did exclude
The comforts of his passive fortitude,
Oppressed the prince when now an army, led
By their pursuing enemies, o'erspread 30
The circling fields, and brings their fear within
The reach o' the eye Heightened with hope to win
That now by parl, which, ere the sad success
Of battle made their conquered numbers less,
He feared in fight, the confidently bold
Almanzor, in a scroll that did unfold

A language whose irreverent style affords
Far more of anger than his soldiers swords
Had ere stirred fear within his princes breast
His fixed intentions thus in brief exprest — 40

GREAT SIR
No airy tumour of untamed desire
Nursed my ambition prompts me to aspire
To any action that may soar above
My birth or loyalty,—it was the love
I bore your virtuous daughter that first clad
Me in defensive arms which never had
Been else unsheathed thought had been to defend
Me from injustice—should your sword extend
Its power to tyranny but failing in 50
That first attempt ere streams of blood had been
Shed in addition to those drops my hand
Had broke my sword as guilty had this land
To whom I owe for the first air I breathed
Not washed the stain in tears and since unsheathed
It in the name of Justice To their good
Which trembling on uncertain hopes hath stood
Whilst fearing foreign governors I have
Added my love and satisfaction crave
For both before a greater ill may fall 60
To make our sufferings epidemical—
By being slaves to some proud tyrant that
In politic ambition reaches at
A kingdom by professed affection and
Marries your daughter to command your land

This scroll spotted with impudence received
By the vexed prince whom passion had bereaved
Of politic evasions he returns
A swift defiance but his high rage burns
Nought but his own scorched breast—the fainting fire 70
Quenched by constraint wants fuel to blaze higher
Than flashy threatenings which since proved a folly
Sink in the ashes of melancholy
For which his ablest council could prepare
No cordial of advice—they rather share
With him in sorrow whose harsh burthen grows
Not lighter by the company of those
That now lend hearts to bear it Only in
This sullen cloud's obscurity this sin
Of their nativity the noble soul 80
Of the undaunted princess did control

37 irreverent] Orig irreverend 43 my] by !
73 Singer inserts his before melancholy but Chamberlayne may have accented the antepenultimate without scrupte as to the rhyme

The harshest lectures of her stars, and sate
Unshaken in this hurricane of fate,
Calming her father's hot adversity
With dews of comfort, taught him how to be
Prince of his passions—a command more great
Than his that trembles in a regal seat
  The enemy, that vainly had till now
Toiled forth their strength, no more endeavours how
By force to conquer, some small time, they knew, 90
Would, with the bloodless sword of famine, do
More than their cannon could The meagre fen
Already grew tyrannical, his men,
Like walking ghosts, wait on their prince, and stand
For shadows on their platforms, not a hand,
But was unnerved with want, yet, whilst each part
Languished toward death, each bosom held a heart,
Which, though most large, could never empty be,
Being doubly filled with grief and loyalty,
Amongst both which, hope for a part puts in— 100
As the supporter of what else had been
A burthen insupportable, and spoke
This pleasing language—That the royal oak,
Beneath whose winter fortune now they stood,
Pining for want—the withered underwood
That all his miseries dropped on—yet they shall,
Whene'er his brighter stars again do call
His fortune into light, be comforted
By his kind shadow, which shall those, that fled
Him in this sad extreme, then leave to be 110
Scorched in the rays of angry majesty
  Reduced unto this pitied exigence,
Yet, by his honour, which could not dispense
With aught that like suspicion looked, detained
From what by parl might have their freedom gained,
The loyal sufferers, to declare how far
They fear declined, those mourning weeds of war,
Whose sight a desperate valour doth betray,
Black ensigns, on their guarded walls display
When to augment their high resolves, with what 120
Their valour was to pity softened at,
After, with all those coarse, though scarce cates, they
By sparing, first attempted to betray
Time till relief with, they'd been fed till now
There nought remained, that longer could allow
Life further hopes of sustenance, to do
An act so great, all ages to ensue,
Shall more admire than imitate, within
The hall appears their sovereign, leading in
His hand the princess, whose first view, though drest 130
In robes as sad as sorrows e'er exprest,

Was but the frontiers of their grief to what
When nearer seen whilst sorrow silenced at
So sad an object might for death be took
Made solemn grief like grave religion look
  Whilst all thus in sad expectation stand
Of future fate disdaining to command
Those whom an equal sorrow seemed to make
His fellow sufferers the sad prince thus spake
His fixed resolves — Brave souls whose loyal love 140
Oppressed by my unhappy woes must prove
Part of my grief, since by my wretched fate
Forced with my own life to precipitate
Your's into danger, from whose reach (since by
No crime—until the love of loyalty
Become a sin—you are called guilty) yet
Seek some evasion tis not you that sit
Upon the throne he aims at nor doth here
A rival in Pharonnida appear
No tis our lives our lives brave subjects that 150
His bold ambition only reaches at
By this pretence—what to my daughter love
To s country s pity called—could he remove
Those now but small obstructions soon would grow
To s pride united till it overflow
All limits of a subjects duty by
Rebellious reach usurpèd tyranny
  Go then, and let not my unhappiness
Afflict you more i the shadow of distress
Twill like warm comfort swell my soul to know 160
That to his favour you for safety owe
Did not those sacred canons that include
All virtue in a Christian s fortitude
Obstruct our passion s progress we ere this
In death had made *the haughty rebel miss*
The glory of his conquest which since now
Denied although unwieldly age allow
Not strength to sell my life at such a rate
Honour aims at yet shall the slow debate
Een in my fall let the world know I died 170
Scorning his pity as they hate his pride
  Here stopped the prince when as if every breast
One universal sorrow had possest
Grief (grown into more noble passion) broke
The attentive silence and thus swiftly spoke
Their resolutions — On on and lead
Us unto death no critic eye shall read
Fear through the optics of our souls but give
Command to act—here s not a heart durst live
Without obedience Comforted with this 180
Rich cordial from his sorrow s dark abyss

Raised to resolves, whose greatness equalled all
His former glory, by their fatal fall
To darken the ensuing day, the prince
Gives a command to all his train—that since
Their own free votes elected death, they now
With souls that no terrestrial thought allow
A residence, 'gainst the next morn prepare
That wished-for freedom with himself to share
All sadly sat, expecting but that light 190
Whose near approach must to eternal night
Their last conductor be A sudden, still,
And doleful silence, such as oft doth fill
The room where sick men slumber, when their friends
Stand weeping by, to contemplation bends
Their busy thoughts, within each troubled breast,
Being to leave the mansion she'd possessed
So long, yet with so short a warning, all
Her faculties the frighted soul did call
Forth of the bosom of those causes, in 200
Whose form they'd fettered to their crasis been,
To join those powers (yet strong in living breath)
For her assistance in the grasp of death
The whispering trumpet having called them by
Such sharp notes, as, when powerful foes are nigh
Retreating, parties use, all swiftly rise
From bended knees, and the last sacrifice
They e'er expect to pay to Heaven, until
Their soul's last gasp the vocal organs fill
Concluded was the last sad interview, 210
The prince was marched, Pharonnida withdrew
And now, all from the opened ports were in
A swift march sallying, had their speed not been
Thus swiftlier stopped Those scattered horse that fled
The battle to the Epirot's court had sped
So well in their embassage, that the prince,
Whom the least negligence might now convince
Of want of love, proud of so fair a chance
To show 's affection, swiftly doth advance
With a vast army toward them Lest the fear 220
Prevailing danger, ere their strength come near
To their necessitated friends, might force
Them to unworthy articles, some horse
Selected are, whose swifter speed might, by
A desperate charge broke through their foes, supply
Their fainting friends The much desired command
Of these few men, committed to the hand
Of brave Argalia, (ne'er more blest than now
In serving the fair princess), did allow
His sword so fair a field to write the story 230
Of honour in, that his unblasted glory

Beyond this day shall live—outlive the reach
Of long armed envy and those weak souls teach
That fear the frowns of Fate in spite of all
Heroic Virtue sits too high to fall
With the day s close they take their march and, ere
The silver morning on her brow did bear
The burnished guilt o the sun s warm rays arrive
In view o the place When Fortune, that did strive
To crown their hopes had wrapped the earth in thick 240
And heavy mists the sluggish morning sick
Of midnight surfeits from her dewy bed
Pale and discoloured rose This curtain spread
To veil their plot in they assault their foes
Which when surprised could not themselves dispose
Fit for resistance but whilst some did fly
From the distracting danger others die
To their neglect a sacrifice The swift
Alarum like a rude wind s circling drift
Hurries confusion through the field and shook 250
The trembling soldier some unclad forsook
Their half fired cabins death s large gripe did take
Whole troops that destiny ordained to wake
No more till dooms-day and in s march prevents
The unition of unrallied regiments
This frighted language of confusion heard
By those o the castle which were now prepared
For their last desperate sally swiftly draws
Them to assist their friends and though the cause
Being yet unknown was only thought to be 260
Some private jar grown to a mutiny
Or else the noise the enemy had made
When all their force was drawing to invade
Them in their works howe er they stand not to
Consult with reason but, as striving who
Shall first encounter death, each several hand
Sought for his own from those that did withstand
His rage directed strength Their cannon in
A funeral peal went off whose steam had been
Their covert to the camp where finding such 2 0
A wild confusion they assisted much
The fortune of the day which now was grown
Indubitable—they might call their own
A glorious conquest The thick sulphury cloud,
Whose dismal shade did that destruction shroud
Rent with those thunder claps dissolved into
A shower of blood what she vouchsafed to do,
Fortune lends light to show them Having left
Their camp whilst darkness did protect a theft

255 unit on] Singer un on wh ch seems to me rather a bad emendation

That only stole dishonour, which they were 280
Now in an open flight enforced to bear,
They see Almanzor's broken troops o'erspread
The neighbouring fields those clouds of men that fled,
Being pursued by companies so small,
That they appeared but like those drops that fall
After a storm Yet, as the labouring heart
Long struggles for that life, which doth depart
From the less noble members to lend aid
To her in death's pale conflict, having staid
Some of his best commanders, hoping by 290
Their valour to recall the rest, with high
Undaunted force, Almanzor doth oppose
His enemy's pursuit, till like to enclose
Him in, disdaining the reproachful end
He must expect, no longer stands to attend
The glimmering light of hope the field he leaves
To conquering Argalia, but deceives
Him of himself—the prize most sought for, which
When lost beyond recovery, he grown rich
In shining honour, that, like sun-beams placed 300
Within a field of gules, by being defaced,
Had beautified his armour That dark mist,
Which did at first such contradictions twist,
That he both curst, and blest it—one, 'cause t did
Aid his design, the other, 'cause it hid
His heaven of beauty in their dewy bed
Had left the blushing roses, and was fled
Upon the wings o' the wind With wonder now
Discovered colours taught each party how
To know their friends The royal standard in 310
The prince's party had developed been,
By that fair signal to discover who
Was present there But ere Argalia to
That place arrived, Pharonnida, who had,
Whilst desperation all her beauties clad
In the pale robes of fear, heard all the loud
Shock of the conflict, but, until the cloud
Removed his fatal curtain, never knew
How near the hour of her delivery drew,
That being dissolved, through those which grief had raised 320
In her fair eyes, did see, and seeing praised
Just Heaven which sent it Each of those that
Fought for her she commends, but wonders at,
Although unknown, the lightning valour she
Saw in Argalia, whilst with just rage he
Unravels nature's workmanship—a rent
Which were a sin, if not a punishment,

304 did] The text, which is probable and characteristic enough, is Singer's Orig e cause did' and in next line 'cause' without apostrophe

And from the slender web of life did send
Forth rebels souls fast as each busy fiend
That wait their full transport them Fain she would, 330
Ere known conceit twere he but how he should
Come there, and so attended did exceed
Imagination Thus whilst her hopes feed
On strange desires being come near unto
The coach wherein she sat prepared to do
His loves oblations he that face disarms
Which when beheld by those attractive charms,
Within the centre of her best desires
Contracted all her hopes whose life expires
Soon as they're crowned with wished success Too great 340
A distance parts them yet—she leaves her seat
And flies to his embraces but concealed
Her passion in his merit being revealed
To him alone whose better judgement knew
That in those spirit breathing beams that flew
Through the fair casements of her eyes did move
The secret language of an ardent love
This conflict of her passions which had been
Fought betwixt fear and hope was settled in
A silent joy, that from her noble breast 350
Struggled for passage whilst Argalia blest
Above his hopes in burning kisses seals
His service on her virgin hand that steals
From thence new flames into her heart which ere
Fed with desire e en whilst she did prepare
To entertain those welcome guests appears
The prince, who now thawed from the icy fears
Of desperation was come there to give
Thanks to his unknown friends, but words did live
Within a place too barren to bestow 360
That fruitful zeal whose plenty did o erflow
His eyes those clouded orators which till
Disburthened did capacious passion fill
This moist gale o er when now they had awhile
Melted in joy clothing it with a smile,
He thus unfolds his comfort 'Blessed Fates,
You have out tried my charity he hates
All real virtue that confesses not
My care of thee was but an unknown spot
To this large world of satisfaction —Here 370
Kind sorrow stopped his voice again When fear
Their enemies might rally and i the bud
Blast all their blooming joys even whilst the blood
Reeked on his sword leaving their eyes to pay
Pursuing prayers Argalia posts away

330 wait transport] S nger with his usual well intentioned officiousness waite and transports

But finds his foes dispersed, excepting one
Stout regiment, whose desperation, grown
To valour, spite of all pursuers, made
Good their retreat, till forced at length to shade
Themselves from the pursuing danger in 380
A deep dark cave, whose spacious womb had been
Their receptacle, when unlawful theft
Was their profession In this place they'd left
Their dearest pledges, as most confident
Those dark meanders would their loss prevent
These stout opposers being protected here,
Before Argalia brought his army near,
Had fortified the narrow pass, and now
Presume of safety, since none else knew how
Without their leave to enter Hemmed about 390
With all the castle foot, his horse sent out
To clear the field, the careful general sees,
Then every quarter made secure, he frees
His own from all suspected danger While
This busy siege did better things beguile
Of some few steps of time, the prince arrives,
To see the leaguer, where each captain strives
With entrance to be honoured but in vain
The subtle engineer here racks his brain,
The mountains yield not to their cannon shock, 400
Nor mine could pierce the marble-breasted rock
Thus whilst they lay despairing e'er to force
A place so difficult, with some few horse
Only attended, the vexed prince surrounds
The spacious hill, whose uncouth sight confounds
His ablest guides, making a stand to view
A promontory, on whose brow there grew
A grove of stately cedars, from a dark
And hidden cleft, proud of so rich a mark,
Some muskets are discharged, which missing, by 410
A desperate sally 's seconded To fly
The danger thorough such a dreadful way
As now they were to pass, was not to stay
But hasten ruin, though too weak, in fight
More safety lay, than an unworthy flight
But valour, like the royal eagle by
A cloud of crows o'ermastered, less to die
With honour, had no refuge left, and that
Here each plebeian gains When, frighted at
The unusual clamour, with such troops as were 420
Most fit for speed, Argalia was come there—
Arrived even with that minute which first saw
His prince a captive Now the rebels draw
Back to their private sally-port, but are

415 an] Singer 'in' perhaps unnecessarily.

Too speedily pursued to enter far
Within their dark meanders ere o'ertook
By their enraged foes who had forsook
Their other stations and to this alone
Drew all their forces entering the unknown
And horrid cave whose troubled womb till then 430
Ne'er such a colic felt Argalia's men
Following so brave a leader boldly tread
Through the rock's rugged entrails those that fled
Though better skilled in their obscure retreat
No safety find The cave's remotest seat
Was now the stage of death together thronged
After their swords had life's last step prolonged
There all the villains in despair had died
Had not the fear their prince in such a tide
Of blood might have been shipwrecked whom to save 440
A general pardon to the rest is gave
And now the dreadful earthquake which had turned
The rock to Ætna could its top have burned
With subterranean fires being ceased, the prince
Desirous by his knowledge to convince
Those word deep wonders which report had spread
Of that strange cave commands some to be led
By an old outlaw whose experience knew
The uncouth vault's remotest corners to
Those seats of horror Which performed, and word 450
Returned again the danger did afford
Subject for nobler spirits forthwith he
Attended by Argalia goes to see
What had affrighted them The dreadful way
Through which he passed being steep and rugged lay
Between two black and troubled streams that through
The cleft rock rolled with horrid noise till to
An ugly lake whose heavy streams did lie
Unstirred with air they come and there are by
That black asphaltos swallowed A strange sound 460
Of yelling dragons hissing snakes confound
Each trembling auditor till comforted
By bold Argalia venturing first to tread
On stones which did like ruined arches lie
Above the surface of the lake he's by
Their aid brought to an ancient tower that stood
Fixed in the centre of the lazy flood —
Its basis founded on a rock whose brow
With age disfigured into clefts did now
With loud and speedy ruin threaten to 470
Crush all beneath it round about it flew
On sooty wings such ominous birds as hate
The cheerful day vipers and scorpions sate
Circled in darkness till the cold damp breath

Of near concreted vapours, singed to death
B' the numerous light of torches, which did shine
Through the whole mountain's convex, and refine
Air with restraint corrupted, forcing way
By conquering flames recalls the banished day
  Come now to a black tower, which seemed to be 480
The throne of some infernal deity,
That his extended laws reaches unto
The brazen gate, whose folded leaves withdrew
Assaults their eyes with such a flux of light,
That, as the dim attendants of the night
In bashful duty shun the prince of day,
So their lost tapers unto this give way,
Whilst it, with wonder that belief outgrew,
Transports their sights to the amazing view
Of so much beauty, that the use of sense 490
Was lost in more than human excellence
  A glorious room, so elegantly fair
In 'ts various structure, that the riotous heir
O' the eastern crescent that might choose to be
The theatre of shining majesty,
They now behold, yet than its mighty strength,
Which had preserved such beauty from the length
Of Age's iron talons, there appear
More rare perfections—the large floor, of clear
Transparent emeralds, lent a lustre to 500
The oval roof, whose scarce seen ground was blue,
Studded with sparkling gems, whose brightness lent
The beauties of the vaulted firmament
To all beneath their beams, the figured walls,
Embossed with rare and antic sculptury, calls
For th' next observance though the serious eye,
The way to truth in secret mystery
Here having lost, lets the dark text alone,
To view the beauties of a glorious throne,
Which, placed within the splendid room, did stand 510
Beneath an ivory arch, o'er which the hand
Of art, in golden hieroglyphics, had
The story of ensuing fate unclad,
But vainly, since the art-defective times
Struck nought but discords on those well-tuned chimes
  Upon the throne, in such a glorious state
As earth's adorèd favourites, there sate
The image of a monarch, vested in
The spoils of nature's robes, whose price had been
A diadem's redemption, his large size, 520
Beyond this pigmy age, did equalize
The admired proportion of those mighty men,
Whose cast-up bones, grown modern wonders, when
Found out, are carefully preserved to tell

Posterity—how much these times are fell
From Nature's youthful strength if ['t] be not worse,
Our sin's stenography, the dwarfish curse
Ordained for large sized luxury Before
The throne a lamp, whose fragrant oils had more
Perfumed the room than all the balmy wealth 530
Of rich Arabia stood light life and health,
Dwelt in its odours but what more contents
The pleased spectators that fair hand presents
The rest t the view —the image to declare
Of whom the effigies was on's front did bear
A regal crown and in his hand sustained
A threatening sceptre but what more explained
Antiquity's mysterious dress was seen
In a small tablet which as if t had been
Worth more observance than what Fate exprest 540
In unknown figures he did gently rest
His left hand on as if endeavouring by
That index to direct posterity,
How in their wonder's altitude to praise
The deeper knowledge of those wiser days,
By reading in such characters as Time
Learned in her nonage—this—in antic rhyme,

When striving to remove this light
It princes leaves involved to night
The time draws near that shall pull down 5 0
My old Morea's triple crown
Uniting on one royal head
What to disjoin such discord bred
But let the more remote take heed
For there's a third ordained to bleed,
For when I'm read not understood
Then shall Epirus royal blood
By ways no mortal yet must know
Within the Aetolian channel flow

This strange inscription read not only by 560
The prince but those whom wonder had drawn nigh
The sacred room their fancies civil war
Grows full of trouble tis a text so far
Beyond a comment that their judgements in
Enigmas mazed had long let motion been
In epileptic wonder lost until
(As that alone contained their dreaded ill)
The greater part with joined consents advise
To have the lamp removed, since in it lies
If those lines prove prophetic the linked fate 5,0
Of all Ietian princes Which debate

549 to] Singer 'in 571 Ietian] In the extraordinary confusion of proper names which has been already noticed it would probably be quite vain to guess at this

Being carried in the affirmative, the rest
Drew back, whilst bold Argalia forward prest,
But 's thus soon staid,—the stone, on which he stept
Next, was by art so framed, that it had kept
Concealed an engine's chiefest spring, which, by
The least weight touched, in furious haste let fly
Unpractised wheels, and with such vigour strook
The sceptre on the long-lived lamp—it shook
Its crystal walls to dust,—not thunder's strong 580
Exagitations, when it roars among
Heaps of congested elements, a sound
More dreadful makes But what did most confound
Weak trembling souls, was the thick darkness that
Succeeds the dying flame, which wondering at,
Whilst all remain, art's feeble aids supply
The lamp's lost virtue with new lights, but by
Cold damps so darkened, that contracted night
Scorned their weak flames, showing that hallowed light
Contained more sacred virtues Now, as Fate 590
Had only to that hour prolonged the date
Of all within, a sudden change, to dust
The mighty body turns, consuming rust
Had ate the brazen imagery, and left
No sign of what till then safe from the theft
Of time remained, darkness had repossessed
The sullen cave to an eternal rest,
In the rude chaos of their ashes, all
Art's lively figures in an instant fall
Pleased with the sight of these strange objects more 600
Than with war's dangers he was vexed before,
The prince with all his train of conquerors now
Is gone to teach the expecting army how
To share their wonder, but not far from thence
Removes, before confirmed intelligence
Acquaints him with the Epirot's march, who in
His swift advance so fortunate had been,
That falling on such as the morning's flight
Flattered with hope, they there met endless night
At unawares but of these added numbers 610
Was cursed Almanzor none, yet Justice slumbers
I' the prosecution of his unripe fate,
Which must more horrid sins accumulate
Before cut off, his clamorous guilt must call
For vengeance louder, and grow hectical
With custom, till the tables of his shame
Into oblivion rot his loathèd name

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

Canto IV

THE ARGUMENT

From war s wide breaches whence his brave friends had
With victory brought him the old prince arrived
In safety whilst fear punishes the bad
Rewards that virtue which his cause revived

In which brave act, Argalia s merits met
With a reward that e en desert outgrew
Whilst him it the fair princess guardian set
The root on which love s fruit to ripeness grew

THAT too inferior branch which strove to rise
With the basilic to anastomize
Thus drained the state s plethoric humours are
Reduced to harmony that blazing star,
Which had been lifted by rebellious breath
To s exaltation, in the House of Death
Now lay oppressed Which victory complete
Leaving his army where before the seat
O the rebels was his entertainment by
The welcome harbinger of victory 10
Before prepared the pleased Epirot goes
With an exalted joy to visit those
His goodness whilst unknown relieved where he
Such noble welcome finds as not to be
Imagined but by grateful souls that know
The strength of courtesy when twould o erflow
Those merits which, whilst love incites to praise
Our friend s deserts to pyramids we raise
The narrow confines of Alcithius wall
Which kept them safe from dangers past too small 20
Grows for that present triumph that blots out
All thoughts of grief but what are spent about
Thanksgiving for delivery, which they do
Perform in sports whose choice delights might woo
Cold anchorites from their sullen cells The earth
The air, the sea all in a plenteous birth
Exhausted their rich treasuries to pay
Tribute to their desires which could Time stay
Her chariot wheels from hurrying down the hill
Of feeble nature man s vain thoughts would fill 30
With subaltern delights most highly prized
Till the conclusion, Death hath annalized
The doubtful text with what lets mortals know
Their blooming joys must drop to shades below

29 Her] Singer alters on general principles to His But Chamberlayne s so eccentric that he might have imagined Time as feminine which is not at all unthinkable

That great eclipse of glory's rays, within
Whose shades sad Corinth had benighted been,
Since, like a widowed turtle, first she sate
A mourner for her wandering prince's fate,
Now, like the day's recovered reign, breaks forth
In fuller lustre All excelling worth, 40
That honoured virtue, or loved beauty, placed,
Her ornaments, with their appearance graced
Those public triumphs she prepares to meet
The princes in, in every splendid street
The various pride of Persia strove to outvie
Rich English wool dipped in the Tyrian dye
Each shop shines bright, and every merchant shows
How little to domestic toil he owes,
By the displaying beauteous wardrobes, where
The world's each part may justly claim a share 50
Though what in all art's stiff contention lent
Most lustre, was the windows' ornament—
Fair constellations of bright virgins, that,
Like full-blown flowers, first to be wondered at,
Display their beauties, but that past withal,
Tempt some kind hand to pluck them ere they fall
Their entrance in this triumph made, whilst now
Each busy artist is endeavouring how
To court their fancies, Time's small stock to improve,
The grave Epirot, whose designs toward love 60
Yet only by ambition led, had made
His first approach so seeming retrograde
By state's nice cautions, and what did presage
More ill the inequality of age,
That when converse his private captive led,
His largest hopes on the thin diet fed
Of a paternal power, assisted by
Whose useful aid, with all the industry
Of eager love, he still augments that fire
Which must consume, not satisfy desire 70
But, as occasion warned him to prevent
Unequal flames, he but few days had spent
In love's polemics, ere unpractised art,
From this calm field to war's more serious part
Is sadly summoned Those large conquests he
Had triumphed in, whilst glorious victory
Waited on's sword, too spacious to be kept
Obedient whilst that glittering terror slept
In an inactive peace, disclaiming all
The harsh injunctions of proud victors, fall 80
Off from's obedience, and to justify
Their bold revolt, to the unsafe refuge fly
Of a defensive power To crush whose pride,
With such a force as an impetuous tide

Assaults the shore s defence he s forced to take
A march so sad as souls when they forsake
The well known mansions of their bodies to
Tread death s uncertain paths and there renew
Acquaintance with eternity perplexed
To hear those new combustions but more vexed 90
With loves proud flames burning In which we ll leave
Him on his hasty voyage and receive
A smile from the fair princess fate, which till
Enjoyment stifles strong desire will fill
The tragic scene no more but with as sad
A progress to her hopes as ever had
Poor virgin to the throne of Love will frame
Those harsh phylacteries which in Cupid s name
She must obey, unless she will dispense
With sacred vows and martyr innocence 100
These storms blown o er, and the Epirot gone
Her father that till now had waited on
His entertainment, with a serious eye
Looks o er his kingdom s wounds and doth supply
Each part, which in this late unnatural war
Was grown defective Unto some that are
Not lethargized in ill he gently lays
Refreshing mercies, sometimes danger stays
From an approaching gangrene by applying
Corroding threats, but unto those that flying 110
All remedies prescribed had mortified
Their loyalty, stern justice soon applied
The sword of amputation which care past,
As twas his greatest so becomes his last—
Pharonnida he places where she might
At once enjoy both safety and delight
Her thoughts clear calm too smooth for th turbulent
And busy city wants that sweet content
The private pleasures of the country did
Afford her youth but late attempts forbid 120
All places far remote which to supply
He unto one directs his choice that by
Its situation did participate
Of all those rural privacies yet sate
Clothed in that flowery mantle, in the view
O the castle walls which as placed near it to
Delight not trouble in full bulk presents
Her public buildings various ornaments
This beauteous fabric where the industrious hand
Of Art had Nature s midwife proved did stand 130
Divided from the continent b the wide
Arms of a spacious stream whose wanton pride
In cataracts from the mountains broke as glad
Of liberty to court the valley had

Curled his proud waves, and stretched them to enclose
That type of paradise, whose crown-top rose
From that clear mirror, as the first light saw
Fair Eden 'midst the springs of Havilah,
So fresh as if its verdant garments had
Been in the first creation's beauties clad, 140
Ere, by mistaking of the fatal tree,
That blooming type of blest eternity,
Subjected was, by man's too easy crime,
Unto the sick vicissitudes of time
  Nor was she in domestic beauty more
Than prospect rich—the wandering eye passed o'er
A flowery vale, smooth, as it had been spread
By nature for the river's fragrant bed
At the opening of that lovely angle met
The city's pride, as costlier art had set 150
That masterpiece of wit and wealth to show
Unpolished nature's pleasures were below
Her splendid beauties, and unfit to be
Looked on, 'less in the spring's variety
Though from the palace where in prospect stood
All that nice art or plainer nature would,
If in contention, show to magnify
Their power, did stand, yet now appeared to vie
That prospect which the city lent, unless,
Diverted from that civil wilderness, 160
The pathless woods, and ravenous beasts within,
Whose bulk were but the metaphors for sin,
We turn to view the stately hills, that fence
The other side o' the happy isle, from whence
All that delight or profit could invent
For rural pleasures, was for prospect sent
  As Nature strove for something uncouth in
So fair a dress, the struggling streams are seen,
With a loud murmur rolling 'mongst the high
And rugged clifts, one place presents the eye 170
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field
Sits clothed in all the bounteous spring could yield
Here lovely landscapes, where thou might'st behold,
When first the infant morning did unfold
The day's bright curtains, in a spacious green,
Which Nature's curious art had spread between
Two bushy thickets, that on either hand
Did like the fringe of the fair mantle stand,
A timorous herd of grazing deer, and by
Them in a shady grove, through which the eye 180
Could hardly pierce, a well-built lodge, from whence
The watchful keeper's careful diligence

162 bulk] Singer 'bulks' obviously but perhaps unnecessarily
170 clifts] Orig 'clefts' as often

Secures their private walks from hence to look
On a deep valley where a silver brook
Doth in a soft and busy murmur slide
Betwixt two hills whose shadows strove to hide
The liquid wealth they were made fruitful by
From full discoveries of the distant eye
  Here from fair country farms that had been
Built ,mongst those woods as places happy in 190
Their privacy the first salutes of light
Fair country virgins meet cleanly and white
As were their milky loads so free from pride
Though truly fair, that justly they deride
Court s nice contentions and by freedom prove
More blest their lives—more innocent their love
Early as these appears within the field
The painful husbandman whose labour steeled
With fruitful hopes, in a deep study how
To improve the earth, follows his slow paced plough 200
  Near unto these a shepherd having took
On a green bank placed near a purling brook
Protection from the sun s warm beams within
A cool fresh shade truly contented in
That solitude is there endeavouring how
On s well tuned pipe to smooth the furrowed brow
Of careful Want seeing not far from hence
His flock, the emblems of his innocence
Where the more lofty rock admits not these
Domestic pleasures Nature there did please 210
Herself with wilder pastimes ,—on those clifts
Whose rugged heads the spacious mountain lifts
To an unfruitful height amongst a wild
Indomitable herd of goats the mild
And fearful cony with her busy feet
Makes warmth and safety in one angle meet
  From this wild range the eye contracted in
The island s narrow bounds would think t had been
I the world before but now were come to view
An angel guarded paradise till to 220
A picture s first rude catagraph the art
Of an ingenious pencil doth impart
Each complement of skill or as the court
To the rude country as each princely sport
That brisks the blood of kings to those which are
The gross souled peasant s rude delight—so far
These objects differ here well figured Nature
Had put on form and to a goodly stature
On whose large bulk more lasting arts were spent
Added the dress of choicest ornament 230

189 farms] Chamberlayne who always spells alarum alarm apparently gav farm the sound of farum

The stately mount, whose artificial crown
The palace was, to meet the vale stole down
In soft descents, by labour forced into
A sliding serpentine, whose winding clew
An easy but a slow descent did give
Unto a purling stream, whose spring did live,
When from the hill's cool womb broke forth, within
A grotto, whence before it did begin
To take its weeping farewell, into all
The various forms restrictive Art could call 240
Her elemental instruments unto
Obedience by, it courts the admiring view
Of pleased spectators—here, exalted by
Clear aqueducts, in showers it from those high
Supporters falls, now turned into a thin
Vapour, in that heaven's painted bow is seen,
Now it supplies the place of air, and to
A choir of birds gives breath, which all seemed flew
From thence for fear, when the same element,
With such a noise as seas imprisoned rent 250
Including rocks, doth roar which rude sound done,
As noble conquerors who, the battle won,
From the loud thunders of impetuous war
To the calm fields of peaceful mercies, are
By manly pity led, so, Proteus-like,
Returned from what did fear or wonder strike,
The liquid nymph, resuming her own shape
Within a marble square, a clear escape,
Till from her winding stream the river takes
Still fresh supplies, from that fair fountain makes 260
Upon those banks which guarded her descent,
Both for her odour and her ornament,
Lilies and fragrant roses there were set,
To heighten whose perfume, the violet
And maiden primrose, in their various dress,
Steal through that moss, whose humble lowliness
Preserves their beauties, whilst Aurora's rose,
And that ambitious flower that will disclose
The full-blown beauties of herself to none
Until the sun mounts his meridian throne, 270
(Like envied Worth, together with the view
Of the beholders), being exposed unto
Each storm's rough breath, in that vicissitude
Find that their pride their danger doth include,
When scorched with heat or burthened with a shower,
From blooming beauty sinks the fading flower,
Though here defended by a grove that twined
Mutual embraces, and with boughs combined,
Protects the falling stream, which it ne'er leaves,
Till thence the vale its flowery wealth receives 280

Placed as the nobler faculty to this
Of vegetation like an emphasis
Amongst the flowers of rhetoric did stand
The gorgeous palace, where Art's curious hand
Had to exceed example centred in
One exact model what had scattered been—
But as those fragments which she now selects
The glory of all former architects
Here did the beauties of those temples shine
Which Ephesus or sacred Palestine 290
Once boasted in the Persian might from this
Take patterns for his famed Persepolis,
This which had that fair Carian widow known
Mausolus tomb had ne'er a proverb grown
But been esteemed after her cost by her
That did erect a homely sepulchre
Though to describe this fabric be as far
Above my art as imitations are
Beneath its worth yet if thy Fancy's eye
Would at its outside glance receive it by 300
This cloudy medium—On a stately square
Which powerful art forced to a level where
The mountain highest rose compassed about
With a thick grove whose leafy veil let out
Its beauties so 'tis at a distance seen
A silver mount enamelled o'er with green
The shining palace stood whose outward form
Though such as if built for perpetual storm
Yet in that strength appeared but armed to be
Beauty's protector whose variety, 310
Though all met in an artful gracefulness,
In every square put on a several dress
The sides whose large balcones conveyed the eye
T' the fields wild prospects were supported by
A thousand pillars where in mixture shone
The Parian white and red Corinthian stone
Supporting frames where in the like art stood
Smooth ivory mixed with India's swarthy wood
All which, with gold and purer azure brought
From Persian artists, in mosaics wrought 320
The curious eye into meanders led
Until diverted by a sight that bred
More real wonder—The rich front wherein
By antic sculpture all that ere had been
The various acts of their preceding kings
So figured was, no weighty metal brings

296 erect] Singer supplies t—'ereet—t But though Chamberl yne certainly does not go out of his way to avo d these uglinesses one need not go out of one s way to insert them

324 antic] ant c of course = antique

Aught to enhance its worth, Art did compose
Each emblem of such various gems—all chose
Their several colours—Under a sapphire sky
Here cheerful emeralds, chaste smaragdi lie— 330
A fresh green field, in which the armèd knights
Were all clad in heart-cheering chrysolites,
With rubies set, which to adorn them twist
Embraces with the temperate amethyst,
For parts unarmed—here the fresh onyx stood,
And Sardia's stone appeared like new-drawn blood,
The Proteus-like achates here was made
For swords fair hilts, but for the glittering blade,
Since all of rich and precious gems was thus
Composed, was showed of flaming pyropus 340
And lest aught here that's excellent should want,
The ladies' eyes were shining adamant
These glorious figures, large as if that in
Each common quar these glittering gems had been
By sweaty labourers digged, united by
Successful art, unto the distant eye
Their mixed beams with such splendid lustre sent,
That comets, with whose fall the firmament
Seems all on fire, amazes not the sight
With such a full and sudden flux of light 350
As lines extended from their centre, hence
Unto the island's clear circumference,
Four flowery glades, whose odoriferous dress
Tempted the weary to forgetfulness,
Cutting the mountain into quadrants, led
Into the valley Pleasure's humbler bed
Where come, if Nature's stock can satisfy
The fancy at the fountains of the eye,
'Twas here performed, in all that did include
What active mirth or sacred solitude 360
Could happy call—Groves never seen b' the eye
O' the universe, whose pleasing privacy
Was more retired from treacherous light than those,
To hide from Heaven, Earth's first Offender chose
When Contemplation, the kind mother to
All thoughts that e'er in sacred rapture flew
Toward celestial bowers, had here refined
The yet imperfect embryos of the mind,
To recreate contracted spirits by
The soul's best medicine—fresh variety, 370
An easy walk conducts them unto all
That active sports did e'er convenient call
All which, like a fair theatre b' the bank
O' the river verged, was guarded by a rank
Of ancient elms, whose lofty trunks, embraced
By clasping vines, with various colours graced

Their spreading branches—Whose proud brows being crowned
With stately walks did from that ample round
The well pleased eye to every place convey
That in the islands bumble level lay 380
  To guard her court a hundred gentlemen
Such as had glorified their valour when
Tried in her fathers wars attended which
Commanded by Argalia did enrich
His merit with such fair reward, that all
His better stars should they a synod call
Those fires convened neer with more glorious light
Could clothe his hopes his fortunes dim-eyed night
Enflamed to noon and the fair princess blest
By the same power, for though his fate invest 390
His noble soul within the obscure mask
Of an unknown descent his fame shall ask
In time to come a chronicle and be
The glory of that royal family
From whence he sprung But ere he must attain
The top of Fortunes wheel that iron chain
By whose linked strength it turns too oft will grate
Him with most hot afflictions his wise fate
Digs deep with miseries before it lays
The ground work of his fame which then shall raise 400
On the firm basis of authentic story,
To him eternal pyramids of glory
  Thou that art skilled in Loves polemics here
Wish they may rest awhile and though drawn near
A sadder fate if Pity says—too rath
Tis to let Sorrow sad the scene well bathe
Our pen awhile in nectar though we then
Steep it in gall again The Spring did when
The princess first did with her presence grace
This house of pleasure with soft arms embrace 410
The Earth—his lovely mistress—clad in all
The painted robes the mornings dew let fall
Upon her virgin bosom, the soft breath
Of Zephyrus sung calm anthems at the death
Of palsy shaken Winter whose large grave—
The earth whilst they in fruitful tears did lave
Their pious grief turned into smiles they throw
Over the hearse a veil of flowers the low
And pregnant valleys swelled with fruit whilst Heaven
Smiled on each blessing its fair hand had given 420
  Becalmed on this pacific sea of pleasure
No boisterous wave appearing the rich treasure
Of Love being ballast with content did fear
No threatening storm so safe a harbour near

400 gr und work] Orig ground *fork* not perhaps possibly
416 lave] Orig leave which is obviously worth noting

As the object whence it sprung Such royal sports,
As take their birth from the triumphant courts
Of happy princes, did contract the day
To pitied beauty, Time steals away
On downy feet, whose loss since it bereaves
Them of no more than what new birth receives 430
From the next teeming day, by none is thought
Worth the lamenting Sometimes, rocked i' the soft
Arms of the calmest pleasures, they behold
A sprightly comedy the sins unfold
Of more corrupted times, then, in its high
Cothurnal scenes, a lofty tragedy
Erects their thoughts, and doth at once invite,
To various passions, sorrow and delight
Time, motion's aged measurer, includes
Not more, in all the hours' vicissitudes, 440
Than their oft changing recreations, that,
When the sun's lofty pride sat smiling at
The earth's embroidered robes, or Winter's cold
And palsied hand did those fresh beauties fold
Up in her hoary plush, each season lends
Delights of 'ts own—such a beguiled time spends
Its stock of hours unwasted on, in chaste
Though private sports Here happy lovers past
Fancy's fresh youth, whose first attempts did prove
Too innocent for th' sophistry of love, 450
There scornful beauty, or the envious eye
Of jealous rivals, ne'er afflicts—all by
An equal and a noble height so blest,
Pride none had raised, nor poverty depressed

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

Canto V

THE ARGUMENT

Whilst serene joy sat smiling in her court,
As shadows to illustrate virtue by
Fantastic Love becomes the princess' sport,
Whose harsher dictates she ere long must try

For now suspicion, Virtue's secret foe,
Fired with Argalia's just-deserved fame,
Makes her great father think each minute slow,
Till separation had allayed the flame

Lest that her court, which seems composed of all
That 's great or good, the o'erweening world should call
Perfection's height—a word which, whilst on earth,
Vain as Delight, only from name takes birth—

In this the largest and most glorious sphere
E er greatness moved in some few stars appear
To virtue retrograde The informing spirit—
Love, by whose motion on the pole of merit
This bright orb turned e en mongst these heroes finds
A pair of followers whose imperfect minds 10
Transgressed his dictates and though no offence
So full of guilt as foul incontinence
Durst here approach by ways less known unto
What love intends, those various figures drew
Whose aspects ne er more near conjunction move
Than eyes—the slight astronomy of love
That new Platonic malady the way
By which imperfect eunuchs do betray
Natures diseases to contempt whilst by
Such slight repast they strive to satisfy 0
I oves full desires which pines or else must crave
More than thin souls in separation have
Being lately by some sick fantastics brought
But near the Court within it long had sought
For residence till entertained by two
Whose meeting souls no more distinction knew
Than sex a difference which whilst here it grows
Toward Heaven it to corporeal organs owes
But since that these so uncouth actors here
But as intruders on the scene appear 30
Ere in their story we engulph too far
Let s first behold them in their character
If e er thy sober reason did submit
To suppling Mirth that wanton child of Wit
Beholding a Fantastic drest in all
His vain delights, what s analogical
To our Acretius then conceive thou st seen
Though if compared those short to him had been
As transcripts are to copies to complete
A humorist, here Folly had chose a seat 40
Mongst more than vulgar knowledge and might pass
The same account an academic ass
Makes of his father's four year charge when he
Frights villagers with shreds of sophistry
Mongst foreign parts of which like Coriate
He d run through some he had acquired to prate
By privilege and as if every nation
Contributed is in each several fashion
Which like their tongues all so imperfect find
That both disguised his body and his mind 50
Though self conceit vain youth s fantastic crime,
Made him steal singly from the front of time
I the medium which but seldom proves the seat
For lust s wild fire or zeal s reflected heat

He amorous grows, and doubting to prevail,
For all his wings caught Pegasus b' the tail,
And being before with Cupid's engines fired,
From his posteriors doubly was inspired
  She that at first this sympathetic flame
Inspired him with, the court knew by the name 60
Of Philanta, to whom, all would impair
Their skill, that gave the epithet of fair,
Except Acretius,—since her beauty fit
For praises was, where paralleled by wit
Yet now, although time's sad discovery tells—
Her Autumn's furrows were no parallels
In Beauty's sphere, those youthful forms being grown
So obsolete, scarce the vestigia's shown
A native pride and strange fantastic dress,
More admiration than e'er comeliness 70
Could do, acquires She formerly had been
A great admirer of romances, in
Whose garb she now goes drest, a medley piece
Made up of India, Turkey, Persia, Greece,
With other nations, all enforced to be
Comprised within five foot's stenography
Her wit, that had been critical, and ranged
'Mongst ladies' more than the ushers' legs, was changed
To gratify, and every word she said,
An apophthegm unto the chamber-maid, 80
From whom, her long experienced knowledge in
Some of the female mysteries of sin,
Had gained the applause of being skilled in all
That could prevent decaying beauty's fall
  Acretius and she, being such a pair
As Nature when tired with more serious care
For recreation made, instructed by
Their meeting natures' secret sympathy,
Soon learn to love, but, as if now too wise
For youth's first dictates, Love's loose rules comprise 90
In such strict bounds, that each the object saw
Of their desires, like sacred things, some law,
Fear made obeyed, forbids the world to use,
Lest the adored enjoyment should abuse
Into contempt, nor are their meetings in
Those plainer paths—which their nice art calls sin—
At all performed, that, the dull road unto
The bridal bed, this, the fantastic clew
To a delight, which doth in labyrinths sit,
None e'er beheld while they preserved their wit 100
  Like wanton Jove committing secret rapes
On mortal beauties, they transmute their shapes
At every interview, now, in a dress
Resembling an Arcadian shepherdess,

She in the woods encounters him, whilst he
Armed like a furious knight resolved to be
Her ravisher, approaches but being by
Her prayers charmed into pity there doth lie
Fettered in soft embraces now he must
Turn hermit and be tempted unto lust 110
By her a lady errant like distressed
Lovers whose hopes by rigid friends oppressed
Pine to despair, they now are wandering in
Unhaunted groves whose pensive shades had been
So oft their shady veil that every tree
In wreaths where love lay wrapped in mystery
Held their included names—a subtile way
To the observant courtiers to betray
Their serious folly, which from being their own
Delight, was now the sport o the pages grown 120
The pleasant offsprings of whose wanton wit
Disturb their peace that, though secured they sit
In shady deserts with as much of fear
As wandering ladies when the giant s near
They re still possessed, less terrible were all
The dreadful objects Amadis de Gaul
Or wittier Quixote from their enemies
F er met than was the fear of a surprise
By those which did such strict observance take
They thus their folly the court s laughter make — 130
Near to the island s utmost verge did lie
Retired e en from Heaven s universal eye,
A deep dark vale whose night-concealing shade
By a fresh river's silver stream was made
So sweetly cool it often did invite
Pharonnida to meet the smooth delight
Of calm retirement there Where, to impart
With Nature s bounty all that liberal Art
Thought fit for so remote a pleasure stood
A grotto where the macrocosm s cold blood 140
Ran more dispersed in various labyrinths then
It circulates within the veins of men.
Hither the inventive lovers who long sought
Some way which Fancy ne er her followers taught
To express their serious folly in repair
Oft as the sun made the insalubrious air
Unfit for publick walks To entertain
Them here with what exceeded all their vain
Delights before,—newly erected by
Successful art each various deity 150
Old Fancy placed the sea s commanders here
They with delight behold but when drawn near
They saw i the midst o the blue eyed Tritons placed
Neptune s and Thetis chariot—yet not graced

With their unfinished figures, this they took
For so much favour, as they had forsook
Their thrones to give them place But what adds yet
More to the future mirth, they swiftly fit
Themselves with habits, such as art had drew
Its fancies in—both of their robes being blue 160
Enchased with silver streams, their heads, with fair
Dishevelled periwigs of sea-green hair,
Were both adorned, circling whose crowns they wore
Wreathed coronets of flags, his right hand bore
A golden trident, hers, yet hardly red,
As if new plucked from the sea's frothy bed,
A branch of coral—But whilst here they sit
Proudly adorned, both void of fear as wit,
The gates o' the grotto swiftly shutting in,
A torrent, such as if they'd seated been 170
At Nile's loud cataracts, by ways (before
Unseen) breaks forth, by which the engine bore
From its firm station, floats aloft, and, by
A swift withdrawing of those bays which tie
Floods from commerce, is wafted forth into
A spacious pool, where the bold artist drew
The unfathomed sea's epitome within
A circling wall, but such as might have been
A pattern to Rome's big-bulked pride, when they
Showed sea's loud battles for the land's soft play 180
Our amorous humorists, that must now appear,
This narrow sea's commanders, shook with fear,
Sit trembling—whilst the shrill-voiced Tritons sound
Their crooked shells, whose watery notes were drowned
B' the lofty laughter of that troop, they saw
Their pleased spectators, for Pharonnida,
Being now with all her beauteous train come to
Behold this pageant, taught them how to view
A shame as dreadful as their fear, which yet
Was full of horror, for though safe they sit 190
I' the floating chariot, yet the mounting waves
So boisterous grew, that e'en great Neptune craves
Himself relief, till frighted from all sense
By second dangers From that port from whence
They sallied forth, two well-rigged ships are now
Seen under sail, whose actions taught them how
Sea fights are managed, in a method that
They being too near engaged to tremble at,
By fear's slow conduct to confusion led,
Fall from their thrones, and through the waves had fled 200
From shame to death, had they not rescued been
By swift relief—a courtesy that, in
Its first approach, though welcomed—when they come
To stand the shock o' the court's loud mirth, as dumb

As were the fishes they so late forsook
Makes Mercy court them in a dreadful look
But leaving these to pay with future hate
Each courtier's present mirth a sadder fate
Commands my pen no longer to attend
On smooth delights before it gives an end 10
To that ephemera of pleasure which
Whilst a free conversation did enrich
Their thoughts too fast did ripen in the breasts
Of both our royal lovers whose fate rests
Not long in downy slumbers ere it starts
In vain phantasmas—Hope herself departs
In a distracted trembling Their bright sphere
Of milder stars had now continued clear
So long till what their smiling influence drew
From the unthankful earth contracted to 0
A veil of clouds whose coolness whilst some praised
Obscured those beams by which they first were raised
Hell's subtle embryos—the ingratitudes
Of cursed Amphibia whose disguise includes
Mischief's epitome had often strook
In secret at their envied joys which took
Ne'er its effects till now So heavenly free
The virtuous princess was from what could be
Of human vice she knew not to mistrust
It in another but thinks all as just 30
As her own even thoughts wherefore without
Oppressing of her soul with the least doubt
Raised from suspicion, she dares let her see
She loved Argalia though it could not be
Yet counted more than what his merits might
Claim as desert But this small beam of light,
Through the prospective of suspicion to
Envy's malignant eye conveyed to do
An act, informs the cursed Amphibia, that
Makes love lament for what she triumphed at 240
Since virtue Heaven's unspotted character
On the beloved Argalia did transfer
Merits of too sublime a height to be
Shadowed with vice—from that flower's fragrancy
She sucks her venom and from what had built
His glory now intends to raise his guilt
For though the prince no engines need to move
His passion's frame but just desert—his love—
Her close endeavours are to heighten t by
Praises that make affection jealousy 50
Whose venom having once possessed his soul
It swiftly doth like fatal charms control

-37 prospective] Singer perspective unnecessarily

Reason's fair dictates, and although no fear
From such well-ordered actions could appear
To strengthen it, Argalia's merits caused
Some sad and sullen doubts, such as, when paused
Awhile upon, resolve their cure must be—
Their cause removed—though in that action he
From his breast's royal mansion doth exclude
The noblest virtue—generous gratitude 260
To cure this new-felt wound, and yet not give
Strong arguments—great virtues cannot live
Safe in corrupted courts—the poison's sent
In gilded pills A specious compliment,
To call him from his calm and quiet charge,
Pretends by new additions to enlarge
His full-blown fame, to an extent as far
As valour climbs in slippery heights of war
Which now, though calmed in's own dominions, by
A friendly league invites him to supply 270
The stout Epirot with an army that,
Though rich in valour, more was trembled at
For being commanded by Argalia, than
Composed of Sparta's most selected men
As if no grief could be commensurate
Unto their joys, but what did blast their fate
In its most blooming spring our lovers were,
When first assaulted by the messenger
Of this sad news, sate, in the quiet shade—
A meeting grove of amorous myrtles, made 280
To veil the brow of a fair mount, whose sides
A beauteous robe of full-blown roses hides,
In such discourse, the flying minutes spending,
As passion dictates, when firm vows are ending
Those parles by which love toward perfection went
In the obliging bliss of full consent
The fatal scroll received, and read until
She finds their parting doom, the spring-tides fill
Her eyes, those crystal seas of grief she stops—
Fans with a sigh her heart, then sheds some drops 290
Upon the guilty paper Trembling fear
Plucks roses from her cheeks, which soon appear
Full-blown again with anger—red and white
Did in this conflict of her passions fight
For the pre-eminence Which agony
Argalia noting, doubtful what might be
The cause of so much ill, he in his arms
Circles his saint, with all the powerful charms
Of love's soft rhetoric, her lost pleasure strives
To call again,—but no such choice flower thrives, 300

279 sate] Singer 'set' but I am not sure that the other is not right

Though springs of tears thither invite this rest
In the cold region of her grief swollen breast
  Long had she strove with grief s oppressive load
Ere sighs make way for this — Is thy abode
Become the parent of suspicion? Look
On this Argalia there hath poison took
Its lodging underneath these flowers whose force
Will blast our hopes—there there a sad divorce
Twixt our poor loves is set, ere we more near
Than in desires have met As much of fear 310
As could possess his mighty soul did shake
His strenuous hand whilst twas stretched forth to take
The letter from Pharonnida Which he
Having looked o er and finding it to be
An honourable policy to part
Them without noise he curtains o er his heart,
Pale as was hers with fear in a disguise
Which though rage drew his soul into his eyes
So polished o er his passion—to her grief
His own concealed he thus applies relief — 320
  Dear virtuous princess give your reason leave
But to look through this cloud which doth receive
Its birth from nought but fear —This honour, which
Your royal father pleases to enrich
My worthless fortunes with will but prepare
Our future happiness —The time we spare
From feeding on ambrosia will increase
Our wealthy store when the white wings of peace
Shall bear us back with victory, there may
Through the dark chaos of my fate display 330
Some beam of honour, though compared with thine
(That element of living flame) it shine
Dim as the pale faced moon when she lets fall
Through a dark grove her beams —thy virtues shall
Give an alarum to my sluggish soul
Whenee er it droops thy memory control
The weakness of my passions When we strive
I the heat of glorious battle I ll revive
My drooping spirits with that harmony
Thy name includes—thy name whose memory 340
(Dear as those relics a protecting saint
Sends humble votaries) mentioned will acquaint
My thoughts with all that s good Then calm again
This conflict of thy fears I shall remain
Safe in the hail of death if guarded by
Thy pious prayers—Fate's messengers that fly
On wings invisible will lose the way
Aimed at my breast if thou vouchsafe to pray

345 hail] Singer vale —a possibly right but rather large change

To Heaven for my protection - But if we
Ne'er meet again—yet, oh! yet let me be 350
Sometimes with pity thought on.' At which word
His o'ercharged eyes no longer could afford
A room to entertain their tears, both wept,
As if they strove to quench that fire which kept
Light in the lamps of life, whose fortunes are
I' the House of Death, whilst Mars the regal star.
  Some time in silent sorrow spent, at length
The fair Pharonnida recovers strength,
Though sighs each accent interrupted, to
Return this answer —'Wilt, oh! wilt thou do 360
Our infant love such injury to leave
It ere full grown? When shall my soul receive
A comfortable smile to cherish it,
When thou art gone? They're but dull joys that sit
Enthroned in fruitless wishes, yet I could
Part, with a less expense of sorrow, would
Our rigid fortune only be content
With absence, but a greater punishment
Conspires against us—Danger must attend
Each step thou tread'st from hence, and shall I spend 370
Those hours in mirth, each of whose minutes lay
Wait for thy life? When Fame proclaims the day
Wherein your battles join, how will my fear
With doubtful pulses beat, until I hear
Whom victory adorns! Or shall I rest
Here without trembling, when, lodged in thy breast,
My heart's exposed to every danger that
Assails thy valour, and is wounded at
Each stroke that lights on thee which absent I,
Prompted by fear, to myriads multiply 380
  But these are Fancy's wild-fires, we in vain
Do spend unheard orisons, and complain
To unrelenting rocks—this night-peekt scroll,
This bill of our divorcement, doth enrol
Our names in sable characters nought will
Expunge, till death obliterate our ill'
  'Oh! do not, dear commandress of my heart,
(Argalia answers), let our moist eyes part
In such a cloud as will for ever hide
Hope's brightest beams, those deities that guide 390
The secret motions of our fate will be
More merciful, than to twist destiny
In such black threads Should Death unravel all
The feeble cordage of our lives, we shall,

356 Mars] i e Mars *is* in the ascendant Chamberlayne dares these clashes of *s* imperturbably

383 night-peekt] Singer 'night-speckt' But we have had this odd word 'peekt,' 'peect,' &c before

Spite of that Prince of Terrors in the high
And glorious palace of Eternity
Being met again renew that love which we
On earth were forced before maturity
Had ripened it to leave I the numerous throng
Of long departed souls that stray among 400
The myrtles in Elysium I will find
Thy virgin ghost and whilst the rout inclined
To sensual pleasures here refining are
In purging flames laugh at each envious star
Whose aspect if ill sited at our birth
With poisonous influence blasts the joys of earth
'Oh! waste not (cries the princess) dear time in
These shadows of conceit—the hours begin
To be mongst those inserted that have tried
The actions of the world which must divide 410
Us from our joy The sea through which we sail
Works high with woe nor can our prayers prevail
To calm its angry brow—the glorious freight
Of my unwelcome honours hangs a weight
Too ponderous on me for to steer the way
Thy humbler fortunes do else ere I d stay
To mourn without thee I would rob my eyes
Of peaceful slumbers and in coarse disguise
Whilst love my sex s weakness did control
Command my body to attend my soul— 420
My soul my dear which hovering near thee not
Midnight alarums, that appear begot
By truth should startle twixt the clamorous camp
Lightened with cannons and the peaceful lamp
That undisturbed here wastes its oil I know
No difference but what doth from passion flow
Whose close assaults do more afflict us far
Than all the loud impetuous storms of war
We must, we must (replies Argalia) stand
This thunderbolt unmoved,—since his command— 430
Whose will confirms our law Happy had we
Great princess been if in that low degree
From whence my infancy was raised I yet
Had lived a toiling rural then when fit
For Hymen s pleasures uncontrolled I d took
Some homely village girl whose friends could look
After no jointure for to equalize
Her portion but my love no jealous eyes
Had waited on our meetings we had made
All our addresses free the friendly shade 440
Cast from a spreading oak as soon as she
Had milked her cows had proved our canopy
Where our unpolished courtship had a love
As chaste concluded, as from the amorous dove

Perched near us, we had learned it When arrived
Unto love's zenith, we had, undeprived
By disagreeing parents, soon been led
To church b' the sprucest swains, our marriage-bed,
Though poor and thin, would have been neatly drest
By rural paranymphs, clad in the best 450
Wool their own flocks afforded In a low
And humble shed, on which we did bestow
Nought but our labour to erect, we might
Have spent our lusty youth with more delight
Than glorious courts are guilty of, and, when
Age had decayed our strength, grown up to men,
Beheld our large coarse issue Our days ended,
Unto the church been solemnly attended
By those of our own rank, and buried been
Near to the font that we were christened in 460
Whilst I in russet weeds of poverty
Had spun these coarse threads, shining majesty
Would have exhausted all her stock to frame
A match for thy desert some prince, whose name
The neighbouring regions trembled at, from whom
The generous issue of thy fruitful womb
Might have derived a stock of fame to build
A future greatness on, such as should yield
Subjects of wonder to the world' About
To interrupt him, ere he had drawn out 470
This sad theme, she began to speak, but by
Night's swift approach was hindered Now drew nigh
The time of his departure Whilst he bleeds
At thought o' the first, a second summons speeds
His preparations to the city, where
That big-bulked body, unto which his care
Must add a soul, was now drawn up, and staid
Only to have his wished commands obeyed
His powerful passion, love's strict rules respecting
More than bright honour's dictates, yet, neglecting 480
All summons, staid him till he'd sacrificed
His vows to her, whose every smile he prized
Above those trivial glories Ere from hence
He dares depart, each, with a new expense
Of tears, pays interest to exacting Fate
For every minute she had lent of late
Unto poor Love, whose stock since not his own,
Although no spendthrift, is a bankrupt grown
Look how a bright and glorious morning, which
The youthful brow of April doth enrich, 490
Smiles, till the rude winds blow the troubled clouds
Into her eyes, then in a black veil shrouds
Herself, and weeps for sorrow—so wept both
Our royal lovers—each would, and yet was loath

To bid farewell till stubborn time enforced
Them to that task First his warm lips divorced
From the soft balmy touch of hers next parts
Their hands those frequent witnesses o the heart
Indissoluble contracts, last and worst,
Their eyes—their weeping eyes—(O fate accurst, 500
That lays so hard a task upon my pen—
To write the parting of poor lovers) when
They had e en lost their light in tears were in
That shade—that dismal shade forced to begin
The progress of their sorrow —He is gone.
Sweet sad Pharonnida is left alone
To entertain grief in soft sighs whilst he
Mongst noise and tumult, oft finds time to be
Alone with sorrow though encompassed by
A numerous army whose brave souls swelled high 510
With hopes of honour —lest Fames trump lost breath
Haste to supply t by victory or death
But ere calmed thoughts to prosecute our story
Salute thy ears with the deserved glory
Our martial lover purchased here I must
Let my pen rest awhile and see the rust
Scoured from my own sword for a fatal day
Draws on those gloomy hours whose short steps may
In Britains blushing chronicle write more
Of sanguine guilt than a whole age before— 520
To tell our too neglected troops that we
In a just cause are slow We ready see
Our rallied foes nor will t our slothful crime
Expunge to say—Guilt wakened them betime
From every quarter the affrighted scout
Brings swift alarums in, hovering about
The clouded tops of the adjacent hills
Like ominous vapours lie their troops noise fills
Our yet unrallied army, and we now
Grown legible in the contracted brow 530
Discern whose heart looks pale with fear If in
This rising storm of blood which doth begin
To drop already I m not washed into
The grave my next safe quarter shall renew
Acquaintance with Pharonnida — Till then
I leave the Muses to converse with men

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

BOOK III. Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Beneath the powerful tyranny of love,
  Whilst the fair princess weeps out every star
In pleasure's sphere, those dark clouds to remove,
  All royal pastimes in it practised are

Amongst whose triumphs, that her train might lend
  Her their attendance in the shades of grief,
Passion brings some so near a fatal end,
  That timely pity scarce affords relief

SOME months now spent, since, in the clouded court
Of sad Pharonnida, each princely sport
Was with Argalia's absence masked within
Sables of discontent, robes that had been
Of late her chiefest dress no cheerful smile
E'er cheered her brow, those walks which were erewhile
The schools where they disputed love, were now
Only made use of, when her grief sought how
To hide its treacherous tear the unfilled bed
O' the widow, whose conjugal joy is fled, 10
I' the hot and vigorous youth of fancy, to
Eternal absence, sooner may renew
(Though she for tears repeated praises seeks)
The blooming spring of beauty on her cheeks
  When bright-plumed Day on the expanded wings
Of air approaches, Light's fair herald brings
No overtures of peace to her, each prayer
In pious zeal she makes, a pale despair
In their celestial journey clogs But long
Her feeble sex could not endure these strong 20
Assaults of passion, ere the red and white,
Vanquished, from beauty's throne had took their flight,
And nought but melancholy paleness left
To attend the light of her dim eyes—bereft
Of all their brightness, pining agues in
The earthquake of each joint, leaving within
The veins more blood than dwelt in hers which beat
The heart's slow motions with a hectic heat
  Long passion's tyrant reigns not, ere this change
Of mirth and beauty, letting sorrow range 30
Beyond the circle of discretion, in
Her father that suspicion which had been
Kindled before, renewing, he removes
His court to hers, but the kind visit proves

A paroxysm unto that strong disease
Which combats in her blood No mirth could please
Her troubled soul since barred society
With all its better angels—gone to he
Attendant on Argalia she beholds
Those studied pleasures which the prince unfolds 40
His love and greatness in with no delight
More smooth than that a sullen anchorite
Which a harsh vow hath there enforced to dwell
Sees the cold wants of his unhaunted cell
Amongst these sports whose time-betraying view
Ravished each pleased spectator, the fair clew
Contracts some sable knots of which my pen
Is only one hound to unravel When
War had unclasped that dreadful book of hers
Where honoured names in sanguine characters 50
Brave valour had transcribed fair virtue fixed
Eurialus in honour s orb and mixed
Him with the court s bright stars but he who had
Whilst unregarded poverty had clad
His virtues in obscurity learned how
To sail in fortune s boisterous storms is now
By her false smiles becalmed and sunk, before
Desert (bound thither) touched love s treacherous shore
I the playful freedom of their youth when she
Was only a fair shepherdess and he 60
A humble swain he truly did adore
The fair Florenza, but aspired no more
Since poverty clogged love s ambitious wing
Than by his private muse alone to sing
Her praise—with such a flame of wit that they
Which have compared, say envied Laura may
Look pale with spleen to hear those lines expressed
Though in her great Platonic raptures dressed
But now his worth, by virtue raised did dwell
High as his hopes and that a parallel 70
To hers appearing either's merits had
A climax to preferment, and thus clad
Virtue in honour's robes, which equal fate
Gave his affection language to relate
What their disparity kept dumb nor did
Those motions find acceptance such as chid
Them for presumption rather twas a frost
Of virgin ice than fire of pride that crost
His masculine desires, her eyes unfold
So much of passion as by them she told 80
Who had most interest in her heart which she
From all brave rivals his resolves shall be

76 chid] Orig 'hid

'Mongst those, Mazara, one whose noble blood
Enriched the gems of virtue, though they stood
In honour's altitude, was chief, nor could
A nobler choice, were her affections ruled
By worth, commend her judgement, his fresh youth
Being crowned with virtues which might raise a truth
Above hyperboles, his nature mild,
As was the gall-less dove, yet not the wild 90
And furious lion, when provoked, could have
More daring valour, an untimely grave,
Whilst it i' the embryo was, to every vice,
But unto virtue a fair paradise,
Whose weedless banks no pining winter knew
Till death the influence of warm life withdrew
That sympathy of meeting virtues, which
Did both their souls with equal worth enrich,
'Twixt him and brave Euriolus had tied
A league not to be broke, could Love divide 100
His blessings amongst friends, but that of all
Our passions brooks no rival Fear may call
Friends to partake of palsies, Anger strives
To fire each neighbouring bosom, Envy thrives
By being transplanted, but a lover's pure
Flames, though converted to a calenture,
Unwillingly with the least flame will part
Although to thaw another's frozen heart
Few 'mongst the observant wits o' the court yet knew
(Though it with twisted eye-beams strengthened grew 110
At every interview, and often dropped
Some tears to water it) whose love 'twas stopped
Mazara's suit Euriolus, to her
Whose melting pity only could confer
A cure, unlocks the secret, whilst the other,
More confident to win, ne'er strives to smother
A passion so legitimate, but, by
All actual compliments, declares how high
He prized her virtues but this worthy's fate
Fixed him in love's intemperate zone, too late 120
The pining fruit was sown, the spring so far
Being spent, its days were grown canicular,
Scorching all hopes, but what made able were
By fruitful tears—love's April showers, to bear
Neglect's untimely frosts, which oft have lost,
In bloomy springs, the unhappy lover's cost
When this accomplished youth, whose tongue and pen,
With negatives more firm and frequent then
Cursed usurers give impoverished clients, oft
Had been repulsed, truth for discovery brought 130

128 then] 'then' for 'than' as often

This accident—Within the royal court
Of bright Pharonnida a full resort
Of valiant knights were met convened to try
Whose valour fortune meant to glorify
Of which selected number there was one
Who though a stranger virtue soon made known
To all cause *feared of most*, his valour had
Before the first triumphant day unclad
The silver vested hemisphere, been oft
Clothed in the ornaments of honour—brought 140
On fame's fair wings from the opposing part,
Uncresting them to crown his high desert
But now when this new constellation near
Its zenith drew in honour's hemisphere
Called thither by deciding lots the brave
Furiolus appears, whom victory gave
In the first shock success and placed his name
In the meridian altitude of fame,
Where though the valiant stranger prove no foe
So fortunately valiant to overthrow 150
The structure of his fate yet his close stars
Now sink a mine to which those open wars
But easy dangers were. Mazara in
His crest a scarf that formerly had been
Known for Florenza's seeing jealous love
Converted into rage his passions move
Above the sphere of reason and what late
Was but a gentle blaze by altered fate
Fires to a comet, whose malignant beams
Foretold sad ills attending love's extremes. 160
Loath to betray his passions in so great
A breach of *friendship to a close retreat*
Mazara summons forward rage yet in
The stranger's name whose fortune might have been
The parent of a private quarrel, sends
To call Furiolus (who now attends
Nought but triumphant mirth) unguarded by
Applauding friends in secret fight to try
What power did him from threatening danger guard,
When public fame was victory's reward 170
This fatal scroll received by him that thought
It real truth since passion might have sought
In him the same delay a swift consent
Returns his answer But the message went
So far from its directed road that ere
It reached Mazara's loose neglect did bear
It to Carina's ear,—a lady that
In silent tears her heart had offered at
His virtue's shrine yet with such secret zeal
Her eyes forbid their Cupids to reveal 180

That language of her heart She knew that in
Florenza's sea of merits, hers had been
Shipwrecked and lost, yet, with a soul as far
From envying her, as hating him, this war
Of factious passions she maintains, and since
Reason now wanted language to convince
Those headstrong rebels, she resolves to be,
Though ruined, ruled by their democracy
The information her officious maid
Had from Mazara's careless page betrayed, 190
Assures Carina—the preceding night,
Such horse and armour as the stranger knight
Euriolus had conquered in, had been
By his most cautious diligence within
A not far distant wood, in whose black shade
He meant his fury should his foe invade,
Lodged by his master Which discovered truth,
Frightening her tears from the swift chase of youth
And beauty into froward age, to meet
Sorrow in private shades, withdraws the sweet 200
But sad Carina, who resolves to spend
Her sighs unnoted by her dearest friend
This in Florenza, who foresaw that nought
But passions more than common could have wrought
So swift a change, works high, who, that she might
Displume these ravens ere the babes of light
Smile in their weeping mother's face, prepares
To see Carina who, with wakeful cares,
(Her sad companions) by her friend surprised,
No longer in their ebon veil disguised 210
Her thoughts' pure candour, but with looks that did
Seem to implore assistance, whilst they chid
Her own indulgent nature, shows her how
Preposterous love made her to passions bow,
Whose fruit, since none of her first planters came
From forward man, could be but female shame
This, with its fatal author, known, to free
Her friend from shame, herself from cruelty,
Unto Mazara, whose firm love attends
Her least commands, incensed Florenza sends 220
Whose zeal-transported soul no sooner hears
That welcome sound, but, though presaging fears
Prompt him to stay, lest haughty honour fall,
Ruined by fame, he lets her standards fall
Before commanding love, and goes to wait
On 's honoured mistress But this sly deceit
Of hope no cordial proves unto the sad
Carina's grief, the long experience had
Of his affection to Florenza, tells
Her doubtful soul, those even parallels 230

Could not by all her friend s persuasions be
Wrested into the least obliquity
Which sad mistrust did love precipitate
On paths whose danger frights protecting fate
  Assured the combat s hour drew on and that
Mazara s love sick soul was offering at
Florenza s shrine and by that willing stay
Might be enforced some minutes to delay
The time in which his readier opposite
Expected him, she being resolved to write 240
Affection in her blood with love s wild haste
Makes toward the lists there finds his armour placed
Within the dark shade of an ancient wood
In whose black breast that place of horror stood
Where they appoint to meet like those of fate
Obscure and dark by beasts and birds that hate
The light alone frequented but love had
Displumed fear s haggars being resolved she clad
Beauty s fair pearl where smooth delights did dwell
I the rough cast mould of that Cyclopian shell 250
  But that no arms nor bounding steeds affright
Where love s fair hand hath valour s passport writ
Here we should pause and pity her that now
Fancy beholds whilst she is learning how
To manage stubborn steel within her sleek
And polished hand through devious paths to seek
For doubtful dangers such whose horrid shape
On man s best judgement might commit a rape
  Her swift conductor love ere this had brought
Her to the place where passion had not sought 260
Long for the object of her hate ere she
Her valiant brother that was come to be
His fame s protector sees but so disguised
In s arms that both with envy unadvised
By knowledge an unthought of guilt prepare
In blood to meet Their foaming horses were
Now freed from the commanding rein and in
Their full career but love in vain to win
The field from valour strives her eager haste
But argues such an envy as did waste 270
Itself in weak attempts which to the length
Of power extended falls beneath the strength
Of her victorious foe whose fortune had
In robes of joy what he must weep for clad
  Conquered Carina now dismounted lay

248 haggars] It is a pity that haggars has been allowed to become obsolete for we want something answering to the French *affres* At the same time the word may be used in a sense closer to the usual one of haggard in relation to the person — those who are made wild and haggard by fear In either case of course the poet has the untamed hawk in mind and *perhaps* nothing else

Fearing those ills which desperate love attends
Spending that morning in the fruitless quest
Of her had been and now (their hopes distrest
With vain inquiries) to communicate
Their grief returning were which secret fate 330
To interpose through dark meanders brought
Neglect to find what care in vain had sought.
  Whilst yet no more than brave humanity
Prompts them to part a quarrel that might be
Defiled with blood which if not shed in wars
With murder stains what it doth gild with scars
They toward them haste, even in that critical
And dangerous minute when Mazara's fall
With victory's laurels to adorn his crest
His valiant friend had robbed of future rest, 340
Had not this blest relief of innocence
The one from death the other from expense
Of tears restrained before revenge had found
So much of guilt as might his conscience wound
  His high wrought rage stopped by too many hands
To vent its heat, Euriolus now stands
Shook with the fever of his anger till
Those friends which saw Mazara grown so ill
With wounds to gasp for breath by giving way
For air they to the victor's view betray 350
His best of friends At which afflicting sight
Cursing the cause of that unhappy fight
His sword as guilty thrown aside, he hastes
To his relief in which kind act none wastes
Their friendly help life is but stolen from pain
Behind the veil of death appears again
On Nature's frontiers whose returning flame
Though scarce of strength to warm looked red with shame
When he so many well known friends beheld
Sad witnesses how much his passion swelled 360
Above the banks where reason should have staid
When to that meeting it his friend betrayed
  Their veils of steel removed each now beholds
What shame and wonder in firm contracts folds
Amazed stands brave Euriolus to see
None but his friend—his honoured friend—should be
The parent of that quarrel, shame confounds
Mazara more and from internal wounds
Though like the Red Sea's springs his other bled,
Perhaps less danger but more torment bred 370
Both now by his unforced confession knew
Whose equal honoured beauty twas that drew
Them to this fatal combat whose event
Him near the grave on loves vain errand sent

372 equal honoured] Orig 'equalled honoured

Friendship renewed in strict embraces, they
Are now arrived where weak Carina lay,
So faint with love's phlebotomy that she,
Masked in forgetful slumbers, could not see
Approaching shame, which, when discovered, sticks
Life's fair carnations on her death-like cheeks 380
Hasting to see what over-forward rage
That unknown stranger's weakness did engage
In that unhappy quarrel, they beheld,
At the first glance, an object that expelled
Into the shades of sorrow's wilderness
All temperate thoughts —his sister's sad distress,
Wrought by his arm whose strength betrayed her near
The grave, did to Euriolus appear,
Dreadful as if some treacherous friend had shown
Those flames in which his scorched companions groan 390
Nor did Mazara, though but prompted by
Pity, that tender child of sympathy,
With less relenting sorrow live to see
Love's bloody trophies, though unknown to be
By his victorious beauty reared To save
From the cold grasp of an untimely grave
So ripe a virgin, whilst her brother stands
Unnerved with grief, amongst the helpful hands
Of other friends are his employed, till, by
Their useful aid, fled life returns to try 400
Once more the actions of the world, before
It shot the gulf of death, but on the shore
Of active Nature was no sooner set,
But that, together with the light, she met
Her far more welcome lover Whom whilst she
Beholds with trembling, Heaven, resolved to free
A suffering captive, turns his pity to
So much of passion, as ere long love grew
On the same stem, whose flowers to propagate,
She in these words uncurtains mystic fate 410
'Forbear your aid, brave sir, and let me die,
Ere live the author of a prodigy
That future times shall curse! Yet pardon me,
Dear brother, Heaven will ne'er impute to thee
The guilt of blood 'twas my unhappy love
Which raised this storm, which, if my prayers may prove
In death successful, let me crave of you,
Dear sir, to whom I long have borne a true
But indiscreet affection, that from hence,
For poor Carina's sake, for this expense 420
Of tears and blood, you would preserve those dear
Respects of friendship, that did once appear
Confirmed betwixt you, and, although my fate
Unto the worst of ills precipitate

My fame and life oh! let my name not be
Offensive to your ear This this for me
Is all you shall perform —Which spoke, she d let
Her hovering soul forth to have paid the debt
Of nature to the grave had not she been
By some assisting friends whilst dropping in 430
Staid at the last step and brought back to meet
The bridal pair, no single winding sheet
This doubtful combat ended they are to
The court conveyed, where Fame upon this new
Text commenting in various characters
Transcribes her sense —some this bold act of hers
Term unbecoming passion others brave
Heroic love But what most comfort gave
To cured Carina, was that this lost blood
Had proved loves balm and in a purple flood 440
Washed from her heart grief's sable stains for now
Merit had taught her dear Mazara how
To prize her virtuous love, and for its sake
Its cabinet her heart s best temple make.
Thus passion s troubled sea had settled in
A smooth and gentle calm had there not been
Unhappily to blast their sweet content
Not long before an act, for th banishment
Of all such courtiers made as should without
A licence from the council fight about 450
Whatever private quarrel But not this
Mazara or his new choice frights—their bliss
Stood on more firm foundations than the court s
Uncertain favours were whose glorious sports
Although he left it was not to retire
To sullen cares, what honour could require
A state which called him her unquestioned lord
Without depending favours did afford
But whilst we leave this noble lover, by
This mandate freed from what before did tie 460
Unto a troublesome attendance we
From brave Euriolus are forced to be
With sorrow parted since the general love
His virtue had obtained wants strength to move
The ponderous doom Ere his impoverished heart
Grown poor in streams could from life s springs impart
Warm blood enough for his pale cheeks to drink
A health to beauty he s enforced to think
Of that sad theme of parting on whose sense
His grieved soul dictates sighs yet could dispense 470
Even with its harshest rigour were there but
Any exception in it, that might put

472 exception] Orig acception

Out parting with Florenza, that though he
Were shrunk into his former poverty,
Calling the rugged frowns of Fate, would bear
A brow unclouded with Ambition's care
But he must go —not all the rhetoric
Of tempting love could plead against the quick
Approach of time, whose speedy motion now
Only some slippery minutes did allow 485
Their parting tears in whose exalted flood,
Had reason not with future hopes withstood
The rising stream, Love's summer fruits had been,
O'erwhelmed with grief, for ever buried in
A deluge of despair, but that, whilst she,
With such sad looks as wintering Scythians see
The sun haste toward the arctic pole, beholds
His slow departure, glimmering hope unfolds
Twilight, which now foretells their frozen fear—
Day may return to Love's cold hemisphere 490

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

The princess, by unlucky accident,
  Having Love's secret embassies betrayed
To her great father, by that action spent
  That stock of hope which promised future aid

His rage being to such rash extremes inflamed,
  That he, whose mandates none durst disobey
As if his power were of such acts ashamed,
  Shrinks from 't himself, and poorly doth betray

If angry Age, the enemy to love,
Tells thy grave pride—thy judgement is above
What with contempt, although it injure truth,
Thy spleen miscalls the vanity of youth,
If harsh employment, gross society,
That feast of brutes, make thee an enemy
To love, the soul's commercive language, then
Remove thy eye, whilst my unenvied pen,
That long to passion hath a servant been,
Confines the fair Pharonnida's within 10
These paper limits Frozen still she lies
Beneath opposing passions, her bright eyes,

Arg 8, 't himself] Orig 'itself'
1 Age] Orig 'Aid,' which is of course pure nonsense and betrays, only more distinctly than many other misprints, the fact that the copy was set up from dictation, and never 'read'

Those stars whose best of influence scarce had power
To thaw what grief congealed into a shower
Of heart disburthening tears their influence spend
In sorrow s polar circles and could lend
No light to beauty s world I the vigorous reign
Of this pale tyrant whilst she did remain
Unlightened with a beam of comfort in
A bower being set that formerly had been 20
Her seat when she heard the unhappy news
Of parting with Argalia whilst she views
She blames the guiltless shadows who to ask
Pardon, in trembling murmurs did unmask
Their naked limbs and scattered at her feet
The fragrant veil in s death bed sat the sweet
But pining rose, each grass its heavy head
Laden with tears did hang whilst her eyes shed
A pattern to instruct them Hence whilst she
Looks thorough on a way conceived to be 30
The same her lord marched with his army when
He left Gerenza with a haste more then
A common traveller she sees one post
Towards her court whose visage had not lost
Its room within her memory—he s known
Argalia s page And now each minute grown
A burthen to her thoughts that did defer
A nearer interview the messenger
Arrives and to her eager view presents
His master's letters whose enclosed contents 40
Are now the object her expecting soul
Courts with desire nor doth she long control
Their forward haste—a diamond being by
The messenger returned whose worth might vie
Price with an Indian fleet when it sails slow
With its glittering burthen Though each word overflow
With joy whilst her inquisitive discourse
Was on this pleasing theme time did enforce
The pages swift departure who with all
Affected epithets that love can call 50
To gild invention when it would express
Things more sublime than mortal happiness
Is gone to carry his expecting lord
What pleasure could when rarified afford
Whilst this sweet joy was only clothed in fresh
Blossoms of hope like souls ere mixt with flesh,
She only by desire subsisted but
Now to her chamber come and having shut
The treacherous door, from the conjugal seal
The white lipped paper freed doth soon reveal 60

32 Gerenza] I follow Singer in adopting this form The orig wanders between Ghirenza Ghieranza &c

Love's welcome embassies—She reads, and, by
Each line transported to an ecstasy,
In fancy's wild meanders lost the way
She rashly entered, faint desire would stay
At every word in amorous sighs to breathe
A love sick groan, but she is yet beneath
The mount of joy, and must not rest until
Her swift-paced eye had climbed the flowery hill.
Which now passed lightly o'er, with an intent
Of a review to its best ornament, 70
His name, she comes, which whilst bathed in the balm
Of fragrant kisses, from joy's gentle calm
She thus is startled—A redoubled groan,
That sign of neighbouring sorrow, though unknown
From whence, affrights her soul, but she too soon,
Too sadly knows the cause The height of noon
Raged in reflected heat, when, walking in
Those outer rooms, her father long had been
In expectation of her sight, but not
Finding her there, a golden slumber got 80
The start of 's meditations to comply
With whose calm council, he did softly lie
Down on a stately couch, whose glittering pride
A curtain from the public view did hide
Where, having plucked from off the wing of Time
Some of her softest down, the dews, that climb
In sleep to stop each ventricle, begin
To steal a soft retreat hovering within
His stretched-out limbs sleep's vapours lie, his hand
Rubs from his eyes those leaden bolts that stand 90
Over their heavy lids, which scarce was done,
When first surprised Pharonnida begun
To read her letter, and by that sad chance
Betray her love Passion strove to advance
Her father from his lodging when he first
Heard the discovery, but though anger thirst
For swift revenge, yet policy persuades
Him to hear further, ere his sight invades
Her troop of pleasures Whose thin squadrons broke
By what she'd heard, before she could revoke 100
Her vanquished spirits, that were fled to seek
Protection in her heart, robbing her cheek
Of all the blood to waft in, whilst she stands
A burthen to her trembling legs, her hands
Wringing each other's ivory joints, her bright
Eyes scattering their distracted beams, the flight
O' the curtain from her father's angry touch,
Discovers whence that groan, which caused so much
Her wonder, came Grief and amazement strives
Awhile with love, which soon victorious drives 110

Those pale guests from her cheeks unto whose aid
Her noble heart secure from being betrayed
By its own strength did send a quick supply
Of its warm blood her conscience knows no why
To fear cause knows no guilt, nor could have been
By love so virtuous e'er drawn near a sin
But as the evening blushes for the rude
Winds of the ensuing day so fortitude
Upon the lovely roses that did grow
Within her face a deeper dye bestow 120
Than fear could e'er have done and did presage
The ensuing storm's exagitated rage
Silent with passion which his eyes inflamed
The prince awhile beholds her ere he blamed
The frailty of affection but at length
Through the thick throng of thoughts armed with a strength
Which crushed the soft smiles of paternal love
He thus begins And must oh must that prove
My greatest curse on which my hopes ordained
To raise my happiness? Have I refrained 130
The pleasures of a nuptial bed to joy
Alone in thee not trembled to destroy
My name so that advancing thine I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till grown in debt to age she hath sent
Diseases to arrest me that impair
My strength and hopes e'er to enjoy an heir
Which might preserve my name that only now
Must in our dusty annals live whilst thou 140
Transferst the glory of our house on one
Which had not I warmed into life had gone
A wretch forgotten of the world to the earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth
Of fancy from thy soul quick as thou dst fly
Descending wrath if visible—or I
Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name
Rot in my memory not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee but as some
Dire prodigy which to foreshow should come 150
All ills which through the progress of my life
Did chance, were sent I lost a queen and wife
Thy virtuous mother, who for her goodness might
Have here supplied before she took her flight
To heaven my better angel's place have since
Stood storms of strong affliction still a prince
Over my passions until now—but this
Hath proved me coward Oh! thou dost amiss

132 not] Singer nor perhaps unnecessarily

To grieve me thus, fond girl With that he shook
His reverend head, beholds her with a look 165
Composed of grief and anger, which she sees
With melting sorrow but resolved love frees
Her from more yielding pity To begin
The prologue to obedience, which within
Her breast still dwelt, though swayed by love, she falls
Prostrate at 's feet, to his remembrance calls
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust,
She now conjures him not to be unjust
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul
Fled satisfied from earth, as to control 170
Her freedom of affection Rather she
Desires her interest in his crown might be
Denied her, than the choice of one to sway
It in her right She urges how it may
Be by his virtue far more glorified
Whom she had chose, than if by marriage tied
To any neighbouring prince, who only there
Would rule by proxy, whilst his greater care
Secured his own inheritance She then
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when 180
Distressed within Alcithius' walls, the love
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove
Her choice their happiness, with all, how great
A likelihood it was—but the retreat
Of royalty to a more safe disguise,
Had showed him to their state's deluded eyes
So mean a thing Love's boundless rhetoric
About to dictate more, he with a quick
And furious haste forsakes the room, his rage
Thus boiling o'er —'And must my wretched age 190
Be thus by thee tormented? But take heed,
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed
Until he quench the flame' At which harsh word
He leaves the room, nor could her strength afford
Her power to rise, which whilst she strives to do,
Her memory adding more weights unto
The burthen of her thoughts, her soul oppresst
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest
It must not yet enjoy, swift help lends light,
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night 200
Of grief o'ershadowed her You that have been,
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in
The engines of forbidden love, that have
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs to crave
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive
What wild distraction seized her I must leave

206 distraction] Orig 'destruction'

Her passion s volume only to be read
Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled
At the like dangerous wounds Whilst she sits here
Amazed with grief know that no smiles appear 210
To smooth her father s angry brow yet to
None he unfolds his thoughts, but bent to do
Whate er his rage should dictate, to appease
This high wrought storm which turned into disease
Each motion of the brain he only takes
Scorn and revenge to whose ill counsel shakes
The quiet of the soul to be his guides
Thorough those night specked walks whose shadow hides
The languished beams of love Awhile their strong
Ingredients boil in s blood before they throng 20
The scattered thoughts into a quintessence
Of poisonous resolutions First from thence
There sprung this black disaster to attend
Argalia s fortune—He doth forthwith send
A secret messenger t the warlike prince
Of Syracuse to let him know that since
He sent those forces to assist him in
His war their general that till late had been
The darling of his love, by arguments
Too strong was proved a traitor whose intents 230
Aimed at his crown and life To aggravate
His spleen the more he writes him word—their fate
On the same ominous pinions flew if that
He proved successful Having warmed him at
This flame of passion he concludes with— Sir
You guess my meaning I would have no stir
About dispatching of him for he s grown
Strong in affection and may call his own
The hearts of half my kingdom Let this give
Your justice power he s too much loved to live 240
The startled Syracusan having read
These bloody lines which had not only bred
A new but nourished growing envy in
His mighty soul—a stranger to all sin—
So full of guilt as to dissemble till
The new made general s just deserts did fill
Fame s still augmented volume and was grown
More legible than what he called his own
What in a rival prince had been a high
And noble emulation kindled by 250
A smaller star blasts virtue He beholds
His lightning valour which each hour unfolds
Examples for posterity destroy
What though he trembled at creates no joy
Within his sullen soul a secret hate
By envy fed strives to unhinge his fate

From off its lofty pyramids, and throw
What merit raised unto a place more low
Than their first step to glory yet, whilst nought
But honour was engaged, disdain ne'er sought 260
For life-excluding corrosives, but love
Bearing a part, two suns might sooner move
In the same sphere, than that hot guest endure
A rival flame Desert could not secure
Worth thus besieged, yet this accurst intent
Dares not unveil itself The army sent
By him from fair Gerenza, ere the sun
Performed his summer's progress, had begun
To garrison their weary force within
Such towns as their own valour first did win 270
From the retired Aetolians Ere this task
Was fully ended, curtained in the mask
Of merit's lawful claim, reward, there came
A large commission, which Zoranza's name
Had made authentic—That the government
Of Ardenna, a town whose strength had spent
The baffled foe whole fields of blood, should be
Conferred on him By the vicinity
O' the place freed from a tedious journey, in
The city he arrives, and, what had been 280
Sent from his prince, presents those mandates that
Informed the governor who, frighted at
The strange commands, lets a pale guilt o'ertake
His swift resolves, till glorious hopes did shake
Those mourning robes of conscience off, and, in
The purple garments of a thriving sin,
Shadows his trembling soul, lest she appear
Shook with a cold fit of religious fear
The discomposure of his look, which did
Appear the birth of discontent, forbid 290
Suspicion of a blacker sin That night,
As being the last of's charge, he did invite
Argalia to remain his guest, the next
Promising to be his, yet seeming vext
To leave the place, though only to conceal
His dark design, that did itself reveal
To none but some selected soldiers, by
Whose help he meant to murther him To vie
Its benefits with the day's, night had bestowed
Refreshing slumbers upon all that owed 300
It to the last day's labour, when, without
Fear of approaching danger, hemmed about
With guards of honest valour, all his train,
Save such as mere necessity detain,

269 force] Orig 'fort' 277 whole] Orig 'whose'

Lodged in the city fearless Argalia in
The castle lies where having tempted been
By midnight revels full crowned cups to be
Betrayed from reason to ebriety
But nought prevailing he at length is led
Like an intended sacrifice t the bed 310
Ordained to be his last until the earth
Within her womb afford him one The birth
O the morn grew near her slow approach ere all
Those engines by whose strength they meant his fall
Could be prepared The governor that held
The helm of this black mischief had expelled
The poisonous guilt of staining his own sword
With blood providing villains that abhorred
No sin s contagion, though revenge did wait
On every guilty step That evening s bait 3 0
Their liquid mirth had laid although it took
No use of reason from his soul had shook
Its labouring faculties into a far
More sudden slumber which composed the war
Of wandering fancy in a harmony
Of the concordant humours until by
The sudden noise of those ordained to be
His murderers he wakes Amazed to see
His chamber so possessed he catches hold
On one of them but finds his strength controlled 330
By the assistance of the other in
The embryo of this treachery ere their sin
Was past to execution he conjures
Them to forbear so black a deed assures
Them of rewards greater than hope could call
A debt from him that basely sought his fall
But deadly silence had barred up the gates
Of every voice those cursed assassinates
Prepared for action were but Heaven prevents
That aged sin of murdering innocents 340
With miracles of mercy There was found
Not long before an ancient story, crowned
With a prophetic honour that contained
This sacred truth — When Ardenna is stained
With treachery in friendship s veil disguised
Her sable tower shall be by foes surprised
This known but misconceived to cozen Fate,
They did unwounded bear without the gate
The now resistless lion that did lie,
Like that brave prince o the forest fettered by 350
A crew of trembling hunters To the brow
Of a high promontory that did bow
Its black clifts o er the clamorous waves they had
Conveyed the noble youth The place a sad

And dismal horror wore, the grim aspects
Of lowering rocks the grey-eyed sea reflects
In ugly glaring beams, the night-raven beats
His rusty wings, and from their squalid seats
The baleful screech-owls fly, to bear their parts
In the sad murmur of the night Those hearts 360
Custom had steeled with crimes, perhaps had been
Here frighted to repentance, had not sin,
Assisted by the hands of avarice, drawn
The bridge of reason, and obscured the dawn
Of infant goodness To redeem the time
Astonishment had lost, towards their crime
They now themselves precipitate, the hand
Ordained to ruin that fair structure, and
Unravel his life's even thread, prepares
To strike the fatal blow, but He that dares 370
Obstruct commanded villany forbid
The further progress of their guilt, and chid
That pale sin in rough language of a strange
Confused sound, striking their ears—did change
The ominous dirges of the night into
A various noise of human voices Who
Durst in that secret place approach, 'twas now
Too late to think on, the rock's spacious brow
Was clouded o'er with men, whose glittering arms
Threatened destruction, ere their swift alarms 380
Could summon sleep's enfeebled aid Whilst they
Forsake their prisoner, who becomes a prey
To the invaders, seeking safety in
Their flight, they fall before him that had been
Ordained to speedier ruin, entering at
The open sallyport, they give by that
Rash act directions to the foe that mixed
Promiscuously with them, and now had fixed
Their standards on the gates The castle, in
Feverish alarums sweating, did begin 390
To ease her fiery stomach, by the breath
O' the full-mouthed cannon ministers of death
In this hot labour busily distils
Extracted spirits, noise and tumult fills
The frighted city, whose fired turrets lent
A dismal light But the assailants spent
Their blood in vain, the soldiers that had been
At the first trembling fit distracted in
Confusion's giddy maze, had rallied now
Their scattered spirits, and were seeking how 400
To purge dishonour's stains in the bright fire
Of rage-contracted valour To retire

393, 4 distils, fills] Singer corrects both false concords—things which, it may be well to repeat just once, Chamberlayne certainly commits knowingly in some places

Unto their ships in safety now is all
The invaders hope for, but so many fall
In that attempt it leaves no triumph due
To Fortune's temple By this winding clew
Of various fate, Argalia only finds
That stroke of death deceived no hand unbinds
His corded arms but that which meant to lay
Bondage as hard so corrosives do stay 410
A gangrene fed by springs of poisonous blood
When reaching at the heart as these withstood
The cataracts of death With tyrants more
Indomitable than the sea that bore
Their black fleet leave our hero to untie
This knotty riddle of his fate whilst by
The ignis fatuus of a fancy led
With slow paced feet through other paths we tread
The tumults of the city silenced in
A peaceful calm what the effects had been 4 0
Of those loud clamours whilst all seek to know
Argalia's loss makes giddy wonder grow
Into suspicion—that this act might be
Some stratagem o the governor to free
Himself from a successor But those sly
Darts of mistrust were rendered hurtless by
His prince's mandates whose envenomed hate
That spurious birth had made legitimate
Yet swift revenge affronts his treason in
Its full career, his master having been 430
By him informed of a surprisal where
All sounds but death affrighted could not bear
The burthen of his fears and yet not sink
Deeper in sin Ere the poor wretch could think
On aught but undeserved rewards he by
A brace of mutes being strangled from the high
But empty clouds of expectation drops
To let the world know what vain shadow props
Those blood erected pyramids that stand
On secret murder's black and rotten sand 440
When thus the Syracusan had secured
His future fame passion that still endured
A strong distemperature slept not until
The story of their crossed design did fill
Palermo's prince's ear Argalia's loss
Was now the ball that babbling Fame did toss
Thorough the court upon whose airy wing
Reaching the island it too soon did bring
The heavy news disguised in robes more sad
Than truth to her whose stock of virtues had 450

444 crossed] Orig crosse and cross is not at all impossible
445 Palermo's] Palermo introduces a fresh confusion of scene

Been ventured on that sea of merit In
Such forms of grief, as princes that have been
Hurled from the splendent glories of a throne
Into a dungeon, her great soul did groan
Beneath the weights of grief the doleful tale
Had thunder-struck all joy, her spirits exhale
Their vigour forth in sighs, and faintly let
That glorious fabric, unto which they're set
Supporters, fall to the earth Yet sorrow stays
Not in this frigid zone, rude grief betrays 460
Her passions to her father's jealous ear,
Who, fearing least Argalia's stars might clear
Their smoky orbs, and once more take a flight
From death's cold house, by a translated light,
To separate from sorrow, and again,
In fortune's house, lord of the ascendant reign,
He doubts that island's safety, and from thence
Removes her with what speedy diligence
Fear could provoke suspicion to Her train,
Shook with that sudden change, desire in vain 470
The island's pleasure, ere they know how much
Their fates must differ As it oft in such
Unlooked for changes happens, each man vents
His own opinion,—some said, discontents
Of the young princess, others, that the season
O' the year was cause but though none know his reason.
All must obey his will The pleasant isle,
Whose walks, fair gardens, prospects, did beguile
Time of so many happy hours, must now,
A solitary wilderness whose brow 480
Winter had bound in folds of ice, be left
To wail their absence, whilst each tree, bereft
Of leaves, did like to virgin mourners stand,
Clothed in white veils of glittering icelets, and
Shook with the breath of those sharp winds that brought
The hoary frost The pensive birds had sought
Out springs that were unbarred with ice, and there
Grew hoarse with cold, the crusted earth did wear
A rugged armour, every bank, unclad
With flowers, concealed the juicy roots that had 490
Adorned their summer's dress, the meadows' green
And fragrant mantle, withering, lay between
The grizly mountain's naked arms,—all grows
Into a swift decay, as if it owes
That tribute unto her departure, by
Whose presence 'twas adorned Seated did lie,
Within the circuit of Gerenza's wall,
Though stretched to embrace, a castle, which they call

474 said] Orig 'did' 486 frost] 'Frost' is Singer's correction for 'fish' which cannot be right, and was probably suggested by 'birds'

The princes tower—a place whose strength had stood
Unshook with danger—When that violent flood 500
Of war raged in the land hither were brought
Such if of noble blood whose greatness sought
From treacherous plots extension yet although
To those a prison here he did bestow
His best of treasure briefly it had been
Unto the Spartan kings a magazine
Since first they ruled that kingdom and whenever
A war drew near them their industrious care
Made it their place of residence The hill
Twas built upon with s rocky feet did fill 510
A spacious isthmus at its depth a lake,
Supplied b the neighbouring sea let in to make
The fort the more impregnable with slow
But a deep current running did bestow
A dreadful prospect on the bended brow
O the hill which covered with no earth did bow
Its torn clifts o er the heavy stream The way
That led to it was o er a bridge, which they
That guard it did each night draw up, from whence
A steep ascent whose natural defence 520
Assisted by all helps of art had made
The fatal place so dangerous to invade—
Each step a death presented Here when he
Had placed his daughter, whose security
Rocks walls nor rivers warranted without
A trusty guard of soldiers hemmed about
The walls less hard than they Those gentlemen
That on her happier court attended when
Argalia did command them as too mild
Were now discharged, their office on a wild 30
Band of those mountain soldiers who had in
His last great war most famed for valour been
Being conferred and these lest they should be
Forced by commands into civility
Bestowed upon the fierce Brunorchus one
Whose knotty disposition nature spun
With all her coarsest threads composing it
For strength not beauty yet a lodging fit
For such a rough unpolished guest as that
Black soul whose dictates it oft trembled at 40
In feverish glooms whose subterranean fire
Inflamed that ill formed chaos with desire
Its vigour to employ in nought of kin
To goodness till twas better tempered in
The princes court where though he could not cast
His former rudeness off yet having past

540 oft] O ig ought another no do bt, of the slips of *ea*

The filing of the courtiers' tongues, at length
It thus far wrought him—he converts that strength
To 's prince's service, which till then had lay
In passion's fetters, learning to obey 550
The gentle strokes of government Though bred
In savage wildness, nurst with blood, and fed
With hourly rapine, since he had forsook
Those desert haunts a firm obedience took
Hold on 's robustious nature, not to be
By that effeminate wanton, Flattery,
Stroked to a yielding mildness Which being known
To the mistrustful prince, whose passions, grown
So far above the reach of reason that
Her strength could not support them, bending at 560
Their own unwieldy temper, sunk into
Acts that his milder thoughts would blush to do,
Make him from all his nobler captains choose
Forth this indomitable beast To use
So harsh a discipline unto the sole
Heir to his crown, a lady that did roll
More virtues on the spindle of her life,
Than Fate days' length of thread, had raised a strife
So high in his vexed subjects' blood, that all
Murmur in secret, but there's none durst call 570
His prince's acts in question to behold
Her prison through their tears, and then unfold
Their friends a veil of sorrow, is the most
Their charity durst do But that which crost
Distressed Pharonnida above the grief
Of her restraint, or aught but the belief
Of her Argalia's death, is now to be
Barred, when she wants it most, society
With sorrowful Florenza, whilst she staid,
The partner of her secrets, now betrayed 580
By false Amphibia to her father, and
Banished the court, retiring, to withstand
The storms of greatness, to her father's own
Poor quiet home, which, as if ne'er she'd known
The beauties of a palace, did content
Her even thoughts, at leisure to lament
In pensive tears her wretched mistress' fate,
Whose joys eclipsed, converts her robes of state
To mourning sables What delights the place
Was capable of having, to deface 590
The characters of grief, her father strives
To make them hers, but no such choice flower thrives
In the cold region of her breast,—she makes
Her prison such as theirs, whose guilt forsakes
All hopes of mercy The slow-footed day,
Hardly from night distinguished, steals away

Few beams from her tear-clouded eyes and those
A melancholy pensiveness bestows
On saddest objects The overshadowed room,
Wherein she sat, seemed but a large sized tomb, 600
Where beauty buried lay, its furniture
Of doleful black hung in it to inure
Her eyes to objects like her thoughts In which
Night-dress of sorrow, till a smile enrich
Impoverished beauty I must leave her to
Her sighs those sad companions! and renew
His fatal story, for whose love alone
She dares exchange the glories of a throne.

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

From treachery which two princes annals stained,
The brave Argalia by protecting fate
Delivered land on Rhodes fair isle attained
Being there elected champion for their state

In which design, although with victory blest
The common fate him soon a prisoner makes
To a proud Turk beneath whose power distressed,
His virtue proffered liberty forsakes.

THROUGH the dark paths of dusty annals, we
Led by his valour's light return to see
Argalia's story who hath, since that night
Wherein he took that strange distracted flight
From treacherous Ardenna performed a course
So full of threatening dangers that the force
Of his protecting angel trembled to
Support his fate which cracked the slender clew
Of destiny almost to death His stars
Doubting their influence when such horrid wars 10
The gods proclaimed, withdrew their languished beams
Beneath heaven's spangled arch In pitchy streams
The heavy clouds unlade their wombs until
The angry winds fearing the flood should fill
The air their region where they ruled did break
Their marble lodgings, nature's self grew weak

A g 3 on] Orig or and I would not undertake that Chamberlayne's restless and unconventional thought did not understand by land continent or main and suggest a sort of parenthesis of correction
15 their] S nger 'the reg on to some positive loss

With these distemperatures, and seemed to draw
Toward dissolution, her neglected law
Each element forgot the imprisoned flame,
When the clouds' stock of moisture could not tame 20
Its violence, in sulphury flashes break
Thorough the glaring air, the swoln clouds speak
In the loud voice of thunder, the sea raves
And foams with anger, hurls his troubled waves
High as the moon's dull orb, whose waning light
Withdrew to add more terror to the night
When the black curtain of this storm that took
The use of art away, had made them look
For nought but swift destruction, being so vain
For th' mariners to row that the proud main 30
Scorned to be lashed with oars, to ease distress,
The night forsook them but a day no less
Dreadful succeeds it, by whose doubtful light
The wretched captives soon discover right
Near them a Turkish navy, to whose aid
The renegadoes (having first displayed
Their silver crescents) join Nor did they meet
That help untimely, a brave Rhodian fleet
Set forth from those, the Christian bulwarks, to
Obstruct the Turks' invasions, was in view 40
To meet the threatening danger, which 'twas then
Too late to waive, that miracle of men,
The brave Argalia, chained unto an oar,
Is with a thousand noble captives more
Forced to assist damned infidels And now
The well-armed fleets draw near, their swift keels plough
The ocean's angry front First, they salute
Each other with their cannon, those grown mute,
Come to more desperate fight, unfriendly bands
Unite their vessels, the fierce soldier stands 50
Firm on his hatches, whilst another boards
His active enemies, whose ship affords
No room for such unwelcome guests, but sends
Their scattered limbs into thin air, each bends
His strength to 's foe's destruction Plunging in
Which bloody sweat, the Rhodians' hopes had been
Lost with their fleet, had not kind fortune smiled
Thus on their fear Whilst action had beguiled
Each soul of passive cares, Argalia sees
A way to unlock his rusty chain, and frees 60
Himself and fellows from their bank, which done,
Those that continued at their oars did run
The vessel from the rest, and, ere unto
Their sight betrayed, the trembling pirates slew

34 right] Orig 'night'

Then closing with their unsuspicious foes
I the vigour of the fight they discompose
Their well ranged fleet and such confusion strook
Into the van to see their rear thus shook
With an unlooked for hurricane that in
A fearful haste the numerous Turks begin 70
To stretch their fins and flee But all their speed
Was spent in vain Argalus hand had freed
So many captives that their galleys must
Unto the winds uncertain favour trust
Or else becalmed, but feebly crawl before
Their eager foes who both with sail and oar
Chased them to ruin Glorious victory
Thus to the Christian party being by
A stranger purchased, with such high applause
As those that rescue a declining cause 80
From the approach of ruin welcomed he
Is now received into th society
Of the brave Christian order But they not
Long joyed in victory, ere the Turk, to blot
The stains of being conquered out had made
A mighty army ready to invade
The valiant Rhodians where Argalus shows
So brave a spirit their whole army owes
His valour for example The Turks had oft
Made desperate onslaughts on the isle but brought 90
Nought back but wounds and infamy, but now
Wearied with toil they are resolved to bow
Their stubborn resolutions with the strength
Of not to-be resisted want The length
O the chronical disease extended had
To some few months since to oppress the sad
But constant islanders the army lay
Circling their confines Whilst this tedious stay
From battle rusts the soldier s valour in
His tainted cabin there had often been 100
With all variety of fortune fought
Brave single combats whose success had brought
Honour s unwithered laurels on the brow
Of either party but the balance now
Forced by the hand of a brave Turk inclined
Wholly to them Thrice had his valour shined
In victory s refulgent rays thrice heard
The shouts of conquest thrice on s lance appeared
The heads of noble Rhodians which had strook
A general sorrow mongst the knights All look 110

89 oft] Orig ought There can be no doubt about the right word in meaning but it is an interest ng poi t in the History of Rhyme whether brought was pro nounc d broft with the sound of cough or whether oft was forced in a *pl squa* i Spenserian fashion to su t the eye

Who next the lists should enter, each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice,
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be
Their happy champion Truce proclaimed until
The combat end, the expecting people fill
The spacious battlements, the Turks forsake
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take 120
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks Each part behold their knight
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat
They toil for victory The conflict's heat
Raged in their veins, which honour more inflamed
Than burning calentures could do, both blamed
The feeble influence of their stars that gave
No speedier conquest, each neglects to save
Himself—to seek advantage to offend
His eager foe The dreadful combat's end 130
Nought but their loss of blood proclaims, their spirits
In that reflux of heat and life inherits
Valour's unconquered throne But now so long
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cooled on the ground, with 's blood, he fell at length
Beneath his conquering sword The barbarous crew
O' the villains, that did at a distance view
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot 140
And desperate combat with those knights that stand
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall but here he spent
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent
His scattered troops, who for protection fly
T' the city gates, but, closely followed by
Their foes, did there for sad oblations fall
To dying liberty Their battered wall
Groaned with the wondrous weight of lead, and in
Its ruins hides her battlements, within 150
The bloody streets the Turkish crescents are
Displayed, whilst all the miseries of war
Raged in their palaces The common sort
Of people make the barbarous soldier sport
In dying, whilst those that survive them crave
Their fate in vain, here cruelty did save
And mercy only kill, since death set free
Those happier souls from dire captivity,
At length the unrestrained soldier tires,
Although not satisfies his foul desires, 160

With rapes and murder When, amongst those poor
Distressed captives that from thence they bore
Argalia lies in chains ordained to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty
Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in
The combat late he slew yet had not been
In that so much unhappy had not he
That honoured then his sword with victory
Half brother to Janusa been—a bright
But cruel lady whose refined delight 170
Her slave though husband Ammurat durst not
Ruffle with discontent Wherefore to cool that hot
Contention of her blood which he foresaw
That heavy news would from her anger draw
To quench with the brave Christian s death he sent
Him living to her that her anger spent
In flaming torments might not settle in
The dregs of discontent Staying to win
Some Rhodian castles all the prisoners were
Sent with a guard into Sardinia there 180
To meet their wretched thraldom From the rest
Argalia severed soon hopes to be blest
With speedy death though waited on by all
The hell instructed torments that could fall
Within invention s reach But he s not yet
Arrived to s period his unmoved stars sit
Thus in their orbs secured—It was the use
O the Turkish pride which triumphs in the abuse
Of suffering Christians once before they take
The ornaments of nature off to make 190
Their prisoners public to the view that all
Might mock their miseries This sight did call
Janusa to her palace window where
Whilst she beholds them love resolved to bear
Her ruin on her treacherous eye beams till
Her heart infected grew their orbs did fill,
As the most pleasing object with the sight
Of him whose sword opened a way for th flight
Of her loved brother s soul At the first view
Passion had struck her dumb but when it grew 200
Into desire she speedily did send
To have his name, which known hate did defend
Her heart besieged with love, she sighs and straight
Commands him to a dungeon, but Love s bait
Cannot be so cast up though to deface
His image in her soul she strives The place
For s execution she commands to be
Gainst the next day prepared but rest and she
Grow enemies about it if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts that doth reveal 210

Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought
His grisly wounds to show her, smeared in blood,
Standing before her sight, and, by that flood
Those red streams wept, imploring vengeance; then,
Enraged, she cries—Oh, let him die But when
Her sleep-imprisoned fancy, wandering in
The shades of darkened reason, did begin
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,
Love's sovereign power did suddenly control 220
The strength of those abortive embryoes, sprung
From smothered anger The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
On drooping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sun-beams, ere
Whose early reign, Janusa, that could bear
No longer locked within her breast so great
An army of rebellious passions, beat
From Reason's conquered fortress, did unfold
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench, whose bold 230
Wit, joined with zeal to serve her, had endeared
Her to her best affections Having cleared
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,
By whose close wiles this plot must be conveyed
To secret action, of her council makes
Two eunuch-panders, by whose help she takes
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,
And lodged him in that castle, to affright
And soften his great soul with fear The light, 240
Which lent its beams unto the dismal place
In which he lay, without presents the face
Of horror smeared in blood—A scaffold, built
To be the stage of murder, blushed with guilt
Of Christian blood, by several torments let
From the imprisoning veins This object set
To startle his resolves if good, and make
His future joys more welcome, could not shake
The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood 250
The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread
The earth in black for what the falling day
Had blushed in fire, whilst the brave prisoner lay
Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends
Strength to the wings of Faith, which, mounted on
The rock of hope, was hovering to be gone
Towards her eternal fountain, from whose source
Celestial love enjoined her lower course 260

Whilst in this holy ecstasy, his knees
Descent did mount his heart to Him that sees
His thoughts developed whilst dull shades oppress
The drowsy hemisphere whilst all did rest
Save those whose actions blushed at day light, or
Such wretched souls whose sullen cares abhor
Truce with refreshing slumbers he beholds
A glimmering light whose near approach unfolds
The leaves of darkness Whilst his wonder grows
Big with amazement the dim taper shows 210
What hand conveyed it thither he might see
False Manto entered who prepared to be
A bawd unto her lustful mistress came
Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame
A heart congealed with death's approach but thaw
Him from the frozen rocks of rigid law
With brighter constellations, that did move
In spheres where every star was fired with love
The siren yet to show that she had left
Some modesty unruffled by the theft 280
Of mercenary baseness sadly wept—
Her errand's prologue but guilt was not kept
Within the curtain long she only sate
A mourner for the sickness of his fate
Until esteemed for pitiful and then
Prescribes this remedy — Most blest of men
Compose thy wonder and let only joy
Dwell in thy soul, my coming's to destroy
Not nurse thy trembling fears Be but so wise
To follow thy swift fate and thou mayst rise 90
Above the reach of danger In thy arms
Circle that power whose radiant brightness charms
Fierce Amurat's anger when his crescents shine
In a full orb of forces What was thine
Ere made a prisoner though the doubtful state
Of the best Christian monarch will abate
Its splendour when that daughter of the night
Thy feeble star shines in a heaven of light
If life or liberty then bear a shape
Worthy thy courting swear not to escape 300
By the attempts of strength and I will free
The iron bonds of thy captivity
A solemn oath by that Great Power he served
Took and believed his hopes no longer starved
In expectation From that swarthy seat
Of sad despair his narrow jail replete
With lazy damps she leads him to a room
In whose delights Joy's summer seemed to bloom,
There left him to the brisk society
Of costly baths and Corsic wines whose high 310

And sprightly temper from cool sherbets found
A calm allay Here his harsh thoughts unwound
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate
So much, but that he dares to recreate
His spirits, by unwieldy action tired,
With all that lust into no crime had fired
  By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,
His sullied garments were removed, and in
Their place such various habits laid, as Pride
Would clothe her favourites with, she means to hide 320
From those deformities, which, accident,
On Nature's issue, striving to prevent
Form's even progress, casts, when she would twine
That active male with matter feminine
  Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests
Fair Persian mantles, rich Sclavonian vests
The gaudy Tuscan, or transmuted shape
Of the fantastic French—the British ape,
The grave and constant Spaniard, all might here
Find garments, such as princes would appear 330
To grace their honoured nuptials in, or tell
Strangers how much their treasure doth excel
Though on this swift variety of fate
He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate
Too safe within her guards of reason, to
Be shook with passion that there's something new
And strange approaching after such a storm,
This gentle calm assures him, but the form
Of pleasure softens not that which the other
And worse extreme not with fear's damps could smother 340
He flies not with the rugged separatist
Pleasure's smooth walks, nor doth, enjoying, twist
Those threads of gold to fetters, he dares taste
All mirth, but what religion's stock would waste
His limbs, from wounds but late recovered, now
Refreshed with liquid odours, did allow
Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in
Such robes as wore their ornament within,
Veiled o'er their beauty Linen, smooth and soft
As Phœnix' down, and whiter than what's brought 350
From furthest China, he puts on, and then,
What habit custom made familiar, when
Clothed in his own, makes choice of for to be
Most honoured of that rich variety
  In an Italian garb t' the doublet clad,
Manto, lust's swift and watchful spy, that had
With an officious care attended on
That motion, entering, hastes him to be gone

312 allay] Orig 'ally'

Toward more sublime delights Which though a just
And holy doubt proclaim the road of lust, 360
Knowing his better angel did attend
Upon each step he ventures to descend
The dreadful precipice so far until
The burning vale was seen then mounts the hill
Of heaven bred fortitude from whence disdain
Floods of contempt on those dark fires did rain
His guilty conduct now had brought him near
Janusa s room the glaring lights appear
Thorough the windows crystal walls, the strong
Perfumes of balmy incense mixed among 3 0
The wandering atoms of the air did fly
Sights nimble scouts yet were made captive by
A slower sense as if but to reveal
What breathed within those fugitives did steal
Thorough their unseen sallyports which now
Were useless grown The open doors allow
A free access into the room where come,
Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb
Their Alcoran s tales of paradise, the fair
And sparkling gems i the gilded roof impair 380
Their tapers fires yet both themselves confess
Weak to those flames Janusa s eyes possess
With such a joy as bodies that do long
For souls shall meet them in the doomsday s throng
She that ruled princes though not passions sate
Waiting her lover on a throne whose state
Epitomized the empire s wealth her robe
With costly pride had robbed the chequered globe
Of its most fair and orient jewels to
Enhance its value captive princes who 390
Had lost their crowns might here those gems have seen
That did adorn them yet she trusts not in
These auxiliary strengths her confidence
In her own beauty rests which no defence
Of chastity ere yet withstood and now
She scorns to fear it when her power did bow
Unto a slave condemned that ne er could look
To see the light, but whilst some torment took
The use of eyes away Whilst he draws near
By her command no less it did appear 400
Her wonder to behold his dauntless spirit
Than his what virtue to applaud as merit
Placed in a seat near her bright throne to stir
His settled thoughts she thus begins —'From her
Your sword hath so much injured as to shed
Blood so near kin to mine that it was fed

367 conduct] Conduct for conductress may just deserve a note because of the odd reversal of meaning involved 383 4 Blake! 398 light] Orig sight.

By the same milky fountains, and within
One womb warmed into life, is such a sin
I could not pardon, did not love commit
A rape upon my mercy all the wit 410
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,
Ere thou redeemed, which now, although it cost
The price of all my honours, I will do —
Be but so full of gratitude as to
Repay my care with love Why dost thou thus
Sit dumb to my discourse? It lies in us
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay'
This on the spur of passion spoke, she strains
His hand in hers, where feeling the big veins 420
Beat with intemperate heat, conceiving it
The strokes of lust, to aggravate the fit
Into a paroxysm of guilt, she shows
More than with modesty, how much she owes
To Nature's treasure, for that ill-spent stock
Of beauty she enjoyed —Her eyes unlock
Two cabinets of sparkling diamonds, which
The even foils of ebon brows enrich
With a more orient brightness, on her cheek
The roses, conquering the pale lily, seek 430
To counterfeit a blush, but vanquished shame
Submits to love, in whose insulting flame
The modest virgin a sad martyr dies,
And at Fame's wounds bleeds—Passion's sacrifice,
Nature's embossed work, her soft swelling breasts,
Those balls of living ivory, unprest
Even with the weight of tiffany, displays
Whiteness that shamed the swan's the blood, that strays
In azure channels over them, did show
By their swelled streams, how high the tide did flow 440
Wherein her passions sailed, the milky way,
Love's fragrant valley that betwixt them lay,
Was moist with balmy dew, extracted by
The busy spirits that did hovering fly
Thorough her boiling blood, whose raging flame
Had scorched to death the April flowers of shame
To charm those sullen spirits that within
The dark cells of his conscience might have been
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,
The soul's composure, music, did refine 450
The lazy air, whose polished harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by
A wanton song was answered, whose each part
Invites the hearing to betray the heart

434 bleeds] Orig 'bled'

Having with all these choice flowers strewed the way
That leads to lust to shun the slow delay
Of his approach her sickly passions haste
To die in action 'Come (she cries) we waste
The precious minutes Now thou know'st for what
Thou'rt sent for hither which if active at
Thou only liv'st in my esteem And then
Oh impudence! which from the worst of men
Might force a blush she swiftly hastes to tread
Within lust's tropics her polluted bed
And here black sinner thou whose blood's disease
Of kin to hell's wants numbers to appease
Its flaming calenture blush to behold
A virgin virtue spotless leaves unfold
In youthful volume whilst thy ripe years spent
In lust hath lost thy age's ornament
In this as hot and fierce a charge of vice
As since he lost the field in Paradise
Man ever felt the brave Argalia sits
With virtue cooled in passion's feverish fits
Yet at life's garrisons his pulses beat
In hot alarums till to a soft retreat
Called by that fair commandress spite of all
Beauty's prevailing rhetoric though he fall
Ruined beneath her anger he by this
Unwelcome language her expected bliss
Converts to rage — And must my freedom then
At such a rate be purchased? Rather when
My life expires in torments let my name
Forgotten die than live in black mouthed fame
A servant to thy lust Go tempt thy own
Damned infidels to sin that ne'er had known
The way to virtue not this cobweb veil
Of beauty which thou wear'st but as a jail
To a soul pale with guilt can cover o'er
Thy mind's deformities a tainted whore
Conscience proclaim thee will when thou shalt sit
Shook with this spotted fever's trembling fit
Rent from these gilded pleasures send me to
A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do
Reign in eternal silence, let these rich
And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which
Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchanged
For sordid rags When thy fierce spleen hath ranged
Through all invented torments choose the worst
To punish my denial, less accursed
I so shall perish than if by consent
I'd taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment

470 hath] Singer as usual changes to have

Their sins in action, and, by giving ease
To thy blood's fever, took its loathed disease'
  To have the spring-tide of her pleasures, swelled
By lust's salt waters, thus by force expelled
Back to confusion's troubled sea, had made
Such troops of passion ready to invade
An ill-defended conscience, that her look,
Like a cast felon's out of hopes o' the book, 510
Was sad with silent guilt The room she leaves
To her contemner, who not long receives
The benefit of rest, she that had been
The prologue unto this obstructed sin,
With six armed slaves was entered, thence to force
Him to his dismal jail but the divorce
Of life from those which first approached, joined to
The others' flight, had put her to renew
That scattered strength, had not that sacred tie,
His solemn oath, from laurelled victory 520
Snatched the fair wreath, and, though brave valour strives
To reach at freedom through a thousand lives,
At her command more tamely made him yield,
Than conquered virgins in the bridal field

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

Canto IV

THE ARGUMENT

Anger, improved by lust's enormous flame,
  Fires vexed Janusa with such sad extremes
Of rage, that her sweet sex's native shame
  Is scorched to death in those prodigious beams

Which whilst they to her angry lord betray
  Her honour's loss, such tumults in him breed,
That both their deaths must serve for an allay,
  Whose sudden fall our Christian champion freed

Our noble captive, to fair Virtue's throne
In safety passed, though through Lust's burning zone,
Finds in his dungeon's lazy damps a rest
More sweet, though with the heavy weights oppprest
Of iron bondage, than if they had been
Love's amorous wreaths, Janusa's arms, within
Whose ivory circles he had slept But she,
Her grief composed of all malignity,
Lust's flames unquenched converts to, whilst they burn,
Black thoughts within her breast—the beauteous urn 10

510 hopes o' the book] i e 'benefit of clergy'

Of lust s corruption Sometimes anger flies
Above the sphere of reason and there dies
With tears extinguished she breathes curses in
Her soul s pale agony, such as had been
More deadly than infectious damps if not
Strangled in the embryo —dead before their hot
Poison could work upon her fancy more
Than spleenful thoughts which were recalled before
Ripened for execution Now she steeps
Her down in tears a flood of sorrow weeps 20
Of power if penitent to expiate
Youth s vigorous sins but all her mourning sate
Beneath a darker veil than that which shades
Repentant grief since sin but wished invades
The soul with that which leads to horror when
Grief for sins past brings into light again
One through a sea of trouble leads the way
To a safe harbour the other casts away
Poor shipwrecked mortals when by death s swift stroke
Life s feeble hold is from Hope s anchor broke 30
So far the fair Janusa in this sad
Region of grief had gone till sorrow had
That fever turned upon whose flaming wings
At first lust only sat to one which brings
Death s symptoms near her heart which had so long
Beneath the burden groaned until the strong
Disease had wrought up all the blood within
Her cheeks into consuming flames, the skin
Had lost its soft repose of flesh and lay
On nought but bones whose sharpness did betray 40
Their macerated nerves the rose had lost
His ensigns in her cheeks and though it cost
Pains near to death the lily had alone
Set his pale banners up no brightness shone
Within her eyes dim orbs whose fading light
Being quenched in death had set in endless night
Had not the wise endeavours of her maid
The careful Manto grief's pale scouts betrayed
By sly deceit knowing if she should want
Health until cured by that exotic plant 50
The captive s love what lust at first did burn
With inflammations might a gangrene turn
Although she cures not yet gives present ease
By laying opiates to the harsh disease
A letter which did for uncivil blame
His first denial in the stranger s name
Disguised she gives her which with eyes that did
O erflow with joy read o er had soon forbid
Grief's sullen progress whose next stage had been
O er life s short road the grave—death s quiet inn 60

From whose dark terror, by this gleam of light,
Like trembling children by a lamp's weak light
Freed from night's dreadful shadows, she'd embraced
Sleep, Nature's darkness, had not joy defaced
Those sooty characters, and on the wings
Of airy hope—that wanton bird which sings
As soon as fledged—advanced her to survey
The dawning beauties of a longed for day
  But ere this pyramid of pleasure to
Its height arrives, with's presence to undo 70
The golden structure, dreadful Ammurat
From's floating mansion safely landed at
The city's port, impatient love had brought
In an untimely visit ere swift thought,
Fettered with guilt, could from his eager eye
By an excuse to sanctuary fly,
He enters, and she faints! In which pale trance
His pity finds her, but to no such chance
Imputes the cause, rather conceives it joy,
Whose rushing torrent made her heart employ 80
Its nimble servants, all her spirits, to
Prevent a deluge, which might else undo
Love's new-made commonwealth But whilst his care
Hastens to help, her fortune did declare
Her sorrow's dark enigma from her bed
The letter drops—which, when life's army fled
Their frontier garrisons, neglected had
Been left within 't,—this seen, declares a sad
Truth to the amazed bassa, though 'twere mixt
With subtle falsehood Whilst he stands, betwixt 90
High rage and grief distracted, doubtful yet
In what new dress to wear revenge, the fit
Forsakes Janusa, who, not knowing she
Detected stood of lust's conspiracy
'Gainst honour's royal charter, from a low
Voice strains a welcome, which did seem to flow
From fickle discontent, such as the weak
Lungs breathe the thoughts in whilst their fibres break
  To counterfeited slumbers leaving her,
He's gone, with silent anger to confer, 100
And, though rage lives in fire, the fury lies
Unseen through the false optics of his eyes
With such a farewell as kind husbands leave
Their pregnant wives, preparing to receive
A mother's first of blessings, he forsakes
The room, and into strict inquiry takes
The wretched Manto, who, ere she could call
Excuse to aid, surprised, discovers all
Her sin's black art, from whose dark theorems he
This method draws —That night, designed to be 110

Lightened with lust's hot triumphs he pretends
Commanded absence yet the false stroke bends
But towards that guard ere by a swift reverse
Brought back, his soul's sly scouts had gained commerce
With all those enemies to honour, by
Whose aid Janusa ruins chastity
  Placed by false Manto in a closet, which
Silent and sad had only to enrich
Its roof with light some few neglected beams
Sent from Janusa's room which serve as streams 120
To waft intelligence,—here he beheld
Whilst she who with his absence had expelled
All thoughtful cares was with her joy swelled high
As captives are when called to liberty
Her linen like a princely bride's that meets
In the soft folds of her first nuptial sheets
Perfumed and costly, her fair bed was more
Adorned than shrines whose saints rich kings adore,
Incense in smoky curls climbs to the fair
Roof whilst choice music rarifies the air 130
Each element in more perfection here
Than in their first creation did appear
Yet lived in harmony —the winged fire lent
Perfumes to the air that to moist cordials pent
In crystal vials strength and those impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth the heart
The nice eye here epitomized might see
Rich Persia's wealth and old Rome's luxury
  But now, like Nature's new made favourite
Who until all created for delight 140
Was framed did ne'er see paradise comes in
Deceived Argalia thinking he had been
Called thither to behold a penitent
Arming for death not heaven's choice blessings spent
On th vanities of life but mirth soon gives
That thought its mortal wound and shows she lives
Beyond that dark sphere—where her joys did move
As if her eyes alone gave laws to love
Where beauty's constellations all did shine
As if no cross aspect could e'er untwine 150
Their clasped conjunctions which did seem to guide
Old nature's steps till from their zenith's pride
By virtue the soul's motion which the world
In order keeps into confusion hurled
For here gay Vanity, though clothed in all
Her gaudy pageants lets her trophies fall
Before bright virtue's throne With such a high
Heroic scorn as aged saints that die
Heaven's favourites, leave the trivial world he slights
That gilded pomp no splendent beam invites 160

His serious eye to meet their objects in
An amorous glance reserved as he had been
Before his grave confessor, he beholds
Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds
Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands
Captive Janusa to infringe the bands
Of matrimonial modesty When all
Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,
The scorn of greatness, at his feet but prayer,
Like flattery, expires in useless air, 170
Too weak to batter that firm confidence
Their torment's thunder could not shake From hence
Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to
More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,
Unseen, beheld all this, prevented by
His sight the death of bleeding modesty
Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies
His angry touch—he enters—fixed his eyes,
From whence some drops of rage distil, on her
Whose heart had lent her face its character 180
Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she
Looks pale with fear,—passion's disparity,
In such extremes as nature's laws require,
'Twixt earth's cold centre and the air's circling fire,
Dwelt in their troubled breasts, his wild eyes stood,
Like comets when attracting storms of blood,
Shook with portentous sadness, whilst hers sate
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate
Of those ensuing ills—heavy and fixt
Within their orbs Passions thus strangely mixt, 190
No various fever e'er created in
The frenzied brain, when Sleep's sweet calm had been
From her soft throne deposed This lightning past,
Thunder succeeds, as burning mountains cast
But horrid noise after their flaming smoke,
So having paused, his dreadful voice thus broke
The dismal silence —'Thou prodigious whore,
The curse of my nativity, that more
Afflicts me than eternal wrath can do
Spirits condemned—some fiends instruct me to 200
Heighten revenge to thy desert, but so
I should do more than mortals may, and throw
Thy spotted soul to flames Yet I will give
Its passport hence, for think not to outlive
This hour, this fatal hour, ordained to see
More than an age before of tragedy'
She that fell from a firmament of pride
To fortune's lowest region, and there died

207–220 A remarkable and almost unique example of a passage where poetry is absolutely 'above grammar'

A sad example to ensuing times—
That honour's altitude supports not crimes 210
When in their stretched extensions reaching to
Justice which can through reversed optics view
Giants though pigmy sins do oft appear
Like the dim moon more great because more near
Sins that till fear their guilt did aggravate
Wore virtue s frontispiece since now too late
To hope for life in their own monstrous form
Encounter reason s guards till the big storm
Of various passions all were settled in
Dregs of despair When fearing tears should win 220
The victory of anger Ammurat draws
His cimetar which had in blood writ laws
For conquered provinces and with a swift
And cruel rage ere penitence could lift
Her burthened soul in a repentant thought
Towards Heaven sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast With a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless calls
For his untimely pity but perceiving
The fleeting spirits with her blood, were leaving 230
Her heart unguarded she employs that breath
Which yet remained not to bewail her death
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees
Struggling to rise But now calmed Ammurat frees
Her from disturbing death in s last great work
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk —
I have brave Christian by perusing thee
In this great act of honour learnt to be
Too late thy slow paced follower this ring (with that
Gives him his signet) shall when questioned at 240
The castle guards thy safety be And now
I see her blood s low water doth allow
Me only time to launch my soul s black bark
Into death s rubric sea—for to the dark
And silent region though we here were by
Passion divorced fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together From thy eyes
Remove death s load and see what sacrifice
My love is offering With that word a stroke
Pierces his breast whose speedy pains invoke 250
Death s opiates to appease them He sinks down
By s dying wife who ere the cold flood drown
Life in the deluge of her wounds once more
Betrays her eyes t the light and though they bore
The weight of death upon their lids did keep
Them so long open till the icy sleep
Began to seize on him and then she cries—
Oh see just Heaven! see see my Ammurat dies,

To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of immortality But I have made 260
The wounds that murdered both his hand that gave
Mine, did but gently let me blood to save
An everlasting fever Pardon me,
My dear, my dying lord! Eternity
Shall see my soul washed white in tears, but oh!
I now feel time's dear want they will not flow
Fast as my stream of blood Christian, farewell!
Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set 270
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
The unpractised lover, which posterity,
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise
On beauty's throne, the good may justice praise
By his example, and the bad by mine
From Vice's throne be scared to Virtue's shrine'
And here the speed Death's messengers did make
To hurry forth their souls, did faintly shake
Her words into imperfect accents 'This,'
She cries, 'is our last interview'—a kiss 280
Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies
Mounted on both their breaths, the latest gasp
They e'er must draw Whilst with stiff arms they clasp
Each other's neck, Argalia through a cloud
Of liquid sorrow did behold the proud
Triumphs of death in their untimely fate
He sees great Ammurat for a robe of state
Grovelling in blood, the fair Janusa lie,
Purpled in death, like polished ivory 290
Dipped in vermilion, the bright crystals, that
Her soul in conquering flames looked thorough at,
Both quenched and cooled in death But time did lend
His tears scarce passage, till a drop could end
Its journey o'er his cheeks, before a page,
Whose cruelty had far out-grown his age,
Enters in haste, and with an anger that,
Though indiscreet, at wrongs seemed kindled at,
In wounds did on the bassa's body vent
A spleen that death's discharge could not content 300
This seen, Argalia, to whom all must be
Offence that injures fair humanity,
Stops the vain torrent, and a nearer way
To just revenge directs the angry boy
Who, by unfolded truth, now lets him know,
His rage to that uncivil height did grow,
Not from a childish spleen, but wrongs that he,
A Christian, suffered in captivity

Assured by this confession that he might
Be useful more than in a secret flight 310
Argalia bids him in his bassa's name
A mandate write for some of worthiest fame
Mongst all the Christian citizens and those
To send the guard for ere the morning rose
On the black ruins of the night This done
Before that time the victory had won
Of opportunity, their warders lain
Each Christian captive from his rusty chain
His bold hand frees and by their happy aid
The gates being first secured with ease dismayed 320
The drowsy garrison from whom they found
But weak resistance —some soft sleep had bound
To beds of ease intemperate not kept
Others more vainly waking here one slept
Between a mistress arms and there another
Stole to a private catamite did smother
Delight in whispers, in which loose garb found,
Ere time rolls up what slow neglect unwound
Even in security's soft lap surprised
They met grim death in pleasure's shape disguised 330
All now being slain but feeble eunuchs and
Poor trembling maids the new but valiant band
Of late, freed captives crown the walls from whence
They saw the soldiers wicked diligence
In finding those which the false mandate had
Designed for ruin general as sad
The city's sorrows were a desolate
And silent horror unregarded sate
In the empty streets which action had not filled
Yet with employment But when day did gild 340
The ebony of night to hear the rude
Murmur that did from the mixed multitude
Open together with their doors assures
Argalia, that their fear which yet secures
That handful of insulting tyrants might,
With anger being charged home be put to flight
With a reserve of hope, whilst every breast
Was swelled with stifled spirits, whilst oppresst
With silent grief helpless spectators they
Saw those they once for virtue did obey— 350
Their reverend senators whose silvered heads
Age now made fit for ease forced from their beds
By feverish power's rude fits, whose heat not all
The juleps of their tears though some drops fall
From Beauty's lovely blossoms cool—Their rage
Neglected youth slights like unreverent age

343 open] Orig opened

But when the conquering captives, by the brave
Argalia rescued from the castle, gave
Bright victory's signal, when they saw each lance
The bleeding head of a grim Turk advance, 360
Anger, like unobstructed love, breaks forth
In flaming haste Yet here the want of worth
And valour 'mongst the city herd, had drove
Them all to death's dark fields, if, whilst they strove
With that stout band of Janissaries, they
Had not been by Argalia taught the way
To victory, who in a sally meets
Retreating fear when creeping from the streets
T' the vain protection of their doors And now,
His conquering sword having taught all to bow 370
Beneath its burnished splendour, since the high
Applause o' the loudest acclamations fly
Beneath his worth, a general vote elects
Him for their prince but his brave soul affects
Not so sublime a burthen, knowing they,
Bred under a democracy, obey
Contracted power, but harshly he returns
All to their senate, who of late, like urns,
Nought but the useless ashes did contain
Of their own laws, which were by conquest slain 380
But his refusal, where acceptance not
Envy could say Ambition had begot,
But new plants virtue, who from thence did take
The deeper root, and 'mongst the throng did make
That choice so epidemical, that he,
For valour feared, loved for humility
The people's prayer, those humble shrubs that owe
For safety to power's cedars, join to grow
Shadowed beneath his merit, and create
Him prince o' the senate, who, their doubtful state 390
Requiring strong allies, a fleet prepared,
To seek those princes who their danger shared
Which ready, with a prosperous gale of wind,
He, though employed by honour, sails to find
Out Love's rich Indies, and, with 's white-winged fleet,
Hastens Palermo's nearest port to meet

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

363 herd] Orig 'heard'

Canto V

THE ARGUMENT

With prosperous sails moved from Sardinia's shore
  Argalia safe doth now from danger set
The Cyprian prince who though so large in score
  With noble friendship soon repays the debt

In Sparta's court they're now arrived where he
  That life he saved ventures to save him in
An act so great—it sets the princess free
  Who for his sake had long a prisoner been

WHILST with bent oars Argalia's squadrons move
Like the light wings of Time's physician Love
Who steered his course and now had safely drawn
Him through the Ionian waves when by the dawn
Of a still morning whose pale sickly light
Yet bounded in the ebony of night,
Showed like a dull quicksilver foil spread o'er
The world's great glass whose even surface bore
Within their view two galleons whom they saw
Like timorous hares base hunters give no law 10
Chased by a nimble numerous fleet Drawn near
Christians the chased the chasers Turks appear
Which like a shoal of smaller fishes made
So bold by number that they durst invade
The big bulked whale on every side assails
The slow paced fleet who since not strength prevails
Against such odds their fiery spirits spent
In thunder which had from their broadsides sent
The last great groan for power's decease and they
Not their foe's terror but good fortune lay 20
  Whilst cramped in this convulsion of their fear
Which honour gilding made despair appear
The child of fortitude they all prepare
Bravely to die Argalia's squadrons bear
Up with the wind and ere the Turk's proud fleet
Deceived by their own crescents fear to meet
A danger like a hurricane falls in
Destruction which was suffered whilst unseen
So wealthy merchants whose returning cost
A storm on the pacific sea hath lost 30
Fall from the arms of hope sudden and swift
As inundations whose impetuous drift
Swallows a sleeping city up had they
Lost the firm hold of victory and lay
Sad captives in their own lost ship—for flight
Saves few where all in hopes of conquest fight
  Fair victory made more bright by accident
(Even when despair hope's wasted stock had spent)

Those that were rescued from their soft prayers raise,
To pay Heaven's tribute in their louder praise 40
Which oft-neglected debt discharged, they gave,
Allayed with thanks, to him, whose hand did save—
A miracle in their delivery—all
Deserved applause, that can when mounted, fall
I' the circle of humanity To kiss
Those hands which plucked him from the black abyss
Of death, their brave commander goes, where he
Discovered by majestic courtesy
Such real forms of worth, that he was grown
Rich in esteem before more fully known 50
But long truth stands not veiled in a disguise
Of ignorance, ere they are taught to prize
His friendship at a higher rate, by seeing
Their active valour had been blest in freeing
The Cyprian prince, for such he was, and then
Bound for Morea This made public, when
Acquaintance had taught love more boldness, he,
All that discretion would permit to be
Lodged in the closet of a friendly breast,
Tells to Argalia who, though in his best 60
Of hopes a rival knowing him, was in
Love too secure to harbour envious sin
Their prosperous fleet, ere Time's short steps had trod
In hours a full day's journey, safely rode
At anchor in Gerenza's bay, from whence,
When known, their cannons in a loud expense
Proclaim their welcome The acquaintance that
The Cyprian's father, ere his youth staid at
Its summer solstice, with Cleander had,
Revives i' the son's embraces, which the glad 70
City i' the triumphs echoes, ere 'twas known
That his resolves were such—as love was grown
The wishes of the people's throng, who thought
That that unpolished prince Zoranza brought
Unequal strength of merit, ere to win
The fort Pharonnida lodged virtue in
When first they entered the admiring court,
Fame (wise men's care, but the fools' busy sport)
Making the ear the eye's wise harbinger,
By learning first their virtues, did confer 80
More honour on their persons They beheld
I' the Cyprian prince heroic worth, yet swelled
With no ambitious tumour, calm and free
As wholesome air, when its ubiquity
Breathes healthful blasts, were his smooth thoughts—to all
Most sweetly affable, but few could call

69 Cleander] Cleander, seldom if ever *named* before, is the King, Pharonnida's father.

His love familiar, his youth had not
Yet learnt rough war, although from precept got
Its useful rudiments and by valour shows
Future command may pay what action owes 90
To speculation by the grave sad man
Whose counsel could conspiracies unspan
When ready to give fire, he is beheld
As one whose virtues far his years excelled,
And might, when *at maturity afford*
Length to the sceptre from s victorious sword
From this young prince Heaven s hopeful blossom, they,
Pleased but not satisfied their souls convey
On those winged messengers—their eyes, unto
Manly Argalia, finding there a new 100
And various form of worth —on s brow did sit
Reserved discretion reconciled to wit
Serious and grave his carriage, yet a face
Where Love s fair shrine did Wisdom s temple grace
His scars those broad seals which protecting fate
His future safety signed in, on him sate
Not to deform but until age remain
Like maids of honour placed in Beauty s train
True worth dwelt in the other but in this
Brave hero s breast had her metropolis 110
The Cyprian s safety and Sardinia s brave
Redemption, were the passports which fame gave
Unto his travelling praise, which fled in haste
Through the ears short stages in each breast had placed
A love of s worth, which wise men softly praise
Whilst the loud throng to acclamations raise
Not long these true-born sons of honour in
Palermo s court remain ere what had been
The cause which had the youthful Cyprian drew
From s father s court, white fame presents unto 120
Busy inquirers Which design from all—
Those swift but weak recruits good wishes—call
Except from some it most concerned 'mongst which
Cleander staggers unresolved The rich
And powerful kingdom, which affinity
With Cyprus promised was a prize to be
Valued before Epirus wealth who though
Of late victorious yet could never grow
Up to that glorious height This thought the most
Of all that e er obstructed love had crost 130
Zoranza s hopes, had not his wishes been
Though covetously vast, confined within
The other s merits amongst which the chief
Opposes first itself and the relief
Whispers in s soul, that had been thence brought by
Him when his state wept blood for liberty

This in the scale of justice seemed as large
As love's dimensions, till a second charge
Of thoughts proclaim the Cyprian's power to do
The same if in necessity sought to, 140
Which blames becoming gratitude, as, in
Relation to servility, a sin
In the great soul of princes, who can be,
If they remain in debt for courtesy,
But captives in the throne—too oft the cause
Why meritorious subjects meet the law's
Harsh rigour for reward, when their deserts,
Many and great, o'erfill their princes' hearts
Before Cleander's gravity had laid
This tempest of his passions, fame betrayed 150
Their cause to the Epirot prince, who hears
The Cyprian's welcome, which his various fears
But briefly comment on, before, without
More slow delays than what were spent about
The swiftest preparations, he intends
To visit fair Pharonnida, and ends
His journey, ere a thought unwinged with love
Could lead him forth of 's court which haste did prove
His passions stronger than the strength of age
Appeared to promise What it might presage, 160
To see at once two royal strangers in
Their glorious court, which both employed had been
About one amorous errand, strangely did
Affect the citizens, whose fears, forbid
The public stage, in private whispers tells
What danger lay betwixt those parallels
Yet, in the opposition of those stars
That shine in passion's sphere, Love's civil wars
Had no field army, all his power did rest
Within the private garrisons o' the breast, 170
Which, though besieged by sly suspicion, made
No verbal sallies, but prepare to invade
Beauty's bright province Yet, each only had
A single visit given unto the sad
Sweet object of their hopes, and thence received
A welcome, such as neither had bereaved
The other's hopes—both rather finding cause
Of cold despair Cleander pleads the laws
Of nature and free choice, to wave his own
Engagements to Zoranza, which had blown 180
Love's sickly flame with the tempestuous breath
Of anger forth, had not those thoughts to death
I' the bud been doomed Whilst thus his passions slept
In Love's soft arms, the noble Cyprian kept
A distance 'twixt his hopes and wishes by
The staid Epirot's interest both rely

On their own merits and Love's doubtful fate
Makes subject to the monarchy of Fate.
  But whilst this busy combat of the heart
On equal terms is fought time bent to part 190
The royal champions Through the obscure ports
Of dark disguise into Love's field resorts
A third brave combatant, whose merit had
(Though not i the armour of great titles clad)
By parley won that maiden fort which they
Although they scaled on golden mountains lay
Before in vain Argalia, though within
Gerenza's court had yet a stranger been
More than in fame and big report to her
Whose best of thoughts wore his soul's character 200
And yet although a virgin's bashful grace
Concealed her own for to behold that face
So much in debt t the people's praises, to
Her window oft the royal maid had drew,
Where whilst his eyes did waste their beams in vain
To pierce those stubborn walls that did contain
Rich Love's unvalued treasure she beholds
His brave deportment which, since strange unfolds
New volumes of unprinted joy which she
(Sorrow affording so much liberty) 210
Oft with delight looks o er beholding in t
Argalia's virtues in a different print
  But his wise fate even when his prayer grew weak
In faith did through hope's cold antarctic break
In a long summer's day —His noble friend
The princely Cyprian did so largely spend
His stock of eloquence in s praise when he
Last saw divine Pharonnida that she
Although from no remoter cause than springs
From virtue's public love tells him—he brings 220
His next best welcome with his friend which proud
To be observant in when time allowed
A visit he performs Now to the court
Beauty's dull cloister which no thronged resort
Of clients fill they're come the surly guard
Those wakeful dragons did without reward
Let in that danger in disguise which had
Met death i the entrance if in that unclad
  The way that cleft the scowling rock being by
A thousand steps ascended they i the high 230
Clifts find the royal eaglet trying that
Bright eye of her fair soul discretion at
The fiery beams of anger which were shot
From her majestic father Being got

187 8 fate] The first fate should of course be state

Once more to breathe his soul upon that hand
Where love's first vows, sealed with his lips, did stand,
(Knowledge inflaming passion's fever), like
Unpractised saints, which miracles do strike
Into a reverend zeal, he trembling takes
That holy relic, which a cold fear shakes 240
In that warm touch Her eyes' fair splendour shone
Like bright stars in heaven's trepidation,
Shook with the general motion, though betwixt
The spheres of love and wonder they stood fixt
In their own orbs, and their united beams
Centred on him, yet (like dead friends which dreams
Imperfectly present) his lovely form,
As mariners when land is through a storm
With doubtful joy descried, she sees but yet
Knowledge had met with no prospective fit 250
To guide her through the dark disguise unto
The road of truth,—his valour was in new
Habiliments of honour clothed, and scars
Made her love's heaven adorned with unknown stars
But whilst her recollecting spirits were
All busied his idea to compare
With what she saw, a sudden glance of the eye
Develops truth, that jewel, which was by
His first protector left, is seen, by which
Hope, near impoverished with despair, grows rich 260
In faith, heaven's tenure But the rushing tide
O'erflows so much, that love's fresh rivers glide
Over weak Nature's banks,—she faints, and in
A silent joy contracted what had been
By love dilated from which giddy trance
To rescue her, Argalia doth advance
To charge those troops of passions, which o'er her
Had proved victorious, nor did Fate defer
The conquest long, ere she displays again
Beauty's fair banner in Love's ivory plain 270
The imprisoned spirits freed, the blood in haste,
Fearing her love had Wisdom's throne defaced,
To Beauty's frontiers flies, so mornings weep
And blush together, when they oversleep
Themselves in night's black bed Though fear's dull charms,
Whilst in the circle of Argalia's arms,
Like dream's fantastic visions, vanish in
Her waking joys, yet, knowing they had been
Betrayed into a stranger's view, they both
Stood mute with passion, till the Cyprian, loath 280
To add more weights unto affliction, by
Imping Love's wings with noble courtesy,
Fans off the southern clouds of fear, and thus
Calms the loud storm 'Doubt not, because to us,

Fair princess Loves mysterious riddles are
By accident resolved the factious war
Shall be renewed, such base intelligence
Traitors and spies give when the dark offence
Starts at discovery If my service may
Be useful know I sooner dare betray 29
My sins t the world than your intentions to
A smooth seducer This rare interview
May be my wonder—but shall never prove
My guilt though all the stratagems of Love
Lay open to my heart which though unskilled
In his polemics yet with truth is filled
Since now too late to seek protection by
A faint denial the wished privacy
Their room afforded gives them leave to lead
His apprehension where conceit did read 30
The story of Loves civil wars whose rage
Since treaty could not calm makes him engage
His stock of power in their defence and end
His passions progress to let Love attend
On Friendships royal train what not the force
Of earths united beauties could divorce
Nor wealths nor honours strong attractions draw
To other objects by that holy law
Informed as hateful sacrilege doth fly
The bold intrusion on loves hierarchy 31
With joy assured of such a powerful friend,
The hopeful lovers sadder cares suspend
To lay the platform of their safety by
A fair escape But fear doth oft untie
The golden webs of fancy When they come
To name the means invention then struck dumb
Startles into distraction no smooth stroke
Of soft palmed flattery could ere provoke
Sleep in her watchful dragons nor no shower
Of ponderous gold pierce through her sable tower— 32
The harsh commander of her surly guard
Wakeful as foaming Cerberus and hard
As Parian quarry a heart that could not melt
In loves alembic the slave never felt
His darts but when lust gave the wound and then
Seared with enjoying the blood stops again,
And leaves behind the fever, which disease
Now in him raged Amphibia, that could please
None but a sympathizing nature in
His blood had both disease and medicine been — 33
With lusts enchantments thick loose glances first
Breeding a calenture whose sickly thirst
Consenting sin allays again But long
This monster thrives not in the dark, ere, strong

By custom grown, with impudence he dares
Affront unveiled report, and boldly bears
Himself above those headstrong torrents, by
Whose streams harsh censure grew to calumny
Which careless pride did unobstruct the way,
Through which to liberty love's progress lay 340
A short delay, which lets not fancy rest
In idle thought, their actions did disgest
Into a method The succeeding night
To that great day, by whose triumphant light
Their annual feasts her birth did celebrate,
The time designed Which done, to stroke rough fate
Into a calm, Argalia first finds out
Despised Florenza, then employed about
Coarse housewifery in the dull country, where
She soon became a partner of his care, 350
Prepares for safety with a diligence
Whose privacy pays lavish time's expense
Now from night's swarthy region rose that day,
'Gainst which Invention taught her babes the way
To level at delight, though she flew high
As monarchs' breasts Beauty and valour vie
Each other in a conquering pride within
A spacious field, that oft before had been
The theatre of martial sports, each knight,
Whom the desire of honour did invite 360
By her swift herald, Fame, were met, and all,
Whom the respects of either part did call
To the Epirot's or young Cyprian's part,
Repair unto their tents, which, rich in art,
Adorned both sides o' the stately lists, and lent
Their beauties to be prospect's ornament
Near to the scaffold every seat was filled
With bright court beauties, ladies that did gild
Youth, Nature's throne of polished ivory, in
Pride there but greatness, though low fortune's sin 370
Ranged next to these the city madams, that
Came both to wonder and be wondered at,
Fine as on their first Lady-days, did sit
Comparing fashions, to commend their wit,
Besides the silk-worms' spoils, their husbands' gain,
Jewels they wore, like eyes in beauty's wane
Grown dim with age, so dim, that they did look
As if they'd been from plundered Delphos took,
Although that sprung from faction, yet each face
Was all set form, hardly affording place 380

342 disgest] *Sic in orig* and perhaps worth keeping, the pronunciation being even now hardly obsolete as a vulgarism

366 *be*] *Singer* 'the' for 'be' It is not at all improbable, considering his system of versification, that Chamberlayne wrote 'be th' '

For a stolen smile save when some ticklish lord
Strikes sail which they could wish should come aboard
Below, near to the overheated throng
Sweet country beauties such as neer did wrong
Nature with nicer art were seated where
Though big rude pride cast them in honour's rear
Yet in Love's province they appeared to have
Command from their acknowledged beauty gave
Humble their looks yet Virtue there kept state
And made even Envy wish to imitate 390
Their fashions—not fantastic yet their dress
Made gallantry in love with comeliness
  Whilst here the learned astronomers of love
Observed how eyes those wandering stars did move
And thence with heedful art did calculate
Approaching changes in that doubtful state,
The princess, like the planet of the day
Comes with a lustre forth that did betray
The others beams into contempt and made
The morning stars of meaner beauties fade 400
Sadly confessing by their languished light
They shone but when her absence made it night
Stately her look yet not too high to be
Seen in the valleys of humility
Clear as Heaven's brow was hers her smiles to all
Like the sun's comforts epidemical
Yet by the boldest gazer with no less
Reverence adored than Persians in distress
Do that bright power who, though familiar by
An airy medium still is throned on high 410
  Lest the ungoverned multitude which raise
Their eyes to her, should in their lavish praise
From zeal to superstition grow they re now
Drawn off—the entered combatants allow
Their eyes no further leisure, but beginning
Their martial sports with various fate were winning
Bright victory's laurels But I here must let
Honour in their own stories live the debt
I owe to promise but extends unto
The fortune of our royal lovers who 420
Though both concerned in this have actions far
More full of fate approaching That bright star
Which gave Argalia victory here scarce shows
Its spangled records unto which he owes
Far more sublime protection yet it lends
Vigour to that bright planet which attends
His future fortune and discovers all
His astracisms in rising cosmical
  Followed with acclamations such as made
The troops of envy tremble to invade 430

His conquering fame, he leaves the field, and by
Cleander, with rewards of victory
First honoured in the public view, is brought
From thence to meet delicious mirth in soft
Retired delights, which in a spacious flood,
From princes' breasts to tenify the blood
Of the blunt soldiers, hastes, whose dull souls swelled
With airy pleasures had from thought expelled
All sullen cares, and levelled paths unto
Designs which did to their neglect ensue 440
The black-browed night, to court the drowsy world,
Had put her starry mantle on, and hurled
Into the sea (their spacious-breasted mother)
Her dark attendants, silent sleep did smother
Exalted clamours, and in private meets
The busy whisperer, sporting 'twixt his sheets
Veiled in which shady calm, Argalia, by
The noble Cyprian only in his high
Attempt assisted, now prepares to free
The great preserver of his liberty 450
Come to the bridge, that to secure the sleep
O' the careless guard, which slender watch did keep,
Finding it drawn, the depth and ugly look
O' the heavy stream had from the Cyprian took
All hopes of passage, till that doubt did end
In greater fear the danger of his friend,
Who, with a courage high as if in that
He 'd centred all the world did tremble at
In his precedent victories, had cast
Himself t' the mercy of the stream, and past 460
In safety o'er, though nets enough were spread
On her dark face to make his death's cold bed
Giving his spirits leave to fortify
His heart with breath, he then ascends the high
Opposing clifts, which in an ugly pride
Threatened beneath her ruined scales to hide
That rising flame of honour Being come
To the other side, a sentry, but struck dumb
With sleep's prevailing rhetoric, he finds,
Upon whose keys he seizes, and then binds 470
His sluggish limbs, ere full awake, conveys
Him to a place whence no loud cry betrays
The sounds of danger to his fellows, that
Revelled in louder mirth Unstartled at

433, 4 brought] This couplet confirms the view of the pronunciation of 'brought,' taken above

436 tenify] This unusual word should of course be 'tenuify' and was very probably written so Singer, in next line, 'haste'

466 scales] 'Scales' no doubt in sense of 'staircase.'

The rivers depth the wondering Cyprian now
Crossed the united bridge, and, being taught how
By imitation to slight danger goes
With his brave friend toward their careless foes.
Not far were they advanced before they hear
Approaching steps a soldier was drawn near 480
Which to relieve the other came but shared
In his misfortune ere he had prepared
To make resistance which attempt succeeds
So equal to their wishes that there needs
No more to strengthen faith By the command
O the wills best leader reason both did stand
Awhile to view their danger —through a way
Narrow and dark their dreadful passage lay,
The rugged rock upon each side so steep
That should they ve missed no trembling hold could keep 490
Them from the grasp of death to add to this
More forms of horror from the dark abyss
Which undermined the rocks rough sides, they hear
A hollow murmur the black towers appear
Flanked with destruction every part did hold
Peculiar terror but the whole unfold
Through the black glass of night, a face like that
Which chaos wore ere time was wakened at
The first great fiat—or could aught appear
More dark and dreadful know twas emblemed here 500
Safe passed through the first steps of danger they
Now to the main guard come whom they betray
By a soft knock—of all conceived t had been
The voice their sentry called for entrance in
Their errand undisputed postern gates
Are open thrown at which the royal mates
Both rushing in strangely amaze them but
Now being entered twas too late to shut
The danger forth nor could confusion lend
Their trembling nerves a strength fit to defend 510
By opposition In base flight lay all
Their hopes of life which some attempting fall
On the dark road of death but few escape
To show their fellows dangers dreadful shape
Whilst here like powerful winds that dissipate
Infectious damps in unobstructed state
Their valour reigned, to tell them that the way
Which led unto the princess freedom lay
Yet through more slippery paths of blood with haste
Wild as their rage Brumorchus brothers placed 520
That guards commanders enter Loose neglect
Which drew them thence since cause of that effect,
They now redeem with speed Riot had not
Unnerved their limbs although their blood grew hot

With large intemperate draughts, the fever yet
I' the spirits only dwelt, till this rude fit
On the stretched heart lays hold in flames, which had
Scorched valour's wings if not in judgement clad
Here, though their numbers equal were, yet in
A larger volume danger had not been 530
Often before presented to the view
Of the brave champions, as if she had drew
With doubtful art lines in the scheme of fate
For them and their proud foes, pale virtue sate
Trembling for fear her power should not defend
Her followers, 'gainst that strength which did attend
Those big-boned villains' strokes Beneath whose force
The Cyprian prince had felt a sad divorce
Of Nature's wedlock, if, when sinking in
The icy sleep, Death's wide gorge had not been 540
Stopped by a stroke from fierce Argalia, sent
To aid him when in his defence he'd spent
His stock of strength Freed by which happy blow
From Janus' guard, since now his friend lay low,
Near Death's dark valley, he contracts his power
To quench the other's lamp of life a shower
Of wounds lets fall on 's enemy, which now
Clogged his soul's upper garments, and allow
His eyes' dim optics no more use of light,
Than what directs him in a staggering flight 550
Yet in the darkness of approaching death,
In mischief's sables, that small stock of breath
That yet remains, to clothe, he suddenly
Gives fire unto a cannon that was by
Wise care ordained to give intelligence
When big with danger fear could not dispense
With time's delays The princess, that within
Her closet had that fatal evening been
Retired and sad, whilst strong-winged prayer acquaints
Her flaming zeal with Heaven's whole choir of saints, 560
Thus startled by the treacherous thunder, all
Her yet unnumbered stock of beads lets fall
'Mongst those that prayer had ranked, and did implore
In one great shriek deliverance, to her door
Hastes to behold the danger of those friends
On whose success love's fortress—hope, depends
Where being come, her eyes' first progress met
Her prayers' reward, e'en whilst his sword was wet
With blood, the balm of victory But long
The ecstasies of fancy, though more strong 570
Than sacred raptures, last not, all was now
Too full of noise and tumult to allow

544 Janus' guard] 'Janus' guard' I suppose means that if he had had to face the two, he would have had to look both ways at once, to prevent being attacked behind

A room for passion's flow; disputes within
The schools of action; loud alarums in
The castle, court and city rifed; all were
Huddled into confusion; some prepare
To fly what others with an ignorance
As great (though bolder) to oppose advance.
Here had our heaven-protected lovers lost
What such large sums of power and tears had cost,
Had not the torrent of the people's throng
When rushing towards the castle by a strong
Voice—danger been diverted to prevent
A hungry flame which in the Cyprian's tent
Begun had spread its undilated wings
Over the city, whose feared danger brings
On them a worse distemperature than all
Their late nights suffers. While good turrets fall
In their own ashes, the discordant bells
Ordained to call for aid, but ring their knells,
That in a drunken fury half-awake
First their warm beds, and then their lives forsake
To destruction here Love's pride had swelled
Had not night's errors been by day expelled.
With swift calls fa hited, but more terrified
At their sad cause, fear being his doubtful guide,
The stout Lupio to Cleander's court
Repairs, and there amongst a thick resort
Of subjects, find the prince distracted by
Those epidemic clamours that did fly
From every part o the city, to appease
Whose fury, while he goes, the sharp disease
In flames feeds on her ruined beauty, and
Mounts on insultin wings, which to withstand
The mazed inhabitants did stop its flight
With the whole weight of rivers, till that light
Which an usurper on the sooty throne
Of darkness sat vanished, or only shone
From their dim torches rays. The prince thus stand
In a hasty journey, till the flames allayed
Lent safety to the city, by it gave
The royal fugitives the time to save
Themselves by flight from those ensuing ills,
Whose clamorous scouts rude sounds the stirred air fills.
Descended to the gardens postern gate
A place where silence yet unruffled sate
(A night obscure and an unhaunted way
Conspiring their pursuers to betray
To dark mistakes) with silent joy, which had
All fear's pale symptoms in love's purple clad,
Close as that bold Attempter, whose brave theft
Was sacred fire, the walks behind them left

Argalia hastes unto the castle moat
With his rich prize, there a neglected boat,
Half-hid amongst the willow beds, finds out,
In which Pharonnida, that nought could doubt
Whilst her successful lover steered, passed o'er
To meet the safety of a larger shore

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK

BOOK IV Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Whilst noise and tumult fill the court the sad
  Orlanda, to lament alone retired,
Finds the brave Captain to death's symptoms clad
  Whose perfect health her friendly care acquired

The scouts with an unwelcome emptiness
  Of news returned the princess secret flight
Yet well succeeds but now in sad distress
  Finds a black morning to that dismal night.

When Fear like an unskilful pilot in
A storm distracted long in vain had been
Placed at the helm of Action whilst those rude
Waves raised by greater winds, the multitude,
Swelled with uncertain counsels all met in
A thick and dangerous confluence, those within
The castle by a hotter passion to
A high wrought fury startled, did undo
Those links of counsel which the other broke
With corrosives of fear by the rude stroke 10
Of heedless anger, whose uncivil strife
Had robbed revenge of justice and each life
That here was in death's inundations spilt
Shed but to aggravate a private guilt,
Had not the prince whose anger's flame they feared
More than grim death to appease the storm appeared
  Beat from the outworks of their hopes all in
A busy tumult are employed within
The princess lodgings but there only find
Their knowledge by her secret flight struck blind 20
Stumbled on errors No characters but what
The wasteful hand of death had scattered at
The guard inform them, and even those seem left
The weak opposers of successful theft
Dropt as their foe's victorious fate flew by
To show his fortune and their loyalty
Leaving which late warm tenements of breath
Without once throwing up that bed of death
Their grave-clothes over them every active friend
Hastes toward her search whilst suffering females spend 30
The hours (grown slow since burdened by their fears)
In prayers, whose doubts they numbered by their tears

Arg 3 Captain] Singer 'Cyprian' which is no doubt correct in sense, but by no means necessary *Arg* 8 finds] Orig 'find'

But amongst all of those that sacrificed
Tears to her loss, sorrow had most disguised
Lovely Orlinda, the fair sister to
The vexed Messenian, who, with love that grew
From equal attributes of honour, in
The parallels of beauty placed, had been
In this restraint of liberty so long
Her pleased companion, that her grief too strong 40
For comfort grown, to mourn her absence she,
Forsaking all her friends' society,
Whilst seeking of some shady grove, is brought
To one whose veil, black as her darkest thought,
Appeared so much a stranger to the light,
That solitude did thither soon invite
The pensive lady who, whilst entering, by
A deep groan's sound diverted, turns her eye
Toward one, who, near the utmost ebb of life
Disguised in's blood, was with the latest strife 50
Of death contending At the dreadful view
Of which sad object she, retreating to
Some of her maids, who, fearing to intrude
Whilst she appeared intending solitude,
A distance kept, made bold by number, now
Return to see if life did yet allow
A room for help, or, if his soul were fled,
To let their care entomb the helpless dead
Arrived so near, that through the rubric veil
Of's blood they saw how life did yet prevail 60
O'er death's convulsions, they behold one lie,
Whose wounds, an object for their charity,
Soon drew them nearer in such trembling haste,
As if they feared those lavish springs would waste
Life's stock too fast Where come, with linen soft
And white as were those hands that thither brought
That blessing, having gently wiped away
His blood, his face discovered did betray
Him to their knowledge For the Cyprian prince
All soon conclude him, whose desert e'er since 70
That court she knew, had to Orlinda proved
A dear delight, yet she ne'er knew she loved,
Till her soft pity and his sad distress,
Conspiring to betray that bashfulness
Whose blushes scorched that tender plant, did now,
Even in their fortune's roughest storm, allow
It leave to grow safe, since yet passing by
No other name but noble charity
By all the nimblest stratagems which Art
E'er learnt from Nature, striving to impart 80
The best of mortal blessings, health, unto
Her royal patient, praised Orlinda grew

So high in his deserved esteem that, though
Posterity doth to his friendship owe
For their most perfect copy knowing she
Too much adored Pharonnida to be
Her base betrayer, when his health's advance
Gave way for language every circumstance
Declares which was in that so fatal night
The sad preludiums to her secret flight 90
By which when she whose love (though full of fire)
Yet lay raked up in a remote desire
Unstirred by hope with joy had learned that he
More than what friendship patronized was free
From all affection to the princess in
Her eyes which unto then had clouded been
Love with as bright and pure a flame as e'er
Did in the shades of modesty declare
Passion breaks forth Which happy signs by him
Whose heart her eyes e'en whilst they shone most dim 100
With mutual flames had fired —that loyal love
Which fate in vain shall struggle to remove
Begins with flames as innocently bright
As the first rays of new-created light
But stay rash reader! think not they are led
Through these smooth walks unto their nuptial bed
But now behold that their misfortune prove
Which thou hast wept for if thou e'er didst love
A separation The suspicion that
Sparta's vexed king (when first distempered at 110
His daughter's loss) did of this stranger prince
Justly conceive persuades him now that since
Not found within the Cyprian court that he
Who had been vainly sought abroad might be
Yet lodged at home Which supposition bred
So strict a search that though the silent dead
Not silenter than her attendants were
Yet kind Orlinda whom a pious care
Prompted to save what she did yet possess
Whilst seeking with a lover's tenderness 120
How to secure him doth at length convey
Her roving fancy to this hopeful way —
Not long before though now twere silenced in
Domestic ills report had busied been
In the relating of the sad distress
Of a brave Lybian prince whom Heaven to bless
With an eternal crown in midst of all
His youth's fresh glories by a powerful call
Summons to serve her and that faith which he
Had from the early dawn of infancy 130
Sucked from the great Impostor of the Last
Though now by time opinion's strength increast

Spite of a people's prayers or father's threats,
Wholly forsaking, which revolt begets
So much aversion, pity could invent
Nought easier than perpetual banishment,
To punish what their faith, mistaken in
Its object, terms a black apostate's sin
  Disguised in such a dress as pity might
Expect to encounter so distressed a wight 140
As was that wandering prince, attended by
No train but what becomes the obscurity
Of such a fortune, to the Spartan court
Amindor comes, where, though the thick resort
Of well-known friends might justly make him fear
Some treacherous eye, knowledge could ne'er appear
Through that black veil his happy art had took,
To make him like a sun burnt Lybian look
  Yet what engaged them more than safety in
Prayers to Heaven, his person had now been 150
Not long the wonder of the court, before
His fairer virtues, which adorned him more
Than the other could disguise, did justly prove
The happy object of the prince's love
Whose influence, whilst it him to power did raise,
Taught by reflex the people how to praise
That fair election, till the pyramid,
Raised to his fame, had fixed its lofty head
Above the clouds of fortune Yet not this
Fate's fairest smile, a lover's best of bliss 160
A free commerce (which unsuspected might,
Though long and pleasant as the summer's light,
Be ne'er disturbed) with fair Orlinda, gives
Content such fullness, that although he lives
To all unknown but her alone, in that
Enjoyed more than ambition e'er aimed at
  And now from all the fruitless diligence
Of inquisitions, and the vain expense
Of time, returned were every troop that had
Through forlorn hopes been active in the sad 170
Search of Pharonnida, which ending in
A just despair, some that till then within
The castle walls had (though as vainly) sought
Their sorrow forth, before the grieved prince brought
Brumorchus, whom they in a small lodge, where,
Secured by solitude, the household care
Of locks and bolts were vain, unsought, they found
In the soft bands of grief's best opiate bound,
Sleep, who, though throned within her ebon seat,
From lust's hot field appears but his retreat 180

150 now] Orig 'not'

When tired with action for besides him they
Where s poison s antidote Amphibia, lay
Locked up in s arms beheld The air with all
Their voices struck at length had raised a call
That drowned their sleeping thunder from the bed
Brumorchus starting struggles to have fled
The shameful danger whilst Amphibia creeps
Beneath her sheets protection but nought keeps
Pursuing vengeance back They re took and brought
Before the prince who startled at the thought 190
Of such a complicated crime, refers
Their punishment to death s dire messengers
The yet successful lovers long ere this
Safely arrived at their first stage of bliss
Florenza s low and envied roof did there
Since speed was now the fairest child of care
Stay only to exchange their horse and take
With her a guide whose practic skill could make
Their untrod paths familiar Through a low
Dark vale where shade affecting weeds did grow 200
Eternal strangers to the sun did lie
The narrow path frequented only by
The forest tyrants when they bore their prey
From open dangers of discovering day
Passed through this desert valley they were now
Climbing an easy hill where every bough
Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics and the rude winds bring
Into a murmuring slumber whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm 210
With an intent, before the next sun s birth
To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
Received from 's last days beams The hill s ascent,
Wound up by action in a large extent
Of leafy plains shows them the canopy
Beneath whose shadow their large way did lie
Which being looked o er whilst thankful praise did pay
Their debts to Heaven they thence with a convey
Of prayers those swift ambassadors did send
A hopeful glance toward their large journey s end 220
These short surveys past since the place assures
A safe repose to cool the calentures
Of feverish action down a way that led
From Pleasure s throne unto her fragrant bed
A rank of laurels spreading to protect
The flowery path which not unpruned neglect
Robbed of delight they passed the slow descent
Soon brings them where her richest ornament

218 'Convey = convoy

(Although with art unpleited) Nature in
A lovely landscape wore, that once had been 230
Sacred to the island's fruitful goddess Here
Whilst they behold the infants of the year
I' the spring's unsullied livery clad, the fair
And large-limbed trees preparing to repair
Autumn's spent stock, from out a humble hill
A tributary fountain did distil
The earth's cold blood, and murmuring conveys
It on a bed of pebbles, till it pays
Her debts to the neighbouring river, near to it
Full choruses of feathered heroes sit 240
Amidst their willow mansions, to whose ease
Their shrill notes call the sportive Dryades
Whilst by the brightest glories of that age
This royal robe, worn in a hermitage,
Is seen with such a silent sad delight
As smoothes the furrows of an anchorite,
Their solemn walk had brought them to a green
Skirt of that mantle, fairly spread between
Two mossy rocks, that near the crystal flood
Appendices to larger mountains stood 250
Near which they saw, with mournful majesty
A heap of solitary ruins lie,
Half sepulchred in dust, the bankrupt heir
To prodigal antiquity, whose fair
Composures did, beneath time's pride sunk low,
But dim vestigia of their beauty show
Yet that it might unreverend gazers tell
It once was sacred, Ceres' image, fell
From a throne's splendour, did neglected lie,
Sunk with her temple to deformity 260
Dark gloomy groves, which holy altars shade
With solitude, such as religion made
Full of an awful reverence, and drew
The ravishing soul from the world's wandering view,
Circled the sacred valley into one
Of which our royal lovers were alone
Retired, in private solitude to pay
Sleep's forfeitures, whilst the bright bloomy day
Sweats the hydroptic earth, but joy denies
That sullen guest an entrance in their eyes— 270
Their eyes, which now like wandering planets met
After a race of cross aspects, and set
Within a firmament of beauty, thence
On Love's cold region dropped their influence,
Warmed by whose vigour, springs of pleasure had,
Watering their cheeks, those fields in roses clad

ipleited] Singer 'unplighted' But I should rather take the orig. as = 'un-
i e not 'folded up in,' 'complicated with'

Fear, that till now had made them languish in
A dangerous hectic, or at best had been
But eased with intervals which did include
Ambiguous hopes in time's vicissitude,
Ceased to usurp, yet (though the throne expelled)
A large command in Reason's empire held
Leading those parties which wise counsel sent
Close ambuscadoed dangers to prevent
Nor could the conduct fail assailed by aught
Within the circuit of extended thought,
Deliberation, the soul's wary scout
Being still employed to lead fresh parties out
Gainst the known enemies of hope. But here
Black troops of danger undiscerned of fear,
Assaults unrallied Fortitude, whilst she
Slept mongst the rose beds of security,
Exalted far above the gross mistakes
Of vulgar love—clothed in such thoughts as shakes
Ripe souls from out their husks of earth to be
Picked up by angels, joy's stenography
In their embraces met not with less strength
Of love (though yet not to be wrought at length)
Than that which meets in nuptial folds when they
Reap Heaven's first blessing in their blood's allay
Met their full seas of passion yet both calm
As Virtue's brow their blood but warmed like balm
To pour in sorrow's wounds not boiled into
A scum of lust the world's first man did woo
The blushing offspring of his side the first
Unpractised virgin with as great a thirst
Of blood as theirs, when in the safe defence
Of paradise each act was innocence
Here whilst their sweet employment was discours
Taught in the school of virtue to divorce
Those maiden brides their twisted eye beams Slee
Which flies the open gates of care, did creep
In at their crystal windows to remove
The lamp of joy filled with the oil of love
The princess spirits fled from the distress
Of action into forgetfulness
Having the curtains drawn Argalia's head
Softly reposing on her lap that bed
Of precious odours there receives awhile
A rest, for sweetness—such as saints beguile
Time [with] in their still dormitories till
Heaven's summons shall their hopes on earth fulfil
Removed from them feeding his horses in
A well fleeced meadow which that age had seen

Till then ne'er lose its summer robe before
Russet with age he put it off, and wore
A glittering tissue furred with snow, did he
Their careful guide, secured, till frighted by
A dreadful noise of horse, whose rushing wakes
Him to behold what seen, with terror shakes 330
Off sleep's declining weights, in such a strange
Amaze as (forts surprised) the scared guards change
Their swords for fetters flying he looks back
On the steel-fronted troop, till at his back
Approaching danger, gathering in a cloud
Of death, o'erwhelms him, frighting with its loud
Exalted clamours from their then closed eyes—
Love's altars, sleep's intended sacrifice
Shook from their slumber with the first salutes
Of light to meet their ruin, thick recruits 340
Of brave resolves into Argalia's breast
Had swiftly summoned, but the princess' rest
Exchanged for wild amazement in which sad
Restraint of spirits, life with beauty had
Fled to the silent region, if not by
Her royal friend supported, who, the high
Pitch of exalted anger, whilst he draws
His sword to vindicate their righteous cause,
Descends to comfort her Thinking those troops
Her father's messengers, his brave soul stoops 350
Not to request a favour, but although
Their multitude, in hope's account outgrow
Life, more than those diseases which attend
On age's cold extreme, he dares defend
Love, though, by vigour of supreme commands,
Deprived of favour's mercenary bands
Prompted by power, that sovereign antidote
'Gainst Nature's poison, baseness, and by rote,
Not Art's fair rules, taught lessons of defence,
These dregs of men, not having more pretence 360
Than what from riot was extorted, in
Unwieldy throngs the conquest strive to win
From single valour Not the powerful prayer
Of her, whose voice had purified the air
To a seraphic excellence, the sweet
Heaven-loved Pharonnida, could come to meet
Pity in this rude wilderness, her words,
Losing their form in the wild air, affords
Their busy souls no heedful leisure, but
With wilder passions the soul's portals shut 370
That sober friend to happy solitude,
Silence, which long those blest shades did include,
By rude noise banished from her solemn throne,
Did in a deep and hollow echo groan,

Whilst the brave champion whose own worth did bring
Assistance yet had in a bloody ring
Strewed death's pale triumphs and in safety stands
The dangerous business of so many hands
All which had in the grave joined palms if by
One stroke that index unto victory 380
His sword had no with sudden breaking proved
Traitor t the strength by whose command it moved
  Robbed of this safe defence valour's brave flame
In vain s spent that pyramid of fame
Built by his hand o er Love's fair temple now
Even in the view of s saint is forced to bow
Beneath an earthquake His commanding soul
In this sharp conflict striving to control
Nature rebellious to her power lets fly
In vain the piercing lightning of the eye 390
Whose dark lids drooping in a death like close
Forbid high fury thundering on his foes
He falls and from each purple sallyport
Of wounds tired spirits in a thick resort
Fly the approach of death in which wild trance
His eyes did their declining lights advance
Above their gloom of darkness to convey
The last faint beam of nature's falling day
To his distressed Pharonnida. But she
In clouds of sorrow lost was gone to be 400
Close mourner for his rigid fate beneath
A pale swoon's shady veil and could not breathe
One sigh to welcome those sick guests nor lend
A beam to light them to their journey's end
Which being deprived of in death's dark disguise
Forgetful shadows did obscure his eyes
  Branded with an ignoble victory
His base oppressors staying not to try
Wheer fire remain in life's dark lamp forsake
Their bleeding shame and only with them take 410
The trembling ladies whose amazement yet
Grief's flood gates shuts in a distracting fit
Of wilder passions circled in which cloud
She s hurried thence, and ere that damp allowed
Light through her soul's prospectives had passed o er
Much of the desert and arrived before
A barren rock's proud front which being too steep
For the laborious traveller a deep
Dark vault did pierce whose dismal black descent
Safe passage to a distant valley lent 420
  With slow ill boding steps this horrid way
Overcome, they meet the beauties of the day

409 Wheer is Singer's reading and very likely but the where of the original is not quite impossible

Within the pregnant vale, a place that showed
Some art had pruned what nature's hand bestowed
No earth-encumbering weeds, but wholesome plants,
Such as relieve the winter of our wants,
Were here in comely order placed, each tree,
Tired with his fruitful burden, stoops to be
Eased by the lowliest hand, for want of which
Their feeble stems had dropped them to enrich 430
Their pregnant mother This civility,
Proclaiming more than art had meant to be
The dress of deserts, did at first appear
As if those useful blessings had, for fear
That wasteful man should ravish them to feed
His luxury, fled thither none that need
Such thrifty joys, in the circumference
O' the valley seeming to have residence
All whose exalted pride did terminate
The levelled eye, was a round hill that sate 440
As centre to the golden vale, come near
To which, what did externally appear
A rock in ivy dressed, being entered, shewed
The beauties of a gorgeous palace, hewed
Out of the living stone, whose vaulted breast
Had by the union of each part exprest
The strength of concord The black rock was all
Tinselled with windows, over which did fall
Thin ivy wreaths, like cobweb veils that shade
The sallyports of beauty, only made 450
To cool, not darken, and on those that sit
Within bestow a shady benefit
They being drawn near, a sad old man that sate
Unwilling porter, from the spacious gate
Withdrew the verdant curtain —She is now
Entered the castle, where, could fear allow
Her eyes that liberty, she had surveyed
Buildings, whose strength with beauty joined, betrayed
Time's modern issues to contempt, and by
A lasting glory praised antiquity 460
But pleasure spreads her baits in vain, she sate
Beneath the frozen arctic of her fate,
Whilst he, from whose aspect she only felt
Delightful heat, in's winter-solstice dwelt
More to depress her sinking spirits, she
Too soon finds cause to think that gravity
She met in the entrance but the reverend shade
Of injured worth, which accident had made
Stoop to that bondage, virtue drooping in
His furrowed cheeks, as if disposed, she'd been 470
Thither confined within the walls, to let
Imperious vice her painted banners set

Pharonnida

A troop of wild bandits villains whose guilt
Shunned public haunts Heaven s private blessings spilt
There in luxurious riot which grown bold
By toleration durst t the light unfold
Vice s deformedst issues nought b the name
Of sin being known but sins betrayer shame
In such a loose intemperance as reigns
In conquered cities when the soldier s pains
With spoils of peace is paid they lived Mongst these 480
Some few unhappy women kept to appease
Lust s tumults she beheld whose looks betrayed
A sickly guilt and made the royal maid
Amidst her grief's cold symptoms blush to see
How pale they looked with lust s deformity
Whilst these are viewed with such a change as that
Poor village drunkards are enforced to at
An officer s approach when the night grows
Deep as their draughts she sees them all compose
Their late wild looks nor was this dress of fear 490
In vain put on Almanzor did appear—
Dreaded Almanzor who on them had built
A power which though by unsuccessful guilt
Banished t the desert forced their wants to be
The helpless sufferers of his tyranny
Passed through the fear dispersèd throng he s to
The princess come where startled at the view
Of majesty shrinks back Unsteady haste
Which brought him there but to view beauties placed
Within the reach of s lust assaulted by
Objects that both to love and loyalty 500
Had proved him an apostate to retreat
Within a blush attempts but that s too great
A friend to bashful virtue in that face,
Whose heart deposes her to sprinkle grace
Ruffled with this recoil of spirits in
Such troubled haste as novices begin
New conned orations he himself applies
To the injured lady whose brave spirit flies
Not what see feared but with the brave defence 510
Of scorn opposes blushless impudence
Crushing the embryos of that language, in
Whose guilty accents he attempts to win
Opinion s favour and by that redeem
What former guilt had lost in her esteem
Contemned with such a look as princes cast
On overbold usurpers he is past
The first encounter of her eye and she
Turned in disdain to show her great soul free
473 bandits] Note the accent of *ba d ti* preserved in bandits. 520

From low submission, by which fired into
A sullen anger, he resolves to mew
The royal eaglet, until freedom grow
A favour, whose fair streams might overflow
Those barren fields of indesert, in which
His fortune pines—lest this fair prize enrich
The cursed soil, and on its surface place
The long-abstracted beams of princely grace
  She to the narrow confines of a room
Restrained, to let his muffled thoughts resume 530
Their calm composture, counsel's throne, he goes
Aside, and on that doubtful text bestows
The clearest comment of his judgement, yet
Falls short of truth, and must contented sit
To know her there, though not the accident
Which from her father's glorious court had sent
Her so ill guarded but referring that
To time's discovery, he, transported at
What was a truth confirmed, within the wide
Arms of his hope, grasps what aspiring pride 540
Or lust's loose rhetoric, when youth's vigorous fire
Beauty hath kindled, prompts him to desire
  Yet by two several paths to tread that way,
His crimes' dark roads, lust and ambition, lay,
The poor Florenza, that long since had been
The trembling object of the baser sin,
To make his sly access to either free
From the other's thoughts, must from her lady be
In this dark storm removed, he fearing less
That counsel aiding virtue in distress, 550
Though wanting strength the battle to maintain,
Might countermine the engine of his brain
  To this sad separation leaving them,
Whom innocence had licensed to condemn
Fortune's harsh discipline, Almanzor goes,
Fate's dark enigmas, by the help of those
That took her, to unveil, but 'twas a work
Too full of subtle mystery A Turk,
Her brave defender, by those garments which
Rash fear had only rifled to enrich 560
Nice inquisition, seemed By which betrayed
To dark mistakes, his policy obeyed
Domestic counsels, and by subtle spies,
Whose ears were more officious than their eyes,
Soon from the love-sick lady's close complaints
His wiser knowledge with their cause acquaints

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

526 lest] Orig 'least,' is here as not seldom = 'unless'
541 vigorous] Orig 'rigorous,' possibly

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

From all the hopes of love and liberty
  Overwhelmed in the vast ocean of her grief
The wretched princess is constrained to be
  A prisoner to her youth's first dreadful thief—

The cursed Almanzor in whose dismal cell
  She comments on the various texts of grief
In every form till from the tip of hell
  When seeming darkest just Heaven sent relief

DISTRACTED in the agony of love
Pharonnida, whose sad complaints did prove
Her sorrow's true interpreters had made
Argalia's name wrapped up in sighs invade
The ears of an unseen informer whence
Almanzor's thoughts delivered from suspense
Shake off their doubtful dress of fears and teach
Hypocrisy by paths untrod to reach
The apex of his hopes What not the fear
Of ills whilst her own interest did appear 10
The only sharer could perform he now
Presumes affection to her friend would bow
With low submission if by that she might
Aid his dim stars with a reserve of light.
  With frequent visits which on sin's dark text
Wrought a fair gloss Almanzor oft had vext
The calmer passions of the princess in
To ruffled anger but when all could win
No entrance on her favour fury tries
A harsher corrosive—Stern power denies 20
Her even of those poor narrow comforts which
Her soul's dark region that was only rich
In sorrow's sables could possess Withdrew
Were all those slippery parasites that knew
To her no pity but what did reflect
The rays o the tyrant's favour whose neglect
Taught them the lesson of disdain whilst she
Her practised soul trained in humility
  Pensive as an unpractised convert in
A bath of tears she shadowed lies within 30
The unfrequented room a curtain bed
Her close retreat, till light's fair angel fled

Arg 7 t p] lip ?
20 denies] denies of is a characteristic blending—'deprives *of*' and 'denies
31 curta n bed] Singer curtained but curtain bed (cf arm chair) is quite probable

The swarthy region But whilst here she lies,
Like in a dark lantern that in black disguise
Circles imprisoned light
Grief from the sullen world concealed to turn
The troubled stream—as if the silent urn
Of some dead friend, to private sorrow had
Summoned her hither, entered was a sad
And sober matron, in her hands she bore 40
A light, whose feeble rays could scarce restore
The sick successor of the day unto
A cheerful smile Sad pilgrims, that renew
Acquaintance with their better angels by
Harsh penitence, have of humility
Less in their looks than she,—her habit showed
Like costly ruins that for fashion owed
To elder pride, in whose reversion she
Appeared, the noble choice of charity
This shadow of religious virtue drawn 50
Near her disordered bed, a sickly dawn
Of light breaks through the princess' clouded eyes
To meet the welcome object, the disguise
Of sorrow, which at first appearance sate
Fixed on her brow, a partner of her fate
Making her seem Nor was the fancy crushed
In the infancy of faith, fair truth first blushed
For verbal crimes Near to the bed reposed
Where the sad lady lay, she thus disclosed
Her cause of entrance —'Cease, fair stranger, to 60
Monopolize a sorrow, which not you
Here share alone, pity, instructed by
Experience in the rules of misery,
Hath brought me from complaining of my own
To comfort thine This castle once hath known
Me for its mistress, though it now behold
Me (in the dress of poverty grown old)
Despised and poor, the scorn of those that were
Nursed into life by my indulgent care'
This, in her tears' o'erflowing language spoke, 70
Persuades the pensive princess to revoke
Depraved opinion's doom, confessing she
Wedded not grief to singularity
But comfort in the julep of her words
Was scarce dissolved, ere a reply affords
Conceived requital, striving to prevent
The oft more forward thanks 'Rise to content,
Fair soul, (she cries), be but so wise to let
Sick passion die with just neglect, I'll set
Thy dropped stars in their orbs again I have, 80
Forced by command, a late attendance gave
Unto a wounded stranger, that remains

Pharonnida

Within this castle in the heavy chains
Of cruel bondage from whose weight unless
Your love redeem him dark forgetfulness
Will draw the curtains of the grave about
His dull mortality and the sick doubt
Of hope resolve in death This evening I
O erheard his heavy doom from which to fly
He hath no refuge but your mercy which
Stripped of light passion must be clothed in rich
But graver robes of reason when it sits
In council how to reconcile the fits
Of feverish love—when being most propense
To passion s heat a frost of abstinence
Benumbs it to a lethargy In brief
Tis he whose prosperous tyranny the chief
Command within this castle gave, that in
His swift destruction doth attempt to win
Free passage to enjoying you then prove
He friend to him that begs you to change love
For now more useful pity and so save
A life that must no longer live to crave
If now denied This ring (with that presents
A jewel that, when loves first elements
The harmony of faith united she
Gave to confirm her vows) he sends to be
A note that he denies whatever was made
Authentic, when your mixed vows did invade
Unwilling Heaven which in your sufferance shows
We may intend but wiser powers dispose.
Pharonnida, whose fears confirmed did need
No more to wound a fancy that did bleed
At all the springs of passion being by
The fatal present taught whose liberty
Her loves exchange must purchase with a sad
Reverse of the eye beholding it, unclad
Her sorrow thus — And did oh did this come
By thy commands Argalia? no by some
Unworthy hand thou rt robbed of it—I know
Thou sooner wouldst be tempted to let go
Relics of thy protecting saint —Oh cease,
Whatever you are to wrong him the calm peace
He wears to encounter death in cannot be
Scattered by any storm of fear Would he,
That hath affronted death in every shape
Of horror tamely yield unto the rape
Of s virgin honour and not stand the shock
Of a base tyrant s anger? But I mock
My hopes with vain phantasms tis the love
He bears to me carries his fear above

101 He] So or g and Singer Emendation is not easy

The orb of his own noble temper to
An unknown world of passions, in whose new
Regions ambitious grown, it scorns to fall
Back to its centre—reason, whither all
The lines of action until now did bend
From 's soul's circumference Yet know, his end,
If doomed unto this cursed place, shall tell
The bloody tyrant that my passing bell
Tolls in his dying groans, and will ere long 140
Ring out in death—if sorrow, when grown strong
As fate, can raise the strokes of grief above
The strength of nature, which if not, yet love
Will find a passage, where our souls shall rest
In an eternal union—whilst opprest
With horror, he, by whose commands he dies,
Falls to the infernal powers a sacrifice
'If that your pity were no fiction, to
Betray my feeble passions, and undo
The knots of resolution, tell my friend— 150
I live but to die his, and will attend
Him with my prayers, those verbal angels, till
His soul 's on the wing, then follow him, and fill
Those blanks our fate left in the lines of life
Up with eternal bliss, where no harsh strife
Of a dissenting parent shall destroy
The blooming springs of our conjugal joy'
Vexed by this brave display of fortitude
To sullen anger, with a haste more rude
Than bold intrusions, lust's sly advocate 160
Forsakes her seat, and though affronts too late
Came to create a blush, yet passion had
Her cheeks in red revenge's livery clad,
Her eyes, like Saturn's in the house of death,
Heavy with ills to come, her tainted breath
Scattering infectious murmurs with a look
Oblique and deadly, the cursed hag forsook
That ebon cabinet of grief, and hastes
To tell Almanzor how his passion wastes
More spirits in persuasion's hectic, than 170
If power had quenched ambition's fever when
'Twas first inflamed with hope, whose cordials prove
Oft slow as opiates in the heat of love
This, with a heat that spoiled digestion, by
The angry tyrant heard, rage did untie
The curls of passion, whose soft trammels had
Crisped smooth hypocrisy, from which unclad,
Developed nature shows her unfiled dress
Rough as an angry friend, by no distress
Of beauty to be calmed Since sly deceit 180
Virtue had now unmasked, no candid bait

Conceals his thoughts which soon in public shows
From what black sea those mists of passion rose
Day's sepulchre the ebon archèd night
Was raised above the battlements of light,
The frenzied world's allaying opiate sleep,
Overtaking action did in silence steep
The various fruits of labour and from thence
Recovers what pays for her time's expense
In which slow calm whilst half the drowsy earth
Lay in the shade of nature, to give birth
Unto the burthen of sick fancy—fear
Groans deep as death's alarums through her ear
Fly toward the throne of reason to inform
The pensive princess, that the last great storm
Of fate was now descending beyond which
Her eyes overwhelmed in sorrow must enrich
Their orbs with love no more but in the dawn
Of life behold her friend's destruction drawn
Since threatened danger sad assurance gives—
In those deep groans he now but dying lives
More swiftly to destroy the falling leaves
Of blasted hope, with horror she receives
By a convey of wearied light, that strook
Through rusty gates intelligence which shook
The strength of fortitude—There was a room
Deep and obscure, where, in a heavy gloom
The unstirred air in such a darkness dwelt
As masked Egyptians from Heaven's vengeance felt
Till by the struggling rays of a faint lamp
Forced to retreat and the quicksilver damp
Shed on the sweaty walls which hid within
That glittering veil worn figures that had been
The hieroglyphic epitaphs of those
Which charity did to the earth dispose
In friendship's last of legacies except
What is to cure loose fame's diseases kept
Here mongst the ruins of mortality
In blood disfigured she beholds one lie
Who though disguised in death's approach appears
By a habit that confirmer of her fears
Her gentle love, alone and helpless in
The grasp of death striving in vain to win
The field from that grim tyrant who had now
Embalmed him in his blood and did allow
Him no more spirits but what in that strife
Served to groan out the epilogue of life,
And then depart Nature's cold stage to be
Sucked up from time into eternity
When thus the everlasting silence had
Locked up his voice, and death's rude hand unclad

His hovering soul, whose elemental dress
Is left to dust and dark forgetfulness,
When Nature's lamps being snuffed to death, he lay
A night-pieced draught of once well-modelled clay
With such a silent pace as witches use
To tread o'er graves, when their black arts abuse
Their cold inhabitants, his murderers were
Entered the vault, from the stained floor to bear
The cold stiff corpse, which having softly laid 240
In's doomsday's bed, unto the royal maid,
Whose beauty, in this agony defaced,
Grief's emblem sat, with eager speed they haste
  Either a guilty shame, or fear to be
Converted by her form's divinity,
Made them choose darkness for protection, in
Whose hideous shade, she of herself unseen
Is hurried thence unto that dreadful place
Where he entombed lay, whom she must embrace
In death's dark lodgings, and, ere life was fled, 250
Remain a sad companion of the dead
Confining beauty, in youth's glorious bloom,
To the black prison of a dismal tomb
Where, fast enclosed, earth's fairest blossom must
Unnaturally be planted in the dust,
Where life's bright star, Heaven's glorious influence,
Her soul, in labour with the slow suspense
Of lingering torments, must expecting lie,
Till famine Nature's ligatures untie
  And can, oh, can we never hope to save 260
Her that's in life a tenant to the grave!
Can aught redeem one that already lies
Within the bed of death, whose hot lust fries
In the enjoyment of all beauties that
The aged world ere had to wonder at!
To feed whose riot, the well-tempered blood,
That sanguine youth's smooth cheek mixed with a flood
Of harsh distemperatures, o'erflows, and brings
Some to their lodgings on the flaming wings
Of speedy fevers, whilst the others creep 270
On slow consumptions, millions from the steep
And dangerous precipice of war some in
A stream of their own humours that have been
Swelled to a dropsy, being even pressed to death
By their own weight, whilst others part with breath
From bodies worn so thin, they seemed to be
Grown near the soul's invisibility
  But whither strays our fancy? have we left
The woful lady in a tomb, bereft

261 to] Singer, unnecessarily and I think unwisely, 'of'

Of all society, and shall I let
My wandering pen forsake her? Such a debt
Would bankrupt pity The undistinguished day
Whose new born light did but e en then display
Its dewy wings when first she was confined
To the dark tomb was now grown almost blind
With age when thus through Fate s black curtain broke
Unlooked for light that darkness—which did choke
All passages by which the thin air held
Commerce with neighbouring rooms being now expelled
By the dim taper s glimmering beams—let fall
Part of the rays through an old ruined wall
That fenced an ugly dungeon where the night
Dwelt safe as in the centre By the sight
Of which unlooked for guest some prisoners who
Had there been staid even till despairing to
Be e er released in eager fury tries
To force their way where their directing eyes
Led by the light should guide them come at length
Where with time s burden tired the building s strength
Losing its first firm union was divorced
With gaping clefts an easy strength enforced
Those feeble guards but come into the room
Where o er the living lady s sable tomb
Hung the directing light they there in vain
For further passage seeking were again
To the black dungeon horror s dismal seat
In sad despair making their slow retreat
Now near departing a deep doleful groan
Reversed their eyes amazement almost grown
To stupefaction stays them whilst they hear
New sighs confirm their wonder not their fear
Till thus Eurlolus whose bold look spoke
The braver soul the dismal silence broke
Whate er thou art that hoverest here within
This gloomy shadow speak what wrong hath been
Thy troubled ghost s tormentor? art thou fled
From woe to stir the dust o the peaceful dead?
Or com st from sacred shadows to lament
Some friend s dead corpse which this dark tenement
Hath lodged in dust? The trembling lady hearing
A human voice again and now not fearing
The approaches of a greater danger cries —
Whate er you are fear mocks your faith here lies
A woful wretch entombed alive that ne er
Must look on light again my spirit were
Blest if resolved to air but here it must
A sad companion in the silent dust,
To loathed corruption be until the pale
Approaching fiend harsh famine shall exhale

In dews of blood, the purple moisture, that 330
Fed life's fresh springs —but none shall tremble at
My doleful story, 'tis enough that Fate
Hath for this tomb exchanged a throne of state'
  To active pity stirred, the valiant friends
Attempt her rescue, but their labour ends
In fruitless toils, the ponderous marble lies
With too much weight to let the weak supplies
Of human strength remove 't, which whilst they tried
To weary sweats, kind fortune lends this guide
To their masked virtue The informing ear 340
Proclaims approaching steps, which ushered fear
Into Ismander's breast, but his brave friend,
The bold Euriolus, resolved to end
By death or victory their bondage, goes
Near to the gate, where soon were entered those
Which in Pharonnida's restraint had been
The active engines of that hateful sin,
With them, that hag whose cursed invention had
Revenge in such an uncouth dressing clad
  Whilst her Ismander seized, and with a charm 350
Of nimble strength commands, the active arm
Of fierce Euriolus, directed by
Victorious valour, purchased liberty
By strokes whose weight to dark destruction sunk
His worthless foes, and sent their pale souls, drunk
With innocent blood, staggering from earth, to be
Masked in the deserts of eternity
  This being beheld by her whose hopes of life
With them departed she concludes the strife
Of inquisition by directing to 360
An engine, which but touched would soon undo
That knot which puzzled all their strength, and give
The captive princess hopes again to live
Within the reach of light, whose beams, whilst she
Unfolds her eyes—those dazzled stars, to see,
Dark misty wonder in a cloud o'erspread
His faith that raised her from that gloomy bed,
Amazed Euriolus, whose zeal-guided eyes
Soon know the princess through grief's dark disguise
Could his inflamed devotion into one 370
Great blast of praises be made up, 't had gone
Toward heavenly bowers on the expanded wings
Of his exalted joy, nor are the springs
Of life less raised with wonder in the breast
Of 's royal mistress, whose free soul exprest

331 none] Orig 'now'
357, 378 masked] Both these passages illustrate, in the same word 'masked,' Chamberlayne's curious locution The first passage looks quite wrong, the second helps to gloss the word as = 'bewildered,' 'out of themselves'

Pharonnida

As much of joy as in her clouded fate,
With reason at the helm of action sate
Here had they masked in mutual wonder staid
To unriddle fate, had not wise fear obeyed
Reason's grave dictates and with eager speed
Urged their departure for whose guide they need
No more but her directions who then lay
Taught by the fear of vengeance to obey
Their just demands By whom informed of all
That might within the castle's circuit fall
With weights of danger and taught how to free
Confined Florenza to meet liberty
They march in triumph leaving none to take
Possession there but her whose guilt would make
The torment just though there constrained to dwell
Till death prepared her for a larger hell
Whilst sleep's guards doubled by intemperance reigned
Within the walls with happy speed they gained
The castle's utmost ward and furnished there
With such choice horses as provided were
For the outlaws next day's scouts a glad adieu
Of their loathed jail they take Ismander knew
Each obscure way that in their secret flight
Might safely promise so that sullen night
Could not obstruct their passage though through ways
So full of dark meanders not the day's
Light could assist a stranger Ere the dawn
O the wakeful morn had spread her veils of lawn
O'er the fair virgins of the spring they re past
That sylvan labyrinth and with that had cast
Their greatest terror off and taught their eyes
The welcome joys of liberty to prize
And now the spangled squadrons of the night
Encountering beams had lost the field to light
The morning proud in beauty grown whilst they
With cheerful speed passed on the levelled way
By solitude secure of all unseen
Save early labourers that resided in
Dispersed poor cottages by whom they re viewed
With humble reverence such as did delude
Sharp-eyed suspicion they are now drawn near
Ismander's palace whose fair towers appear
Above the groves whose green enamel lent
The neighbouring hills their prospects ornament
A river whose unwearied bounty brings
The hourly tribute of a thousand springs
From several fragrant valleys here as grown
So rich she now strove to preserve her own

381 Urged] Orig urge

Streams from the all devouring sea, did glide
Betwixt two hills, which Nature did divide
To entertain the smiling nymph, till to
An entrance where her silver eye did view
A wealthy vale she came—a vale in which
All fruitful pleasures did content enrich,
Where all so much deserved the name of best, 430
Each, took apart, seemed to excel the rest
  Rounded with spacious meads, here scattered stood
Fair country farms, whose happy neighbourhood,
Though not so near as justling palaces
Which troubled cities, yet had more to please
By a community of goodness in
That separation Nature's hand had been
To all too liberal, to let any want
The treasures of a free inhabitant,
Each in his own unracked inheritance 440
Where born expired, not striving to advance
Their levelled fortunes to a loftier pitch
Than what first styled them honest, after rich,
Sober and sweet their lives, in all things blest
Which harmless nature, living unopprest
With surfeits, did require, their own flocks bred
Their homespun garments, and on that they fed
Which from their fields' or dairies' plenteous store
Had fresh supplies what fortune lent them more
Than an indifferent mean, was sent to be 450
The harbingers of hospitality
Fair virgins, in their youth's fresh April drest,
Courted by amorous swains, were unopprest
By dark suspicion, age's sullen spies,
Whose spleen would have the envious counted wise
Love was religious here, and for to awe
Their wilder passions, conscience was their law
More to complete this rural happiness,
They were protected from the harsh distress
Of long-winged power by the blest neighbourhood 460
Of brave Ismander, whose known greatness stood
Not to eclipse their humble states, although
It shadowed them when injured power did grow
To persecution, by which means he proved
Not feared for greatness, but for goodness loved
Which gentle passion his unhappy loss
Had soured to grief, and made their joy their cross
  But now their antidote approaches, he
From heavy bondage is returned to be

435 Which troubled cities] In another writer one might suspect '*In* troubled cities' or 'Which *trouble* cities' But it is quite like Chamberlayne to *attract* his verb into the form of 'stood' and 'had'

Their joyful wonder At his palace gate
Being now arrived his palace that of late
With s absence dimmed in her most beauteous age
Stood more neglected than a hermitage,
Or sacred buildings when the sinful times
To persecution aggravate their crimes
But being entered sadder objects took
Those outside wonders off each servants look
Spoke him a sullen mourner grave and sad
Their sober carriage in no liveries clad
But doleful sable all their acts like those
Of weeping wives, when they t the grave dispose
Their youthful husbands Yet all these were but
Imperfect shadows of a sorrow put
Near his fair Ammidas whose grief had sought
In distant landscape when to trial brought
As dark a region for her sad retreat
In sacred temples the neglected lamp
So wastes its oil when heresies do cramp
Religions beams with such a heavy look
Monarchs deposed behold themselves forsook
By those that flattered greatness shut from all
Those glorious objects of the world that call
Our souls in admiration forth her time
Being spent in grief made life but Natures crime
The rough disguise of time assisted by
The meagre gripe of harsh captivity
Had now expunged those characters by which
Ismander once was known and even the rich
In love and duty rendered strangers to
Their honoured master from whose serious view
Neglective grief withdraws them so that he
An unknown pilgrim might have gone to be
Theirs and his own afflicter had that fear
Not thus been cured —A spaniel being of dear
Esteem to Ammida since the delight
Of her Ismander once come to the sight
Of s first protector stays not till a call
Invites acquaintance but preventing all
The guides of reason by the sleights of sense
Fawning on s master checks the intelligence
Of s more forgetful followers Which being seen
By an old servant (whose firm youth had been
Spun out amongst that family till by
Grave age surprised) it led his sober eye
To stricter observations such as brought
Him near to truth and on contracted thought
Raised a belief which though it durst conclude
Nought on the dark text yet i the magnitude

Of hope exalted, by his joy he hastes 520
To's mourning mistress, tells her that she wastes
Each minute more she spends in grief, if he
Dares trust his eyes to inform his memory
  Contracted spirits, starting from the heart
Of doubtful Ammida, to every part
Post through the troubled blood, a combat, fought
Betwixt pale fear and sanguine hope, had oft
Won and lost battles in her cheeks, whilst she,
Leaving her sullen train, did haste to see
Those new-come guests But the first interview 530
Unmasks Ismander, winged with love she flew
To his embraces 'twas no faint disguise
Of a coarse habit could betray those eyes
Into mistakes, that for directors had
Love's powerful optics, nuptial joys unclad
In all their naked beauties—no delight
So full of pleasure, the first active night
Being but a busy and laborious dream
Compared with this—this, that had swelled the stream
Of joy to fainting surfeits, whose hot strife 540
Had overflowed the crimson sea of life,
If not restrained by a desire to keep
What each had lost in the eternal sleep
  But now, broke through the epileptic mist
Of amorous rapture, rallied spirits twist
Again their optic cordage, whose mixed beams
Now separate, and on collateral streams
Dispersed expressions of affection bore
To each congratulating friend, that wore
Not out those favours with neglect, but by 550
A speedy, though unpractic sympathy,
Met their full tide of bliss Glad Fame, which brings
Truth's messages upon her silver wings
In private whisper hovers for awhile
Within the palace, every servant's smile
Invites a new spectator, who from thence
(Proud to be author of intelligence
So welcome) hastes, till knowledge ranged through all,
Diffusive joy made epidemical
For though that noble family alone 560
Afforded pleasure a triumphant throne,
Yet frolic mirth did find a residence
In every neighbour's bosom They dispense
With their allegiance to their labour, and
Revel in lusty cups, the brown bowls stand
With amber liquor filled, whose fruitful tears
Dropped loved Ismander's health, till it appears
In sanguine tincture on their cheeks All now
Had if not calmed their passions, smoothed a brow

Pharonnida

To temporize with pleasure The sad story
Of his own fortune and that age's glory
Pharonnida, whilst each attentive dwells
On expectation brave Ismander tells

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

From the sad consort of her silent grief
The princess doth with pleasing wonder hear
Poor Vanlore's fate and the unjust relief
Which his unworthy father freed from fear
Whose hell deep plots the dregs of avarice
Had so defiled that whilst he seeks for aid
His subtlety masked on the road of vice
By his presumed assistant is betrayed.

COMPOSING time did now begin to slack
The reign of mirth exalted joy shrunk back
From pleasure's summer solstice, and gave way
For more domestic passions to obey
An economic government which brought
Loose fancy on the wings of serious thought
Back to her sober home in that to find
Those several burthens that were left behind
In the career of mirth amongst which number
Pharonnida, that had let sorrow slumber
In the high room of joy awakes again
That clamorous elf which she must entertain
At beauty's cost. Yet in this dark retreat
From pleasure's throne to sorrow's dismal seat
She finds a sweet companion one that had
By fatal love opposed with loss unclad
Delight of all his summer robes to dress
Her trembling soul in sables of distress
The sad Silvandra (for surviving fame
Hath on record so charactered her name)
Being sister to returned Ismander in
This flourish of triumphant joy had been
So much eclipsed with grief that oft her tears
Dimmed beauty's rays whilst through them she appears
A fit companion for the princess to
Twist those discourses with whose mourning clew
Led through the labyrinth of their lives They oft,
In shades as secret as their closest thought

2 reign] Orig 'rain Singer rein The curious thing is that both as well as the text are possible

With pensive paces meeting, sit and tell
Stories so sad, that nought could parallel— 30
But love and loss, a theme they both had been
By rigid power made hapless students in
One eye bright morning tempting them to take
The start of time, soon as the lark did wake,
Summons them from the palace to the side
Of a small wood, whose bushy crest, the pride
Of all the flowery plains, they chose to be
'Gainst the invading sun their canopy
Reposed beneath a full grown tree, that spread
His trembling arms to shade their fragrant bed, 40
They now are set, where for awhile they view
The distant vale, whilst contemplation grew
Pregnant with wonder, whose next prosperous birth
Had been delight, had they not sent their mirth
In sad exchange, whilst tears did usher in
Silvandra's fate, who, weeping, did begin,
With such a look as did command belief,
The late-past story of a present grief
'In yonder fields (with that directs her eye
To a black fen, whose heavy earth did lie 50
Low in a dark and dirty vale) is placed
Amarus's castle, which though now defaced
More by the owner's covetous neglect
Than time's rough strokes, that strength, which did protect
Once its inhabitants, being now but made
Use of when want doth with weak prayers invade
The gates, being thought sufficient—if they keep
The poor at bay, or, whilst his stiff hinds sleep,
Their labouring beasts secure But I, alas,
Blush to discover that this miser was 60
Father to my dead Vanlore, and to her
Whose living virtues kind Heaven did confer
As blessings on my brother, but the sun
Ne'er saw two sweeter streams of virtue run
From such a bitter fountain This accurst
And wretched man (so hated that he durst
Scarce look abroad, fearing oppression would
Be paid with vengeance, if he ever should
Fall into the hands of those whose faces he
Ground with extortion, till the injury 70
Fear clothed like justice), venturing once to view
A manor, whose intemperate lord outgrew
In debts the compass of a bond, besides
His common guard of clowns, fellows whose hides
Served for defensive armour, he commands
His son's attendance, who, since from his hands
Racked tenants hoped for ease, he thought that they
Would for that hope with reverent duty pay

Pharonnida

But vain mistakes betray opinion to
A fatal precipice which they might view
I the objects of each glance one side affords
Large plains, whose flocks—the wealth of several lords 80
By him contracted but the spoils appears
Of beggared orphans pickled in their tears
Farms for whose loss poor widows wept and fields
Which being confined to strict enclosure yields
To his crammed chests the starving poor man's food
For private ends robbing their public good
With guilt enclosed those ways which now had brought
Him by some cottages whose owners bought
Poor livelihoods at a laborious rate
From his racked lands for which pursuing Hate 90
Now follows him in curses for in that
They yet take vengeance till arriving at
The thicker peopled villages where more bold
By number made, the fire of hate takes hold
On clamorous women whose vexed husbands thirst
I the fever of revenge to these, when first
They kindled had the flame swiftly succeeds
More active men such as resolved their deeds,
Spite of restrictive law should set them free
From the oppressors of their liberty 100
His son the noble Vanlore to appease
The dangerous fury of this rash disease
Spends all his stock of rhetoric, but in
Fruitless attempts His rustic guard had been
At the first onset scattered and were now
Posting for safety whilst his son taught how
By frequent injuries to entertain
Anger's unusual guests shows it in vain
Though brave attempts of valour by whose high
Unhappy flame whilst circling foes did die 110
Unworthy hecatombs for him at length
Engaged him had beyond the power of strength
Though backed by fortune to redeem which when
Beheld by those whose characters of men
In rage was lost they wildly persecute
Revenge till life nature's harmonious fruit
Was blasted to untimely death —And here
Her fatal story in its full career
The memory of him, who died to be
The people's curse and crime of destiny, 120
Grief did obstruct whilst liquid passion feeds
Her crystal springs which stopped she thus proceeds —
His brave defender now retreating to
The road to death, whilst he did vainly sue

90 owners] Orig honours

For undeserved remorse, Amarus lies
Their fury's object, in whose wild disguise,
Whilst giddy clouds of dark amazement dwell
O'er his dim eyes, the exalted tumult fell 130
In a black storm of danger, in whose shade
They drag him thence, that fury, being made
Wise by delays, might study torments great
As was their rage, but in their wild retreat
They thus are stopped A wandering knight that near
The place approached, directed by his ear
How to inform his eye, arrives to see
The wretched trophies of this victory,
A dying son, whose latest beams of light
Through death's dim optics bids the world good night, 140
With looks that did so black a sorrow limn
He frowned on earth though Heaven did smile on him,
Hurried from thence by unrelenting hate,
A living father of more woful fate
'Pity, that brave allay of manly heat,
Persuades the noble stranger to entreat
A parle with rage, which, being denied, he then
Attempts to force, and since their ablest men
Were wounded in the former conflict, soon
Successful proves Like mists i' the pride of noon, 150
Being huddled into hurtless clouds, they fly
Before his fury, till from reach of the eye
Shrunk to the wood's protection, where, whilst each,
With such a fear a sanguine guilt did teach
The world's first murderer, seeks for safety, he
Retreating leaves the scattered herd—to be
Their own afflicters, and hastes thence to find
Him to whom fortune proved so strangely kind
In his approach, as by his sword to be,
When hope lost anchor, blest with liberty 160
Come to the place where old Amarus lay
With fear so startled, that he durst betray
Life through no motion, yet he's followed by
That train of cowards, which, though they did fly
The danger, when they saw their foes pursued,
On the reward—the victory, intrude,
Whose easy spoils, those invitations to
A coward's daring, such a distance drew
Them from their homes, that they with labour were
Recalled from rifling enemies to bear 170
Their feeble masters off—Amarus lying
As weak with fear as Vanlore was with dying
'Before the black obstructions of the night
Did interpose, they were arrived i' the sight
O' the castle's ruined walls, a place whose hue,
Uncouth and wild, banished delight unto

Pharonnida

Uncomely profit and at distance gives
A sad assurance—that its owner lives
By men so hated and by Heaven unblest,
As he enjoyed not what he there possest
Come to the front of the house whose dirt forbid
A cleanly entrance he sees pavements hid
With heaps of rubbish—times slow hand let fall
From the neglected ruins of the wall
Green arbours pleasant groves all which were now
Swiftly dismantling to make way for th plough
Only his barns preservers of that store
Detained with curses from the pining poor
Their upper garments of warm thatch did wear
So thick to keep them dry whilst thin and bare
E en his own lodging stood the hall first built
To have that wealth which he in spaning spilt
Spent there in hospitality neer by
More heat warmed than a candle gave did lie
Moulded with lazy damps—the wall o ergrown
With moss and weeds—unhaunted and alone
The empty tables stood for never guess
Come there, except thin bankrupts whom distress
Spurred on with sharp necessity to crave
Forbearing months which he when bribed forgave
Hence by a rude domestic led he goes
To view the cellar where like distant foes
Or buildings in a new plantation stand
The distant barrels yet from all command
But his own keys exempted To bestow
A welcome on him which he neer did show
To man before, led by a rusty slave
Whose iron limbs rattling in leather gave
Alarums to the half starved rats he here
Is by Amarus visited whose fear
That place should too much suffer soon from thence
Sounds a retreat to supper where the expense
Became a usurer's purse yet what was by
Sparing defective neatness did supply
A virtue where repining penury
Prepares unusual but he soon did see
Whence it proceeds—The sad sweet Ammida
Whom shame and grief attempted to withdraw
From public view was by her father's call
To crown that entertainment brought whose all

178 owner] Orig again 'honour The constant occurrence of this suggests not merely d ctat on as observed before but a probably Irish d ctater

197 guess] Singer boldly p ints guests wh ch the sense of course requires But guess is in original and I leave it to the reader to decide whether the sense or the rhyme or the pronunciation is to yield the place

Was else so bad, it the first visit might
Repented make, not to the next invite
'Here, with afflicted patience, he had spent
Some few, but tedious days, whose slow extent
Behind his wishes flagged, ere he had seen
Vanlore interred, whose obsequies had been
In secret huddled up, but then prepares
To take his leave, when adverse fate, that shares
Double with man's intentions, in the tart
Of 's full resolves opposing, claims her part 230
By harsh command A dangerous fever, that
Threatened destruction ere arriving at
Its distant crisis, and on flaming wings,
Posts through the blood, whose mass infected brings
Death's banners near the fort of life, which in
Acute distempers it attempts to win
From Nature's guards, had not the hot assault
By youth sustained, made Death's black army halt
Whilst marching to the grave—the swift disease
Like a proud foe repulsed, forced to give ease 240
By slow retreats, yet of those cruel wars
Left long remaining bloodless characters
'But ere the weak Euriolus (for he
This hapless stranger was) again could be
By strength supported, base Amarus, who
Could think no more than priceless thanks was due
For all his dangerous pains, more beastly rude
Than untamed Indians, basely did exclude
That noble guest which being with sorrow seen
By Ammida, whose prayers and tears had been 250
His helpless advocates, she gives in charge
To her Ismander—that till time enlarge
Her then restrained desires, he entertain
Her desolate and wandering friend Nor vain
Were these commands, his entertainment being
Such as observant love thought best agreeing
To her desires But here not long he staid,
Ere fortune, prompted by his wit, obeyed
That artful mistress, and reward obtains
By fine imposture for firm virtue's pains 260
The gout, that common curse of slothful wealth,
With frequent pain had long impaired the health
Of old Amarus, who, though else to all
Griping as that, for ease was liberal
From practised physic to the patient's curse—
Poor prattling women, or impostors worse—
Sly mountebanks, whose empty impudence
Do frequent murders under health's pretence,

261 Although I have barred myself from frequent annotation on matter, the following passage may deserve an invitation to observe the poet's professional spirit

He all had tried yet found he must endure
What though some eased none perfectly could cure 270
Oft had his judgement purse and patience been
Abused by cheats yet still defective in
The choice of men which error known unto
My brother and Eurnolus they drew
Their platform thus —Eurnolus clad in
An antic dress which showed as he had been
Physician to the Great Mogul first by
Ismander praised at distance doth apply
Himself unto Amarus where to enhance
The price of s art, he first applauds the chance 280
That had from distant regions thither brought
Him to eclipse their glory who had sought
For t in his cure before then seconds that
With larger promises which tickled at,
Amarus vies with his threatening to break
His iron chests and make those idols speak
His gratitude though locked with conscience they
To his own clamorous wants had silent lay
Some common medicines which the people prize
Cause from their knowledge veiled in slight disguise 290
Applied to s pain and those assisted by
Opinion whose best antidotes supply
The weak defects of art he soon attains
So much of health that now his greatest pains
Had been the engaged reward, had he not been
By future hopes kept from ungrateful sin
So far that in performing action he
Exceeds his passion s prodigality—
Large promises with such performance that
Whilst his deluders smile and wonder at 300
Thus speaks its dark original To show
Eurnolus how fortune did outgrow
Desert in his estate he was one day
From th castle walls taking a pleased survey
Of spacious fields whose soils made fertile by
Luxurious art in rich variety
Still youthful nature clothed which whilst he views
An old suspicion thus his tongue renews —
'How blest, my worthy friend how blest had I
Been in my youth s laborious industry 310
T' have seen a son possessed of this! But now
A daughter's match a stranger must endow
With what I ve toiled to get and what is more
My torment one that, being betrothed before
My son s decease, wants an estate to make
Her marriage blest. But knew I how to shake
This swaggerer off there lives not far from hence
One that to match her to were worth the expense

Of my estate, his name is Dargonel
A wary lad, who, though his land do swell 320
Each day with new additions, yet still lives
Sparing and close, takes heed to whom he gives,
Or whom he lends, except on mortgage, by
Whose strength it may securely multiply
This worthy gentleman, with wise foresight
Beholding what an object of delight
Our linked estates would be, hath, since I lost
My heir, been in 's intention only crost
By this Ismander, whom though I confess
A braver man, yet since a fortune less, 330
Ne'er must have my consent, only since by
Her contract I have lost the liberty
Of second choice, unless I vainly draw
Myself in danger of the o'erbusy law,
I want some sound advice that might inform
Me how to rid him, yet not stand a storm
Broke from his rage Although my daughter love
Him more than health, I shall command above
Her feeble passions, if you dare impart
So much of aid from your almighty art 340
As to remove this remora" And here
He stopped, yet lets a silent guilt appear
In looks that showed what else the theme affords
He'd have conceived, as being too foul for words
Which seen by him whose active wit grew strong
In friendship's cause, as loath to torture long
His expectations, thus their streams he stays
With what at once both comforts and betrays
'"Raise up your spirits, my blest patron, to
Sublime content, Heaven sent me to renew 350
Your soul's harmonious peace, that dreadful toy
Of conscience wisely waived, you may enjoy
Uninterrupted hopes Yet since we must
Be still most wary where we're most unjust,
Let 's not be rash, swift things are oft unsure,
Whilst moles through death's dark angles creep secure
Then, since it 's full of danger to remove
Betrothed Ismander, whilst his public love,
By your consent raised to assurance, may
A granted interest claim first let us stay 360
His fury and the people's censures by
A nuptial knot, whose links we will untie,
Ere the first night confirms the hallowed band,
By ways so secret, that death's skilful hand
Shall work unknown to fate, and render you
To the deluded world's more public view,

329 whom] Singer 'who,' obliterating attraction and not quite conciliating the more rigid grammar

A real mourner whilst your curtained thought
Triumphs to be from strict engagements brought.
Besides the veiling of our dark design
Like virtue thus this plot will sink a mine 3 0
Whose wealthy womb in ample jointure will
Bring much of dead Ismander's state to fill
The vast desire of wealth This being done
I with prevailing philtres will outrun
Sorrow's black bark which whilst it lies at drift,
I'll so renew her mirth no sigh shall lift
Its heavy sails which in a calm neglect
Shall lie forgot whilst what's not now respect
To Dargonel shall soon grow up to be,
Like Nature's undiscovered sympathy 380
A love so swift so secret all shall pause
At its effects whilst they admire the cause
This by Amarus with belief which grew
Into applause heard out he doth renew
With large additions what he'd promised in
His first attempts Then hasting to begin
The tragic scene which must in triumph be
Ushered to light, his known deformity
Of wretched baseness for awhile he lays
Aside and by a liberal mirth betrays 390
Approaching joy which since incited by
His wishes soon lifts Hymen's torches high
As their exalted hopes The happy pair
Dear to indulgent Heaven with omens fair
As were their youthful paranymphs had been
In the hallowed temple taught without a sin
To taste the fruits of paradise, and now
The time when tedious custom did allow
A wished retirement come preparing are
To beautify their beds whence that bright star, 400
Whose evening's blush did please the gazers eyes
Eclipsed in sorrow is ordained to rise.
But such whose superficial veil opprest
Only her friends whose knowledge were not blest
With the design which to our proscript lovers
Eunolus with timely zeal discovers
The morning opens and the wakened bride
By light and friends surprised attempts to hide
Her bashful beauty till their hands withdrew
The curtains which betrayed unto their view 410
Ismander cold and stiff Which horrid sight
Met where they looked for objects of delight
At first a silent sad amazement spread
Through all the room till Fear's pale army fled
In sad assurance, Sorrow's next hot charge
Began in shrieks, whose terror did enlarge

Infectious grief, till, like an ugly cloud
That cramps the beauties of the day, grown proud
In her black empire, Hymen's tapers she
Changes to funeral brands, and, from that tree 420
That shadows graves, pulls branches, which, being wet
In tears, are where love's myrtles flourished set
Their nuptial hymns thus turned to dirges, all
In sad exchange let cloudy sable fall
O'er pleasure's purple robes, whilst from that bed,
Whence love oppressed seemed, to their sorrow, fled
To death for refuge, sadly they attend
T' the last of homes—his tomb—their sleeping friend
Who there, with all the hallowed rights that do
Betray surviving friendship, left unto 430
Darkness and dust, they thence with sober pace
Return, whilst shrouded near that dismal place
Euriolus conceals himself, that so,
When Sleep, whose soft excess is Nature's foe,
Hath spent her stupefactive opiates, he
Might ready to his friend's assistance be
'And now that minute come, which, to comply
With Art's sure rules, gives Nature leave to untie
Sleep's powerful ligatures, his pulses beat
The blood's reveille, from whose dark retreat 440
The spirits thronging in their active flight,
His friend he encounters with the early light,
By whose assistance, whilst the quiet earth
Yet slept in night's black arms, before the birth
O' the morn, whose busy childhood might betray
Their close design, Ismander takes his way
Toward a distant friend's, whose house he knew
To be as secret as his love was true
There whilst concealed e'en from suspicion he
In safety rests, Euriolus, to free 450
Her fear's fair captive, Ammida, hastes back
To old Amarus, who, too rash to slack
Sorrow's black cordage by degrees that might
Weaken mistrust, lets mirth take open flight
Into suspected action, whilst he gives
To Dargonel, who now his darling lives,
So free a welcome that he in 't might read,
If love could not for swift succession plead,
Power should command, yet waives the exercise
Of either, till his empiric's skill he tries 460
Who now returned, ere Dargonel, that lay
Slow to attempt since certain to betray,
Had more than faced at distance, he pretends
To close attempts of art, whose wished-for ends,
Ere their expecting faith had time to fear,
In acts which raised their wonder did appear

'Love, which by judgement ruled had made desert
In her first choice the climax to her heart
By which it slowly moved now as if swayed
By heedless passion seems to have betrayed
At one rash glance her heart which now begins
To break through passion's bashful cherubins
Spreading without a modest blush the light
Of morning beauty o'er that hideous night
Of all those dull deformities that dwell
Like earth's black damps, o'er cloudy Dargonel
Who being become an antic in the mask
Of playful love grows proud and scorns to ask
Advice from sober thought, but lets conceit
Persuade him how his worth had spread that bait
Which sly Amarus who presumed to know
From whence that torrent of her love did flow
With a just doubt suspecting s'nares to make
His thoughts secure ere reason did o'ertake
Passion's enforced career Nor did his plot
Want an indulgent hope like dreams, forgot
In the delights of day his daughter shook
Off grief's black dress, and in a cheerful look
Promised approaching love, no more disguised
Than served to show strict virtue how she prized
Her only in applause whose harmony
Still to preserve, she is resolved to be
If secret silence might with action dwell
Swift as his wish espoused to Dargonel
'More joyed than fettered captives in the year
Of Jubilee Amarus did appear
Proud with delight in whose warm shine when's haste
Had with officious diligence embraced
Funolus he, waving all delays
To Dargonel the welcome news conveys
Who soon prepared for what so long had been
His hope's delight, to meet those joys within
The sacred temple hastes The place they chose
For Hymen's court lest treacherous eyes disclose
The bride's just blushes was a chapel where
Devotion when but a domestic care
Was by his household practised for the time—
'Twas ere the morn blushed to detect a crime
'All thus prepared the priest conducting they
With sober pace which gently might convey
Diseased Amarus in his chair they to
The chapel haste which now come near as through
The ancient room they pass a sad deep groan
Assaults their ears which whilst with wonder grown
Into disease they entertain appears
A sad confirmer of their doubtful fears—

Ismander, whom but late before they had
Followed t' the grave, his lively beauty clad
In the upper garments of pale death Which sight
The train avoiding by their speedy flight, 520
Except the willing bride, behind leave none
But lame Amarus, who, his chair o'erthrown
By his affrighted bearers, there must lie
Exposed to fear, which, when attempts to fly,
Through often struggling, proved his labour vain,
He grovelling lies unseen to entertain
'Thus far successful, blest Ismander, thence
Conveys his lovely bride, whilst the expense
Of time being all laid out in fear, by none
He was observed Amarus long alone 530
Lying tormented with his passions, ere
His frighted servants durst return to bear
Their fainting master off, but being at length,
When greater numbers had confirmed the strength
Of fortitude, grown bold, entering again
The room, which yet fear told them did retain
The scent of brimstone, there they only found
Their trembling master, tumbling on the ground
Horror, augmented by internal guilt,
Had in his conscience's trepidations spilt 540
Both prayers and tears, which, since Heaven's law they crost,
For human passions in despair were lost
Obscured in whose black mists, not daring to
Unclose his eyes, fearing again the view
Of that affrighting apparition, he
Is hurried from that dreadful place, to be
Their mirth, whom he (for fiends mistaking) cries
For mercy to, scarce trusting of his eyes,
When they unfolded had discovered none
But such whom long he 'd for domestics known 550
'Yet to torment him more, before these fears
Wholly forsake him, in his room appears
Some officers, whose power, made dreadful by
The dictates of supreme authority,
As guilty of Ismander's death, arrest
Him for his murderer By which charge opprest
More than before with fear, he, who now thought
On nought but death, to a tribunal brought,
Ere asked, confesses that foul crime, for which
He this just doom receives —Since to enrich 560
What had before wealth's surfeit took, this sin
Was chiefly acted, his estate, fallen in
T' the hands of justice, by the judge should be
From hence disposed of, then, from death to free

556 charge] Orig 'change'

His life, already forfeited, except
Murdered Ismander whom he thought had slept
In s winding sheet his hopeless advocate
Should there appear In which unhappy state
The wretch now ready to depart beholds
This glorious change —Ismander first unfolds 570
Himself and her who bound by Nature s laws
Implore his pardon ere they plead his cause
Which done the judge that his lost wealth might be
No cause of grief unmasking lets him see
Euriolus by whom from th worst of sin
To liberal virtue he d deluded been

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

Canto IV

THE ARGUMENT

Whilst we awhile the pensive lady leave
Here a close mourner for her rigid fate
Let s from the dark records of time receive
The manner how Argalia waived the hate

Of h s malignant stars which when they seem
To threaten most through that dark cloud did lead
Him to a knowledge of such dear esteem —
He his high birth did there distinctly read

FREED from the noise o the busy world within
A deep dark vale whose silent shade had been
Religion s veil when blasted by the beams
Of persecution far from the extremes
Of solitude or sweaty labour were
Some few blest men whose choice made Heaven their care
Sequestered from the throngs of men to find
Those better joys calms of a peaceful mind
Yet though on this pacific sea their main
Design was Heaven that voyage did not restrain 10
Knowledge of human arts, which as they past
They safely viewed, though there no anchor cast
Their better tempered judgements counting that
But hoodwinked zeal which blindly catches at
The great Creator s sacred will without
Knowing those works that will was spent about
Which being the climax to true judgement we
Behold stooped down to visibility
In lowliest creatures Nature s stock being nought
But God in s image to our senses brought 20
In the fair evening of that fatal day
By whose meridian light love did betray

Engaged Argalia near to death, was one
Of these, Heaven's happy pensioners, alone,
Walking amongst the gloomy groves, to view
What sovereign virtues there in secret grew,
Confined to humble plants, whose signatures
Whilst by observing, he his art secures
From vain experiments Argalia's page,
Crossing a neighbouring path, did disengage 30
His serious eye from Nature's busy task,
To see the wandering boy, who was to ask
The way, for more his youth's unprompted fear
Expects not there, to the blest man drawn near
But when, with such a weeping innocence
As saints confess those sins which the expense
Of tears exacted, he had sadly told
What harsh fate in restrictive wounds laid hold
Of 's worthy master, pity, prompted by
Religious love, helps the poor boy to dry 40
His tears with hopes of comfort, whilst he goes
To see what sad catastrophe did close
Those bloody scenes, which the unequal fight
Foretold, before fear prompted him to flight
Not far they 'd passed ere they the place had found
Where, grovelling in a stream of blood, the ground
His purple bed, the wearied prince they see
Struggling with death from whose dark monarchy
Pale troops assail his cheeks, whilst his dim eyes,
Like a spent lamp, which, ere its weak flame dies, 50
In giddy blazes glares, as if his soul
Were at those casements flying out, did roll,
Swifter than thought, their blood-shot orbs, his hands
Did with death's agues tremble, cold dew stands
Upon his clammy lips, the springs of blood,
Having breathed forth the spirits, clotted stood
On that majestic brow, whose dreadful frown
Had to death's sceptre laid its terror down
The holy man, upon the brink o' the grave
Finding such forms of worth, attempts to save 60
His life from dropping in, by all his best
Reserves of art, selecting from the rest
Of his choice store an herb whose sovereign power
No flux of blood, though falling in a shower
Of death, could force, which gently bruised, and to
His wound applied, taught Nature to renew
Her late neglected functions, and through short
Recruits of breath, made able to support
His blood-enfeebled body, till they reach
The monastry, where nobler art did teach 70

70 monastry] Chamberlayne probably meant this spelling

Their simple medicines to submit to those
Which skill from their mixed virtues did compose
  Life which the unexpected gift of Fate
Rather than Art appeared in this debate
Of death prevailing in short time had gained
So much of strength that weakness now remained
The only slothful remora that in
His bed detained him Where being often seen
By those whom art alike had qualified
For his relief as one of them applied 80
His morning medicines to a spacious wound
Fixed on his breast he that rare jewel found
Which in his undiscerning infancy
There hung by s father fortune had kept free
From all her various accidents to show
How much his birth did to her favour owe
  Shook with such silent joy as he had been
In calm devotion by an angel seen
The good old man his wonder ratified
Into amazement stands he had descried 90
What if no force had robbed him of it since
Twas first bestowed none but his true born prince
Could wear since Art, wise Natures fruitful ape
Ne er but in that had birth which bore that shape
Assured by which with unstirred confidence
He asks Argalia—Whe er he knew from whence
When Nature first did so much wealth impart
To earth that jewel took those forms of art?
But being answered—That his infancy
When first it was conferred on him might be 100
The excuse of s ignorance that voice alone
Confirms his aged friend who having known
As much of fortune as in Fates dark shade
His understanding legible had made
From weak Argalia, to requite him leads
Knowledge where he his lifes first copy reads
Dressed in this language
                Twas unhappy prince!
(For such this story must salute you since
Told to confirm t a truth) my destiny 110
When youth and strength rendered me fit to be
My dearest countrys servant placed within
Mantineas glorious court where having been
Made capable by sacred orders I
Attained the height of priestly dignity
Being unto him whose awful power did sway
That crown in dear esteem but honour's day
Which gilded then the courtly sphere sunk down
I lost my mitre in the fall o the crown
Sad is the doleful tale yet, since that in 120

Its progress you may find where did begin
Your life's first stage, thus take it When the court,
Stifled with throngs of men, whose thick resort
Plenty and peace called thither, being grown
Sickly with ease, viewed, as a thing unknown,
Danger's stern brow, which even in smiling fates
Proves a quotidian unto wiser states,
Whilst Pride grew big, and Envy bigger, we,
Sleeping i' the bed of soft security,
Were with alarums wakened Faction had, 130
To show neglect's deformities, unclad
That gaudy monster, whose first dress had been
The night-pieced works of their unriper sin,
And those that in contracted fortunes dwelt,
Calmly in favour's shadow, having felt
The glorious burthen of their honour grown
Too large for all that fortune called their own,
Like fishes which the lesser fry devour,
Pride having joined oppression to their power,
Preyed on the subject, till their load outgrew 140
Their loyalty, and forced even those that knew
Once only to obey, in sullen rage
To mutter threats, whose horror did presage
That blood must in domestic jars be spilt,
To cure their envy, and the people's guilt
'These seeds of discord, which began to rise
To active growth, by the honourable spies
Of other princes seen, had soon betrayed
Our state's obscure disease, and called, to aid
Ambitious subjects, foreign powers, whose strength, 150
First but as physic used, was grown at length
Our worst disease, which, whilst we hoped for cure,
Turned our slow hectic to a calenture
'A Syracusan army, that had been
Against our strength often victorious in
A haughty rebel's quarrel, being by
Success taught how to ravish victory
Without his aid, which only useful proved
When treason first for novelty was loved,
Seizing on all that in's pretended cause 160
Had stooped to conquest, what the enfeebled laws
In vain attempted, soon perform, and give
The traitor death from what made treason live.
This done, whilst their victorious ensigns were
Fanned by Fame's breath, they their bold standards bear
Near to our last hopes,—an army which,
Like oft-tried ore, disasters made more rich

133 'Night pieced,' 'secretly combined,' is quite Chamberlaynian, but the word *may* have been that odd 'night-*peeked*' which we have had before

In loyal valour than vast numbers and
By shaking fixed those roots on which did stand
Their well elected principles which here 170
Opprest with number, only did appear
In bravely dying when their righteous cause
Condemned by Fate s inevitable laws
Let its religion—virtue—valour—all
That Heaven calls just beneath rebellion fall
Near to the end of this black day when none
Was left that durst protect his injured throne
When loyal valour having lost the day
Bleeding within the bed of honour lay,
Thy wounded father when his acts had shown 180
As high a spirit as did ever groan
Beneath misfortune is enforced to leave
The field s wild fury, and some rest receive
In faithful Enna where his springs of blood
Were hardly stopped before a harsher flood
Assails his eyes —Thy royal mother then
More blooming than Earth s full blown beauties when
Warmed in the ides of May her fruitful womb
Pregnant with thee to an untimely tomb
Her fainting spirits in that horrid fright 190
Losing the paths of life from time from light
And grief steals down yet ere she had discharged
Her debts to death protecting Heaven enlarged
Thy narrow lodging and that life which she
Lost in thy fatal birth bestowed on thee—
On thee in whom those joys thy father prized
More than loved empire are epitomized
'And now as if the arms of adverse fate
Had all conspired our ills to aggravate
Above the strength of patience, we are by 200
Victorious foes before our fear could fly
To a remoter refuge closed within
Unhappy Enna which before they win
Though stormed with fierce assaults the restless sun
His annual progress through the heavens had run,
But then tired with disasters which attend
A slow paced siege unable to defend
Their numbers from resistless famine they
With an unwilling loyalty obey
The next harsh summons and so prostrate lie 210
T the rage or mercy of their enemy
But ere the city s fortune was unto
This last black stage arrived safely withdrew
T the castle s strength thy father was where he
Though far from safety finds the time to be
Informed by sober counsel how to steer
Through this black storm, love loyalty and fear,

Had often varied judgements, but at last
Into this form their full resolves were cast
'To cool hot action, and to bathe in rest 220
More peaceful places, darkness dispossest
The day's sovereignty, to usher whom
Into her sable throne, a cloud's full womb,
Congealed by frigid air, as if that then
The elements had warred as well as men,
In a white veil came hovering down—to hide
The coral pavements, but forbid b' the pride
O' the conqueror's triumphs, and expelled from thence
As that which too much emblemed innocence—
Since that the city no safe harbour yields, 230
It takes its lodging in the neighbouring fields,
Which, mantled in those spotless robes, invite
The prince through them to take his secret flight
'In sad distress leaving his nobles to
Swallow such harsh conditions as the view
Of danger candied o'er, from treacherous eyes
Obscured in a plebeian's poor disguise,
His glorious train shrunk to desertless I
The sad companion of his misery,
He, now departing, thee, his infant son, 240
Heir to his crown and cares, ordained to run
This dangerous hazard of thy life before
Time taught thee how thy fortune to deplore
When venturing on this precipice of fate,
We slowly sallied forth, 'twas cold and late,
The drowsy guard asleep, the sentries hid
Close in their huts did shivering stand, and chid
The whistling winds with chattering teeth When now
A leave as solemn as haste would allow,
Of all our friends, our mourning friends, being took, 250
We, like the earth, veiled all in white, forsook
Our sallyport, whilst slowly marching o'er
The new-fallen snow, thee in his arms he bore
Whilst this imposture made the scared guards, when
They saw us move—then make a stand again,
Either to think that dallying winds had played
With flakes of snow, or that their sight betrayed
Their fancy into errors, we were past
The reach of danger, and in triumph cast
Off, with our fears, what had us safety lent, 260
When strength refused to save the innocent
The eager lover hugs himself not in
Such roseal beds of joy, when what hath been
His sickly wishes is possessed, as we,
Through watchful foes arrived to liberty,

263 roseal] Singer again 'rose*ate*,' which is even worse than before, because it would simply mean a 'pink' bed, not a 'bed of roses'

Embrace the welcome blessing First we steer
Our course towards Syracuse whose confines near
The mountain stood upon whose cloudy brow
Poor Enna did beneath her ruins bow
The stars clothed in the pride of light, had sent 270
Their sharp beams from the spangled firmament
To silver o'er the earth which being embost
With hills seemed now enamelled o'er with frost,
The keen winds whistle in the justling trees
And clothed their naked limbs in hoary frieze
When having paced some miles of crusted earth
Whose labour warmed our blood before the birth
O the sluggish morning from his bed had drawn
The early villager the sober dawn
Lending our eyes the slow salutes of light 280
We are encountered with the welcome sight
Of some poor scattered cottages that stood
I the dark shadow of a spacious wood
That fringed an humble valley Towards those
Whilst the still morn knew nought to discompose
Her sleepy infancy we went and now
Being come so near we might discover how
The unstirred smoke streamed from the cottage tops
A glimmering light from a low window stops
Our further course we're come to a low shed 290
Whose happy owner ne'er disquieted
With those domestic troubles that attend
On larger roofs here in content did spend
Fortune's scant gifts at his unhaunted gate
Hearing us knock he stands not to debate
With wealthy misers slow suspicion but
Swift as if twere a sin to keep it shut
Removes that slender guard But when he there
Unusual strangers saw with such a care
As only spoke a conscious shame to be 300
Surprised whilst unprovided poverty
Straitened desire he starts yet entertains
Us so that showed by an industrious pains
He strove to welcome more Here being by
Their goodness and our own necessity
Tempted awhile to rest we safely lay
Far from pursuing ill yet since the way
To danger by suspicion lies we still
Fear being betrayed by those that meant no ill
Since oft their busy whispers though they spring 310
From love and wonder slow discoveries bring
Being now removing since thy tender age
Threatened to make the grave its second stage,

291 owner] Here again in orig the misprint, or misprision of honour

If thence conveyed by us, whose fondest love
Could to thy wants but fruitless pity prove
T' enlarge thy commons though increase our fears,
To those indulgent rurals, who for tears
Had springs of milk to feed thee, thou remain'st
An infant tenant, for thy own name gain'st
What since thou hast been known by, which when we 320
Contracted had to the stenography,
Some gold, the last of all our wealth, we leave
To make their burden light, which they receive
With thankful joy, amazed to see those bright
Angels display their strange unwonted light
In poverty's cold region, where they had
Been pined for want, if not by labour clad
'When age should make thee capable to tell
Thy wonder how thy infancy had fell
From honour's pyramids, a jewel, which 330
Did once the splendour of his crown enrich,
About thy neck he hangs, then breathing on
Thy tender lips a parting kiss, we're gone
Gone from our last delight, to find some place
Dark as our clouded stars, there to embrace
Unenvied poverty, in the cold bed
Of sad despair, till on his reverend head,
Once centre to a crown, grief makes him wear
A silver frost, by frequent storms of care
Forced on that royal mount, whose verdure fades, 340
Ere Time—his youth's antagonist, invades
'Not far, through dark and unknown paths we had
Wandered within those forests, which, unclad
By big winds of their summer's beauteous dress,
Naked and trembling stood, ere fair success,
Smiling upon our miseries, did bring
Us to a crystal stream, from whose cold spring,
With busy and laborious care, we saw
A feeble hermit stooping down to draw
An earthen pot, whose empty want supplied 350
With liquid treasure, soon had satisfied
His thirsty hopes who now returning by
A narrow path, which did directing lie
Through the unfrequented desert, with the haste
Of doubtful travellers in lands laid waste
By conquering foes, we follow, till drawn near
To him whom innocence secured from fear,

319 gain'st] Orig 'against,' which Singer duly corrected, as he did nearly all such things And I should like to observe that the notes in which I have sometimes differed with him imply no slight to the very great care and intelligence which he bestowed on our text

341 This is Singer's reading The orig has 'Time *by*,' and I am not sure that, as in some other cases it is not right If it is, 'youth's antagonist' would be *Age*, Time's general in the attack I do not think this is unlike Chamberlayne

Disburthening of his staff he sits to rest
What was with age and labour both oppress'd
Our first salutes when we for blessings had 360
Exchanged with him being set, we there unclad
All our deformed misfortunes, and unless
A kingdom's loss developed our distress
Which heard with pity that he safely might
Be the directing Pharos by whose light
We might be safely guided from the rocks
Of the tempestuous world his tongue unlocks
A cabinet of holy counsel which
More than our vanished honour did enrich
Our souls (for whose eternal good was meant 370
This cordial) with the world's best wealth content
Content, which flies the busy throne to dwell
With hungry hermits in the noiseless cell
More safe than age from the hot sins of youth
Peaceful as faith free as untroubled truth,
Being by him directed hither we
Long lived within this narrow monastry
Whose orders being too strict for those that ne'er
Had lost delight i' the prosecuting care
Of unsuccessful action suited best 380
With us whose griefs compared taught the distrest
To slight their own as guests that did intrude
On reason in the want of fortitude
That brave supporter which such comfort brings
That none can know but persecuted kings
'The purple robe his birth's unquestioned right
For the coarse habit of a carmelite
Being now exchanged and we retired from both
Our fears and hopes like private lovers loath
When solved from the observant spy to be 390
Disturbed by friends from want or greatness free
Secure and calm we spent those happy days
In nought ambitious but of what might raise
Our thoughts towards Heaven with whom each hour acquaints
In prayer more frequent than afflicted saints
Our happy souls which here so long had been
Refining till that grand reward of sin
Death did by Age his common harbinger—
Proclaim's approach and warned us to defer
For the earth's trivial business nought that might 400
Concern eternity lest life and light
Forsaking our dark mansions leave us to
Darkness and death unfurnished of a clew
Which might conduct when time shall cease to be
Through the meanders of eternity

362 Here as elsewhere 'unless' = 'except'
391 from] Orig for

'Thy pious father, ere the thefts of age,
Decaying strength, should his stiff limbs engage
In an uneasy rest, to level all
Accounts with heaven, doth to remembrance call
A vow, which though in hot affliction made, 410
Whilst passion's short ephemeras did invade
His troubled soul, doth now, when the disease
Time had expunged, from solitary ease
Call him again to an unwilling view
Of the active world, in a long journey to
Forlorn Enna, unto whose temple he
Had vowed, if fortune lent him liberty,
Till tired with the extremes of weary age,
The cheap devotion of a pilgrimage

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

Canto V

THE ARGUMENT

To the grave author of this happy news
The pleased Argalia with delight did hear,
Till, whilst the fatal story he pursues,
He brings his great soul near the gates of fear

By letting him in full discovery know
The dreadful danger that did then attend
His royal sire, who to his sword must owe
For safety, ere his sad afflictions end

'Forsaking now our solitary friends,
Whose prayers upon each slow-paced step attends,
From danger by a dress so coarse exempt,
As wore religion to avoid contempt,
Through toils of many a tedious day, at last
We Enna reach, where when his vows had past
The danger of a forfeiture, and we,
That debt discharged to heaven, had liberty
To look abroad, with sorrow-laden eyes
We view those ruins in whose ashes lies 10
Sad objects of our former loss, not then
Raked up so deep, but old observant men,
When youths were in procession led, could tell
Where towers once stood, and in what fights they fell,
Which to confirm, some in an aged pride
Show wounds, which then though they did wisely hide
As signatures of loyal valour, they,
Now unsuspected, with delight display
'Hence when commanded by the wane of light,
We sought protection from approaching night 20

In an adjacent monastry where we
The wandering objects of their charity
Although by all welcomed with friendly zeal
Found only one whose outside did reveal
So much of an internal worth that might
To active talk our clouded souls invite
From grief's obscure retreats, his grave aspect
Though reverend age dwelt with unpruned neglect
Seemed dressed with such a sacred solitude
As ruined temples in their dust include. 30
My royal master as some power divine
Had by instinct taught great souls how to twine
Though mongst the weeds of poverty with this
Blest man consorting whilst their apt souls miss
In all their long discourse no tittle set
For man's direction in Heaven's alphabet
Whilst controverted points, those rocks on which
Weak faiths are shipwrecked did with gems enrich
Their art assisted zeal, a sudden noise,
Clamorous and loud in the soft womb destroys 40
That sacred infant —The concordant bells
Proclaim a joy which larger triumph tells
To be of such a public birth that they
In quiet cells for what they late did pray
In tears—the soul's overflowing language now
(Being by example's common rule taught how)
They vary passions and in manly praise
Their silent prayers to hallelujahs raise.
By swift report informed that this day's mirth
From the proclaiming of their prince took birth 50
These private mourners for the public faults
Of busy nations by the hot assaults
Of triumph startled from their gravity,
Prepare for joy, all but grave Sophron he
Then with the pilgrim prince who both were sate
Like sad physicians when the doubtful state
O the patients threatens death —the serious eye
Of Sophron as a threatening prodigy
Viewing that flattering smile of Fate which they
Of shallower souls praised as approaching day 60
'When both their souls from active words retired
Awhile had silent sat the prince desired
To know the cause why in that triumph he
Of all that convent found the time to be
With thoughtful cares alone whom Sophron gave
This satisfaction — Worthy sir I have
In the few hours of our acquaintance found
In you such worth twould question for unsound
My judgement, if unwilling to impart
A secret though the darling of my heart — 70

Know then, this hapless province, which of late
Faction hath harassed, a wise prince, whom Fate
Deprived us of, once ruled, but so long since,
That age hath learned from time how to convince
The hot enormities of youth, since we
With such a ruler lost our liberty
For though at first, (as he alone had been
Our evil genius, whose abode brought in
All those attendant plagues), our fortune seemed
To calm her brow, and captive hope redeemed 80
In the destruction of our foes, which by
A hot infection were enforced to fly
From conquest near obtained yet we, to show
That only 'twas our vices did o'erthrow
The merits of his weaker virtues, when
Successful battles had reduced again
Our panting land from all external ill,
Domestic quarrels threatened then to kill
What foreign powers assailed in vain, and made
Danger surprise, which trembled to invade 90
For many years tossed by the uncertain wind
Of wild ambition, we had sailed to find
Out the Leucadian rocks of peace, but in
A vain pursuit for we so long had been
A headless multitude, the factious peers
Oppressing the injured commons, till our fears
Became our fate, few having so much left
Unsequestered, as might incite to theft
Even those whom want makes desperate, all being spent
On those that turn to th' worst of punishment 100
What wore protection's name—villains that we,
Enforced, maintained to Christian tyranny
I' the injured name of justice, such as kept
Litigious counsels, for whose votes we wept,
From punishment so long, till grown above
The blinded people's envy or their love
'"But lately these prodigious fires, that led
Us through the night of anarchy, being fled
At the approach of one, who since hath stood
Fixed like a star of the first magnitude, 110
Diffusive power, which then was only shown
In faction's dress, being now rebellion grown,
By the uniting of those atoms in
One haughty peer, ambitious Zarrobrin,
Whose pride, that spur of valour, when 't had set
Him in the front of honour's alphabet,
The sole commander of those forces whence
Our peace distilled, and in as large a sense
As subjects durst, whilst loyal, hope to have
Adorn their tombs, the highest titles gave 120

Of a depending honour, to repay
Their easy faiths that levelled had the way
Unto his greatness that command he made
The steps by which he struggled to invade
A throne and in their heedless votes include
Unnoted figures of their servitude
'When with attempts frequent as fruitless I
With others whose firm love to loyalty
Time had not yet expunged had oft in vain
Opposed our power which found too weak to gain 130
Our country's freedom we, as useless did
Retire to mourn for what the Fates forbid
To have redressed Since when, his pride being grown
The people's burthen whilst he urged his own
Ambitious ends he hath to fix their love
On principles whose structure should not move
Unless it their allegiance shook brought forth
Their prince, whose father's unforgotten worth
Did soon command their full consent and he
For treason feared made loved for loyalty 140
But since that mongst observant judgements this
So sudden change might stand in doubt to miss
A fair construction to confirm t he brings
An old confessor of their absent kings,
The reverend Halophantes one whose youth
Made human hearts submit to sacred truth
So much that now, arrived to graver age
He (like authentic authors) did engage
The people's easy faith into a glad
Belief—that, when his youth's afflictions had 150
Unthroned their prince he in that fatal night
Wisely contracting his imagined flight
As roads unto destruction leaving all
Frequented paths did in the night's silence call
At s unfrequented cell where entertained
With all the zeal that subjects which have gained
From gracious sovereigns study to express
A virtue in which thrives by the distress
Of an afflicted patron's he betrays
Inquiring scouts till some expunging days 160
Make them forsake their inquisition in
Despair to find which vacancy did win
Time to bestow his infant burthen where
Some secret friends did with indulgent care
Raise him from undiscerning childhood to
Be such as now exposed unto their view
Thy father who with doubtful thoughts had heard
This story till confirmed in what he feared
Starts into so much passion as betrays
Him through the thick mask of those tedious days 170

Time had in thirty annual journeys stept,
To Sophron, who, when he awhile had wept
A short encomium to good fortune, in
Such prostrate lowliness as seemed for sin
To censure guiltless ignorance, he meets
His prince's full discovery, whom he greets
With all the zeal, such whose uncourtly arts
Make tongues the true interpreters of hearts,
To those wise princes whom they know to start
At aguish flattery, as if indesert 180
Ushered it in —Those that know how to rate
Their worth, prize it by virtue, not by fate
'With arguments, which to assist he made
Reason's firm power Passion's light scouts invade,
He had so oft the unwilling prince assailed,
That importunity at length prevailed
On his resolves, from peaceful poverty,
His age's refuge, hurrying him to be
Once more an agent unto fortune in
Uncertain toils Whose troubles to begin, 190
Leaving his prince to so much rest as those
Whose serious souls are busied to compose
Unravelled thoughts into a method, now
Sophron forsakes him, to discover how
His fellow-peers of that lost party stand
Disposed for action, if a king's command
Should give it life, all which he finds to be
So full of yet untainted loyalty,
That in a swift convention they prepare
By joining judgements to divide their care 200
From distant places, with such secret haste
As did declare a flaming zeal, though placed
In caution's shadow, old considerate peers,
Such whose light youth the experienced weight of years
Had long since ballast with discretion, met
To see their prince, and to discharge the debt
Of full obedience Each had with him brought
His state's surviving hope, snatched from the soft
Hands of lamenting mothers, that to those,
If fit for arms, they safely might dispose 210
The execution of those councils, which
Their sober age with judgement did enrich
'In Sophron's palace, which being far removed
From the street's talking throngs, was most approved
For needful privacy, these loyal lords,
Whose faithful hearts—the infallible records
The heedless vulgar (whose neglective sin
Had lost the copies of allegiance in

179 To those] Singer 'Do,' of which I fail to make sense

This interregnum) trust to—being met
To shun delays man s late repented debt, 220
The prince with speed appears whom no disguise
Of youth s betrayer, time could from their eyes
Long undiscovered keep through the rough veil
Of age, or what more powerful did prevail
On beauty s ruins they did soon descry
The unquenched embers of a majesty
Too bright for time to hide with curtains less
Dark than that mansion of forgetfulness
The grave which man s first folly taught to be
The obscure passage to eternity 230
That their example might be precept to
Unknowing youth with all the reverence due
To awful princes on their thrones the old
Experienced courtiers kneel by which grown bold
In their belief those of unripe age
Upon their judgements did their faith engage
So far that they in solemn vows unite
Their yet concordant thoughts which ere the flight
Of time should leave the day behind desired
To live in action But this rising fire 240
Of loyal rage which in their breasts did burn
The thankful prince thus gently strives to turn
Into a milder passion, such as might
Not scorch with anger, but with judgement light —
How much tis both my wonder and my joy
That we whom treason studied to destroy
With near as much of miracle as in
The last of days lost bodies that have been
Scattered amongst the elements shall be
Convened i the court of immortality 250
Depressed with fortune and disguised with age,
(Sad arguments brave subjects to engage
Your loyal valour !) I had gone from all
My mortal hopes had not this secret call
Of Heaven which doth with unknown method curb
Our wild intention brought me to disturb
Your peaceful age whose abler youth had in
Defending me exposed to ruin been
I had no more my conscience now at rest
With widows curses orphans tears opprest 260
No more in fighting fields those busy marts
Where honour doth for fame with death change hearts

246 we] Left entirely in the air for the reader to supply are now convened or something similar

259 had] Similarly deprived of 'been' I note these two because little as Chamberlayne seems to have revised the earlier books he appears to have left this last part even more in ostrich fashion

Beheld the sad success of battles, where
Proud victors make youth's conquest age's care,
But, hid from all a crown's false glories, spent,
Like beauteous flowers, which vainly waste the scent
Of odours in unhaunted deserts, all
My time concealed till withered age should fall
From that short stem of nature—life, to be
Lost in the dust of death's obscurity 270
'"When in the pride of youth my stars withdrew
Their influence first, I then had stood with you
Those thunderbolts of fate, and bravely died,
Contemning fortune, had that feverish pride
Of valour not been quenched in hope to save
My infant son from an untimely grave
But he, when from domestic ills conveyed
In safety, being by treacherous fate betrayed,
Either by death or ignorance, from what
His stars, when kindled first, were pointed at, 280
Either lives not, or else concealed within
Some coarse disguise, whose poverty hath been
So long his dull companion, till he 's grown
Not less to us than to himself unknown
'"All this being weighed in Reason's scale, is there
Aught in 't can tempt decrepit age to bear
Such glorious burthens, which if fortunate
In the obtaining of, in Nature's date
Can have no long account, ere I again
What I had got with danger, kept with pain, 290
Summoned by Death—the grave's black monarch, must
With sorrow lose? Yet since that Heaven so just,
And you so loyal I have found, that it
Might argue fear, if I unmoved should sit
At all your just desires, I here, i' the sight
Of Heaven declare, together with my right,
To prosecute your liberties as far
As justice dares to patronize a war"
'This, with a magnanimity that showed
His youth's brave spirits were not all bestowed 300
On the accounts of age, had to so high
A pitch of zeal inflamed their loyalty,
That in contempt of slow-paced counsels they
Did, like rash youth, whose wit wants time's allay,
Haste to unripe engagements, such as found
The issue weak, whose parents are unsound
'All, to those towns where neighbourhood had made
Them loved for virtue, or for power obeyed,
Whilst each with his peculiar guard attends
His honoured prince, employ their active friends, 310
Who having with collecting trumpets made
Important errands ready to invade

The people's censure, for a theme to fame—
Their long lost prince's safe return proclaim
Which though at first a subject it appeared
Only for faith when circumstance had cleared
The eye of reason from each nobler mind
The embraces of a welcome truth did find
In public throngs whilst every forward friend
Spoke his resolves, his sullen foes did spend 320
Their doubts in private whispers by exchange
Of which they found hate had no further range
Than close intelligence whose utmost bounds
Ere they obtain the useful trumpet sounds
No distant summons but close marches to
His loyal friends, whom now their foes might view
In troops which if fate favour their intents
Ere long must swell to big bulked regiments
Through country towns and cities prouder streets
The murmuring drum in busy marches meets 330
Such forward valour—husbandmen did fear
The earth would languish the succeeding year
For want of labourers nor could business stop
The straitened prentice who the slighted shop
Left to his angry master (who must be
Forced to abridge his seven years tyranny)
Changes the baser utensils of trade
For burnished arms and by example made
More valiant scorns those shadows which they feared
More than rough war whilst mongst the city's herd 340
To regiments from scattering bands being grown,
From that to armies whose big looks made known
Those bold designs which justice feared to own
Though her's till placed in Power's imperial throne
They now toward action haste Which to begin
Whilst castles are secured and towns girt in
With armèd lines whose palisadoes had
Whole forests of their whispering oaks unclad
The prince his mercy willing to prevent
Approaching danger by a herald sent 350
To Zarrobrin, commands him to lay down
His arms and as he owed unto his crown
A subject's due allegiance to appear
Before a month was added to that year
Within his court which now since action gave
Life to that body whose firm strength did save
His life—by treason levelled at was in
His moving camp But this too weak to win

308 th s] Here e ther s might be absorbed or bei g left out S nger apparently th ght the former was the case a d put a s mi col n at rebel I think the l tter mo e Chamberlaynian and prefer a comma Cf But come *infra*, l 365

The doubtful rebel, since his lawful right
Swords must dispute, the prince prepares to fight 360
'Proud Zarrobrin, who had by late success
Taught Syracuse how to avoid distress
By seeking peace, like a black storm that flies
On southern winds, which in a tumult rise
From neighbouring seas, was on his march But come
So near the prince, that now he had by some
Of 's spreading scouts made full discovery where
His army lay, whose scarce discovered rear
Such distance from their well-armed van appeared,
That such, whose judgements were with numbers feared, 370
Making no further inquisition, fled—
By swift report their pale disease to spread
Disturbing clouds, which rather seemed to rise
From guilt than fear, spread darkness o'er the eyes
O' the rebels, who, although by custom made
To death familiar, wish their killing trade
In peace concluded, and with murmurs, nigh
Grown to the boldness of a mutiny,
Question their own frail judgements, which so oft
Had life exposed to dangers, that had brought 380
No more reward than what preserved them still
The slaves unto a proud commander's will
To stop this swift infection, which, begun
In lowly huts, to lofty tents had run,
Sly Zarrobrin, who to preserve the esteem
Of honour, least liberality might seem
The child of fear, with secret speed prevents
What he appears to slight—their discontents,
As if attending, though attended by
Their young mock-prince, whose landscape royalty 390
Showed only fair when viewed at distance, he
Passing with slow observant pace to see
Each squadron's order, he confirms their love
With donatives, such as were far above
Their hopes if victors, then, to show that in
That pride of bounty he'd not strove to win
Assistance by unworthy bribes, he leads
Them far from danger, since his judgement reads
In long experience—that authentic story,
Whose lines have taught the nearest way to glory 400
That soft delays, like treacherous streams, which by
Submitting let the rash intruder try
Their dangerous depth, to an unwilling stay
His fierce pursuers would ere long betray
Whose force, since of the untutored multitude,
By want made desperate and by custom rude,
Would soon waste their unwieldy strength, whilst they,
Whom discipline had taught how to obey,

By pay made nimble and by order sure
Would war's delays with easier wants endure 410
'This sound advice meeting with sad success
From the pursuing army whose distress
From tedious marches being too clamorous grown
For s friends estates to quiet, soon was shown
In actions such which though necessity
Enforced on virtue made their presence be
To the inconsiderate vulgar whose loose glance
For virtue takes vice glossed with circumstance
Such an oppression that comparing those
Which fled with mildness they behold as foes 420
Only their ruder followers whom they curse—
Not that their cause but company was worse
When thus their wants had brought disorder in
And that neglect whose looser garb had been
At first so shy that what was hardly known
From business then was now to custom grown
This large limbed body, since united by
No cement but the love to loyalty
Loses those baser parts such as to please
Unworthy ends turned duty to disease 430
Retaining only those whose valour sought
No more reward than what with blood they bought
But here,—to show that slumbering Justice may
Oppressed with power faint in the busy day
Of doubtful battle—when their valour had
So many souls from robes of flesh unclad
Of his brave friends that the forsaken prince
Whose sad success taught knowledge to convince
The arguments of hope unguarded, left
Unto pursuing foes was soon bereft 440
Of all that in this cloud of fortune might
By opposition or unworthy flight
But promise safety, and when death denied
Him her last dark retreat, to raise the pride
Of an insulting foe is forced to see
The scorn of greatness in captivity
Yet with more terror to limn sorrow in
His mighty soul such friends as had not been
By death discharged in fatal battle now
Suffered so much as made even fear allow 4 0
Her palest sons to seek in future wars
Brave victory got by ages honour—scars
Or braver death—that antidote of shame
Whose stage none pass upon the road of fame
Those that fared best being murdered others sent
With life to more afflicting banishment

436 flesh] Orig fresh 447 limn] Orig limb

When thus by him, whose sacred order made
The truth authentic, from his fortune's shade
Argalia was redeemed, the prelate, to
Confirm his story, from his bosom drew 460
The jewel, which having by ways unknown
To him that wore it opened, there was shown
By wit contracted into art, as rare
As his that durst make silver spheres compare
With heaven's light motion, an effigies, which
His royal sire, whilst beauty did enrich
His youth, appeared in such epitome,
As spacious fields are represented by
Rare optics on opposing walls, where sight
Is cozened with imperfect forms of light 470
When with such joy as Scythians, that grow proud
Of day, behold light gild an eastern cloud,
Argalia long had viewed that picture, in
Whose face he saw forms that said his had been
Drawn by that pattern, with such thanks, as best
The silent eloquence of looks exprest,
The night grown ancient ere their story's end,
With solemn joy leaves his informing friend

465–467 which appeared] 'In which' or 'displayed' would of course be required
y precisians

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK

BOOK V Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Tired with afflictions in a safe retreat
From the active world Pharonnida is now
Making a sacred monastry her seat
Where near approaching the confirming vow

A rude assault makes her a prisoner to
Almanzor s power to expiate whose sin
The subtle traitor swiftly leads her to
The court where she had long a stranger been

HERE harsh employments the unsavoury weeds
Of barren wants had overrun the seeds
Of fancy with domestic cares and in
Those winter storms shipwrecked whatever had been
My youths imperfect offspring had not I
For love of this neglected poverty—
That meagre fiend whose rusty talons stick
Contempt on all that are enforced to seek
Like me a poor subsistence mongst the low
Shrubs of employment whilst blest wits that grow
Good Fortunes favourites like proud cedars stand
Scorning the stroke of every feeble hand
Whose vain attempts though they should martyr sense
Would be repulsed with big bulked confidence
Yet blush not gentle Muse! thou oft hast had
Followers by Fortunes hand as meanly clad
And such as when time had worn envy forth
Succeeding ages honoured for their worth
Then though not by these rare examples fired
To vain presumption with a soul untired
As his whose fancy's short ephemeras know
No life—but what doth from his liquor flow
Whose wit grown wanton with Canarys wealth
Makes the chaste Muse a pandress to a health
Our royal lovers story I'll pursue
Through Times dark paths which now have led me to
Behold Argalia by assisting Art
Advanced to health preparing to depart
From his obscure abode to prosecute
Designs which when success strikes terror mute
With pleasing joy shall him the mirror prove
Of forward valour glossed with filial love
But let us here with prosperous blessings leave
Awhile the noble hero and receive

From Time's accounts the often varying story
Of her whose love conducted him to glory,
Distressed Pharonnida, whose sufferings grown
Too great for all that virtue ere had known
From human precepts, flies for refuge to
Heaven's narrowest paths, where the directing clew 40
Of law, to which the earth for order owes,
Lost in zeal's light, a useless trouble grows
  Returned were all the messengers, which she
Had at the first salutes of liberty
To seek Argalia sent but since none brought
Her passion's ease, sick Hope no longer sought
Those flattering empirics, but at Love's bright fires
Kindling her zeal, with sober pace retires
From all expected honours, to bestow
What time her youth did yet to Nature owe, 50
A solemn recluse, by a sacred vow
Locked up from action, whilst she practised how,
By speculation safely to attain
What busier mortals doubtfully do gain
  Within the compass of the valley, where
Ismander's palace stood, the pious care
Of elder times had placed a monastry,
Whose fair possessors, from life's tumults free,
In a calm voyage towards Heaven—their home, there spent
The quiet hours, so sweetly innocent, 60
As if that place, that happy place, had been
Of all the earth alone exempt from sin,
Some sacred power ordaining (when 'twas given)
It for the next preparing school to heaven,
From whence those vestals should, when life expires,
Be for supplies advanced to heavenly choirs
Lost to the world in sorrow's labyrinths, here
Pharonnida, now out of hope to clear
This tempest of her fate, resolves to cast
Her faith's firm anchor but before she passed 70
The dangerous straits of a restrictive vow,
She, to such friends as judgement taught her how
To prize, imparts it, 'mongst which few, the fair
Silvandra, whom lost love had taught despair,
With sad Florenza, both resolve to take
The same strict habit, and with her forsake
The treacherous world But to disturb this clear
Stream of devotion, soon there did appear
Dissuading friends—Ismander, loath to lose
So loved a guest, whilst she 's of power to choose, 80
Together with the virtuous Ammida,
Spend their most powerful arguments to draw
Her from those cold thoughts, that her virtue might,
Whilst unconcealed, lend weaker mortals light

Pharonnida

Long had this friendly conflict lasted ere
Her conquered friends whom a religious care
Frighted from robbing Heaven of saints withdrew
To mourn her loss yet ere they left her to
Her cloistered cell Ismander to comply
With aged custom calls such friends whom nigh
Abode had made familiar to attend
His royal guest Some hasty days they spend
In solemn feasting where each friend although
Clothed as when they at triumphs met did show
A silent sadness such as wretched brides
When the neglected nuptial robe but hides
The cares of an obstructed love before
Harsh parents wear The mirthless feast passed o er
The noble virgins in procession by
The mourning train unto the monastry
Slowly conducted are each led by two
Full breasted maids whom Hymen to renew
The world s decaying stock, his joys to prove
By contracts summoned to conjugal love
These as they passed like paranymphs which led
Young beauties to espouse a maidenhead
With harmony whose each concording part
Tickled the ear whilst it did strike the heart
With mournful numbers rifling every breast
Of their deep thoughts thus the sad sense exprest

I

To secret walks to silent shades
To places where no voice invades
The air but what s created by
Their own retired society
Slowly these blooming nymphs we bring
To wither out their fragrant spring,
For whose sweet odours lovers pine
Where beauty doth but vainly shine
CHO Where Nature s wealth and Art s assisting cost
Both in the beams of distant Hope are lost

II

To cloisters where cold damps destroy
The busy thoughts of bridal joy
To vows whose harsh events must be
Uncoupled cold virginity
To pensive prayers where Heaven appears
Through the pale cloud of private tears
These captive virgins we must leave
Till freedom they from death receive
CHO Only in this remote conclusion blest
This vale of tears leads to eternal rest.

III

Then since that such a choice as theirs,
Which styles them the undoubted heirs
To Heaven, 'twere sinful to repent,
Here may they live, till beauty spent
In a religious life, prepare
Them with their fellow-saints to share
Celestial joys, for whose desire
They freely from the world retire
CHO Go then, and rest in blessed peace, whilst we
Deplore the loss of such society 140

Through all the slow delays of love arrived
To the unguarded gate, Friendship, that thrived
Not in Persuasion's rhetoric, withdraws
Her forces to assist that juster cause—
Prayers for their future good—with which whilst they
Are taking leave, the unfolded gates give way
For the blest votaries' entrance, whom to meet,
A hundred pair of maids, more chastely sweet
Than flowers which grow untouched in deserts, were
Led by their abbess, to whose pious care 150
These being joined, with such a sad reverse
Of eyes o'erflowing, (as the sable herse
Close mourners leave, when they must see no more
Their coffined dead), their friends are from the door
With eager looks, woe's last—since now denied
A further view—departs unsatisfied
This last of duties, which the dearest friend
Ought to perform, brought to successful end,
For here no custom with a dowry's price
At entrance paid, nursed slothful avarice, 160
They're softly led through a fair garden where
Each walk was by the founder's pious care,
For various fancies, wanton imagery,
To catch the heart, and not to court the eye,
Adorned with sacred histories From hence
T' the centre of this fair circumference,
The fabric come, the roving eye, confined
Within the buildings, to enlarge the mind
In contemplation, saw where happy art
Had on the figured walls the second part 170
Of sacred story drawn, in lines that had
The world's Redeemer, from His first being clad
In robes of flesh, presented to the view
Through all His passions, till it brought Him to

156 departs] Singer, on general grammatical principles as usual, 'depart' But he does not seem to have noticed that, if any alteration is made, a *participle* is required for 'are' Chamberlayne would not have hesitated to write 'are departed' and I am not sure that he would have hesitated to scan 'depart'd'

Pharamond

The cross that highest seal of love where He
A sinless offering died from sin to free
The captived world which knew no other price
But that to pay the debts of paradise
Passed through this place where bleeding passion strove
Their melting pity to refine to love
They re now the temple entered where to screen
Their thoughts yet nearer Heaven whom they had seen
I the entrance scourged contemned and crucified,
They there beheld though veils of glory hide
Some part of the amazing majesty
In His ascension as when raised to be
For them that hear His death freed from the hate
Of angry Heaven the powerful advocate
Besides these bold attempts of art that stood
To fright the wicked or to prompt the good
Something more great more sacred than could by
Art be expressed without the help of the eye
Reached at the centre of the soul from whence
To Heaven our raised desires circumference
Striking the lines of contemplation she
Wrapped from the earth is in an ecstasy
Holy and high through faith's clear optic shown
Those joys which to departed saints are known
Before those prayers which zeal had tedious made
With their last troops did conquered Heaven invade
The day was on the glittering wings of light
Fled to the western world and swarthy night
In her black empire throned from silver shrines
The kindled lamps through all the temple shines
With dappled rays that did to the eye present
The beauties of the larger firmament
In which still calm when all their rites were now
So near performed, that the confirming vow
Alone remained a sudden noise of rude
And clamorous sound did through the ear intrude
On their affrighted fancies in so high
A voice that all their sacred harmony
In this confusion lost appeared so small
As if that whispered which was made to call
Although the awful majesty that here
Religion held the weak effects of fear
With faith expelled yet when that nearer to
Their slender gates the murmuring tumult drew
The abbess sends not to secure but see
Who durst attempt what Heaven from all kept free
By strictest law save those unhallowed hands
That follow curses whilst they fly commands
But they being entered ere the timorous scout
Could notice give fear which first sprung from doubt,

Being into wild confusion grown, from all
Set forms affrights them, whilst at once they call
For Heaven's protecting mercy, to behold
That place where peaceful saints used to unfold
Heaven's oracles, possessed with villains that
Did ne'er know aught but want to tremble at, 230
Which looked like those that with proud angels fell,
And to storm Heaven were sent in arms from Hell,
Converts that scene, where nothing did appear
But calm devotion, to distracting fear
Amazed with horror, each sad vot'ress stands,
Whilst sacred relics drop from trembling hands,
Here one whose heart with fear's convulsions faint,
Flies to the shrine of her protecting saint,
By her another stands, whose spirits spent
In passion, looks pale as her monument 240
One shrieks, another prays, a third had crossed
Herself so much, ill angels might have lost
The way to hurt her, if not taught to do 't,
'Cause she t' the sign too much did attribute
The royal stranger, by her fear pursued,
To the altar fled, had with mixed passion viewed
This dreadful troop, whilst from the temple gate
They passed the seat where trembling virgins sat
Free from uncivil wrongs, as if that they
That entered had been men prepared to pray, 250
Not come to ravish, from which sight her fear
Picks flowers of hope, but such as, they drawn near,
From fancy's soft lap, in a hurricane
Of passion dropped her prayers and tears in vain,
As words in winds, or showers in seas, when they
Prepare foi ruin the obstructed way
To pity, which her stock of prayers had cost,
In the dark shade of sudden horror lost
Seized on by two o' the sacrilegious train,
Whose black disguise had made the eye in vain 260
Seek to inform the soul, she and the poor
Florenza, whilst their helpless friends deplore
With silent tears so sad a loss, are drew
From the clasped altar in the offended view
Of their protecting saints, from whose shrines in
A dismal omen dropped whate'er had been
With hopes of merit placed. Black sulphury damps
With swift convulsions quenched the sacred lamps,
The fabric shakes, and, as if grieved they stood
To circle guilt, the walls sweat tears of blood 270
Shrieks, such as if those sainted souls, that there
Trod Heaven's straight paths, in their just quarrel were

271 sainted] Orig 'fainted'—of course a mere 'literal' for the long *s*

Rose from their silent dormitories to
Deter their foes through all the temple flew
But here in vain destroying angels shook
The sword of vengeance whilst his bold crimes struck
Gainst heaven in high contempt with impious haste,
Snatched from the altar whilst their friends did waste
Unheard orisons for their safety they
Unto the fabrics utmost gate convey
Their beauteous prizes where with silence stood
Their dreadful guard which like a neighbouring wood
When vapours tip the naked boughs in light,
With unsheathed swords through the black mists of night
A sparkling terror struck with such a speed
As scarce gave time to fear what would succeed
To such preceding villanies Within
Her coach imprisoned the sad princess, in
A march for swiftness such as busy war
Hastes to meet death in but for silence far
More still than funerals, is by that black troop
With such a change as falling stars do stoop
To nights black region from the monastry
Hurried in haste by whom or whither she
Yet knows no more than souls departing when
Or where to meet in robes of flesh again
The day salutes her and uncurtained light
Welcomes her through the confines of the night
But lends no comfort every object that
It showed her being such as frighted at
The prince of day grieved he d no longer slept
To shun shrunk back beneath a cloud and wept
When the unfolded curtains gave her eyes
Leave to look forth a troop whose close disguise
Were stubborn arms she only saw and they
So silent, nought but motion did betray
The faculties of life by whom being led
In such a sad march as their honoured dead
Close mourners follow she some slow paced days
Mongst strangers passing thorough stranger ways
At both amazed at length unfathomed by
Her deepest thought within the reach of the eye
Her known Gerenza views but with a look
From whence cold passion all the blood had took
And in her face that frozen sea of fear
Left nought but storms of wonder to appear
Convened within the spacious judgement hall
Of Reason she ere this had summoned all
Her weaker passions to the impartial bar
Of moral virtue where they sentenced are

310 thorough] Orig through contrary to contemporary practice where this metrical value is required

Only to an untroubled silence, in
Which serious act whilst she had busied been,
She is, unnoted, ere the fall of day
Brought by her convoy to a lodge that lay
Off from the road, a place, when seen, she knew
Ere his rebellion had belonged unto
Her worst of foes, Almanzor, which begins
At first a doubt, whose growing force soon wins
The field of faith, and tells her timorous thought,
Her father's troops would ne'er have thither brought 330
Her, if designed to suffer, since that he
Knew those more fit for close captivity
But long her reason lies not fettered in
These cross dilemmas, the slow night had been
With tedious hours passed o'er, whilst she by none
But mutes, no less unheard than they're unknown,
Is only waited on, by whom, when day
To action called, she veiled, is led the way
To the attending convoy, who had now
Varied the scene, Almanzor, studying how 340
To court compassion in his prince, dares not
At the first view, ere merit had begot
A calm remission of rebellious sin,
Affront an anger which had justice been
In his confusion, his arms he now behind,
As that which might too soon have called to mind
His former crimes, he leaves, and for them took,
To gain the aspect of a pitying look,
A hermit's homely weed his willing train,
By that fair gloss their liberties to gain, 350
Rode armed, but so, what for offence they bore,
Was in submission to lay down before
The throne of injured power, to cure whose fear
Their armèd heads on haltered necks appear
Near to the rear of these, the princess in
A mourning litter, close as she had been
In a night-march unto her tomb, is through
The city's wondering tumults led unto
The royal palace, at whose gates all stay,
Save bold Almanzor, whom the guards obey 360
For his appearing sanctity so much,
That he unquestioned enters, and, thought such
As his grave habit promised, soon obtained
The prince's sight, where with a gesture feigned
To all the shapes of true devotion, he
By a successful fiction comes to be
Esteemed the true converter of those wild
Bandits, which, being by their own crimes exiled,

345, 347 he] One of these is of course superfluous and the first is not even necessary for the metre

In spite of law had lived to punish those
Which did the rules of punishment compose
These being pardoned as he d took from thence
Encouragement veiled under the pretence
Of a religious pity he begins
In language whose emollient smoothness wins
An easy conquest on belief to frame
A sad petition which although in name
It had disguised Pharonnida did find
So much of pity as the prince inclined
To lend his aid for the relief of her
Whose virtue found so fair a character
In his description it might make unblest
That power which left so much of worth distrest
Though too much tired with private cares to show
In public throngs how much his love did owe
To suffering virtue yet since told that she
Was too much masked in clouds of grief to be
The object of the censuring court, he to
The litter goes whose sable veil withdrew
With wonder that did scarce belief admit
Shadowed in grief he sees his daughter sit
His long lost daughter whom unsought to be
Thus strangely found to such an ecstasy
Of joy exalts him that his spirits by
Those swift pulsations had been all let fly
With thanks towards Heaven had not the royal maid
With showers of penitential tears allayed
Those hotter passions and revoked him to
Support her griefs whose burthen had outgrew
The powers of life but that there did appear
Kind Natures love to cure weak Natures fear
In this encounter of their passions both
With sorrow silent stood words being loath
To intrude upon their busy thoughts till they
In moist compassion melted had away
His angers fever and her frozen fears
In natures balm soft loves extracted tears
Like a sad patient whose forgotten strength
Decayed by chronic ills hath made the length
Of life his burthen when near death meets there
Unhoped for health so from continual care
The souls slow hectic elevated by
This cordial joy the slothful lethargy
Of age or sorrow finds an easier cure
Than the unsafe extreme a calenture
Nor are these comforts long constrained to rest
Within the confines of his own swelled breast
Ere its dismantled rays did in a flight
Swift as the motions of unbodied light

Disperse its epidemic virtues through
The joyful court, which now arrived unto 420
Its former splendour, Heaven's expected praise
Doth on the wings of candid mercy raise
Which spreading in a joyful jubilee
To all offenders, tells Almanzor he
Might safely now unmask, which done, ere yet
Discovered, at the well-pleased prince's feet,
Humbled with guilt, he kneels, who, at the sight
As much amazed as so sublime a flight
Of joy admitted, stands attentive to
What did in these submissive words ensue 430
'Behold, great sir, for now I dare be seen
An object for your mercy, that had been
Too dreadful for discovery, had not this
Preceding joy told me no crime could miss
The road of mercy, though, like mine, a sin
The suffering nation is enveloped in
Sunk in the ocean of my guilt, I'd gone,
A desperate rebel, waited on by none
But outlaws, to a grave obscure, had not
Relenting Heaven thus taught me how to blot 440
Out some of sin's black characters, ere I
Beheld the beams of injured majesty'
This, in his passion's relaxation spoke,
Persuades the prince's justice to revoke
Its former rigour By the helpful hand
Of mercy raised, Almanzor soon did stand
Not only pardoned, but secured by all
His former honours from a future fall,
Making that fortune, which did now appear
Their pity's object, through the glass of fear 450
With envy looked on, but in vain, he stood
Confirmed in love's meridian altitude,
The length of life from Honour's western shade,
Except in new rebellion retrograde
Which plotting leave him, till the winding clew
Of fancy shall conduct your knowledge to
Those uncouth vaults, and mounting the next story,
See virtue climbing to the throne of glory

THE END OF THE FIRST CANTO

426 prince's] Singer, nodding, 'princess' ' In orig these words are often interchanged

Pharonnida

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

Leaving Pharonnida to entertain
The various passions of her father we
Must now return to see Argalia gain
That power by which he sets his father free

From the command of haughty rebels who
By justice sent to a deserved death,
Argalia takes the crown his merits due
And the old prince in peace resigns his breath.

RETURNED to see what all the dark records
Of the old Spartan history affords
I the progress of Argalia's fate I found
The chained historian here so strictly bound
To follow truth although at danger's cost
No silent night nor smoky battle lost
The doubtful road which often did appear
Through floods of faction filled with storms of fear
Obscure and dark to the belief of that
Less guilty age though then to tremble at
Rome's bold ambition and those prodigies
Of earth their tyrants to inform their eyes
Left mourning monuments of ill but none
Like what they now attempt a sin unknown
To old aspirers which should have been sent
Some ages forward for a precedent
To these with whom compared their crimes had been
Though past to act but weak essays of sin
With such a speed as the supplies of air
Fearing a vacuum hasten to repair
The ruptures of the earth at our last view
We left revived Argalia posting to
Ætolia's distant confines where arrived
He found their army whose attempts had thrived
Since he Pirus had forsook so far
Advanced that now the varied scene of war
Transferred to faithless Ardenna was there
Fixed in a siege whose slow approaches were
The doubts of both The city pines for fear
Remote supplies might fail which drawn so near
The circling army knows that either they
Must fly from conquest near obtained or stay
To meet a danger which by judgement scanned
Their strength appears unable to withstand
Whilst thus their pensive leaders busied are
In cross dilemmas as by public war
He meant to meet revenge in private to
Their camp Argalia comes a camp which knew

Him by the fair wrought characters of fame
So well, that now he needs no more than name 40
Himself to merit welcome, all mistrust
Being cleared by them which left, as too unjust
To be obeyed, the false Epirot's side,
When by his loss made subject to the pride
Of stranger chiefs, these for their virtue praised,
For number feared, to such a height had raised
Applauding truths of him, that Zarrobrin,
Conjoined to one he trembled at whilst seen
In opposition, slights what did of late
Appear a dreadful precipice of fate 50
Lest poor employments might make favour show
Like faint mistrust, he doth at first bestow
On the brave stranger the supreme command
Of some choice horse, selected to withstand
The fierce Epirot's march, whose army, ere
The slow Ætolians could their strength prepare
Fit to resist, if not by him withstood,
With ease had gained a dangerous neighbourhood
But he, whose anger's thunderbolts could stay,
Though hurled from clouds of rage, if the allay 60
Of judgement interposed, here finding nought
More safe than haste, ere his secure foes thought
Of opposition, strongly had possessed
A strait in which small troops had oft distressed
Large bodied armies, until brought so low,
Those they contemned did liberty bestow
Whilst stopped by this unlooked-for remora,
The baffled army oft had strove to draw
Argalia from his safe retreats, but found
His art of more advantage than his ground, 70
In the dead age of unsuccessful night
A forward party, which had learned to fight
From honour's dictates, not commands, being by
Youth's hasty guide, rash valour, brought so nigh
Argalia's troops, that in a storm which cost
Some lives, they many noble captives lost
Amongst which number, as if thither sent
By such a fate as showed Heaven's close intent
Pointed at good, Euriolus appears
First a sad captive but those common fears 80
Soon, whilst in conflict with his passions, rest
On the wished object of his long inquest
Admired Argalia, to whose joy he brings
As much of honour, as elected kings
Meet in those votes, which so auspicious prove,
They light to honour with the rays of love
Having from him in full relation heard
Pharonnida yet lived, whom long he feared

Pharamond

Beyond redemption lost they thence proceed
To counsels whose mature results might breed
Their heedless foes confusion which since they
That now were captives bore the greatest sway
In the opposing army proves a task
So free from danger death did scarce unmask
The face of horror in a charge, before
Argalias name echoed in praises over
The rallied troops summons from thence so large
A party that the valour of a charge
In those that stood were madness, which to shun,
Base cowards taught brave fighters how to run
This easy conquest gained ere Zarrobrin
Was with his slower army drawn within
The noise o the battle, to such vast extent
Of fame high virtues spreading ornament,
Had raised Argalias merits that the pride
Of his commander wisely had aside
For such advantage to let Honour stand
On her own basis the supreme command
Of all the strangers in his camp to him
He freely gives a power which soon would dim
His if ere by some harsh distemper placed
In opposition but his thoughts embraced
In all suspicions darkest cells no fiend
So pale as fear fixed on the sudden end
Of high designs he looks on this success
As the straight road to future happiness
With such a speed as prosperous victors go
To see and conquer when the vanquished foe
Retreats from honour the Italian had
Followed success till that fair hand unclad
The sunk Epirot of his strength and now
Secured from foreign ills was studying how
To cure domestic dangers which since he
The weak foundation of his tyranny
Had fixed in sand but only cemented
With loyal blood such just contempt had bred
In the ages deep discerning judgements that
The unsettled herd, ere scarcely lightened at
Those sober flames like ill mixed vapours break
In blustering murmurs forth which though too weak
To force his fortune on the rocks of hate
With terror shook the structure of his fate
Like wise physicians which when called to cure
Infectious ills with antidotes make sure
Themselves from danger since hypocrisy
Could steal no entrance to affection he
Leads part of s army for his guard that they
Where mines did fail by storm might force a way

But since he doubts constrained domestics, though
Abroad obedient, might, when come to know 140
From burthened friends their cause of grief, forsake
Unjust commands, his wiser care did take
Argalia and his stranger troops, as those
Which, unconcerned, he freely might dispose
To wind up all the engines of his brain,
So guilt was gilded with the hopes of gain
By hasty marches being arrived with these
Within Ætolia, where his frowns appease
Those bubbles that, their Neptune absent, would
Have swelled to waves, ere his hot spirits cooled 150
Were with relaxing rest, he visits him,
The weak reflex of whose light crown looks dim
T' the burnished splendour of his blade, that set
Him only there to be the cabinet
Of that usurpèd diadem, which he,
Whose subtle arts in clouded brows could see
The heart's intended storms, beheld without
His unstrained reach, until the people's doubt,
Which yet lived in the dawn of hope, he saw
O'ershadowed with the forms of injured law 160
Though Time, that fatal enemy to truth,
Had not alone robbed the fresh thoughts of youth
O' the knowledge of their long lost prince, but been,
Even unto those that had adored him in
His throne, Oblivion's handmaid, yet left by
Some power occult, that in captivity
Forsakes not injured monarchs, there remained
In most some passions, which first entertained
At Pity's cost, at length by Reason tried
Grew so much loved, that only power denied 170
Them to support his sinking cause Which seen
By Zarrobrin, whose tyranny had been
At first their fear, and now their hate, he brings
His army, an elixir, which to kings
Transforms plebeians, by the strength of that
To bind those hands that else had struggled at
Their head's offence, which wanting power to cure,
They now with grief's convulsions must endure
A court convened of such whose killing trade
The rigid law so flexible had made, 180
That their keen votes had forced the bloodiest field
To the deep tincture of the scaffold yield,
Forth of his uncouth prison summoned by
The rude commands of wronged authority,
An object which succeeding ages, when
But spoke of, weep, because they blushed not then,
The prince appears—a guarded captive in
That city where his morning star had been

Beheld in honour's zenith slowly by
Inferior slaves which neer on majesty 190
Whilst unecliped durst look being led to prove
Who blushed with anger or looked pale with love
By these being to a mock tribunal brought
Where damned rebellion for disguise had sought
The veil of justice, but so thinly spread
Each stroke their envy levelled at his head
Betrayed black Treason's hand couched in that vote
Which struck with law to cut Religion's throat
From a poor pleader whose cheap conscience had
Been sold for bribes long ere the purple clad 200
So base a thing their calm souled sovereign hears
Death's fatal doom which when pronounced, appears
His candour and their guilt the one exprest
By a reception which declared his breast
Unstirred with passion the other struggling in
Their troubled looks which showed this monstrous sin
That this damned plot did to rebellion bear
Even frighted those that treason's midwives were
Hence all their black designs encouraged by
The levelled paths of prosperous villany 210
High mounted mischief stretched upon the wing
Of powerful ill pursues the helpless king
To the last stage of life, a scaffold, whence
With tears, cheap offerings to his innocence
Such of his pitying friends as durst disclose
Their passions view him whilst insulting foes
Exalted on the pyramids of pride
By long winged power with base contempt deride
Their sorrow and his suffrings whom they hate
Had followed near the period of his fate 220
Which being now so near arrived that all
With various passion did expect the fall
Of the last fatal stroke kind Heaven to save
A life so near the confines of the grave
Transcends dull hope by so sublime a flight
That dazzled faith amazed with too much light
Whilst ecstasies of wonder did destroy
Unripe belief near lost the road of joy
Even with the juncture of that minute when
The axe was falling from those throngs of men 230
Swayed by's command Argalia with a speed
That startled action mounts the stage and freed
The trembling prince from death's pale fear which done
To show on what just grounds he had begun
So brave so bold an action seizes all
That knowledge or suspicion dares to call

235 action] Singer reads act he. But the nominative is quite easily supplied from mounts

The tyrant's friends The guilty tyrant, who,
Whilst he doth from his distant palace view
This dreadful change, with a disdain as high
As are his crimes, being apprehended by 240
Argalia's nimble guards, is forced to be
Their sad conductor to a destiny
So full of horror, that it hardly lies
In 's foes to save him for a sacrifice
From their wild rage, who know no justice but
What doth by death a stop to fury put
From noiseless prayers and bloodless looks being by
The bold attempters of his liberty
Raised to behold his rescue, heedless fear,
Hatched by mistake, from those that bordered near, 250
Had with such swiftness its infection spread,
That the more distant, knowing not what bred
The busy tumult, in so wild a haste,
As vanquished troops which at the heels are chased
Fly the pursuing sword, they madly run
To meet those dangers which they strove to shun
In which confusion none o' the throng had been
Left to behold how justice triumphed in
Revenge's throne, had not a swift command,
By power enabled, hastened to withstand 260
That troubled torrent which the truth outgrew,
Until their fears' original they knew
The onset past, Argalia, having first
Secured the tyrant, for whose blood the thirst
Of the vexed people raged, he mounted on
That scaffold whence his father should have gone
A royal martyr to the grave, did there
By a commanded silence first prepare
The clamorous throng to hear the hidden cause
Which made him slight their new-created laws 270
Then, in that mart of satisfaction which
With knowledge doth the doubtful herd enrich,
The public view, he freely shows how far
Through Fortune's deserts the auspicious star
Of Heaven's unfathomed providence had led
Him—from the axe to save that sacred head,
Whose reverend snow his full discovery had
In the first dress of youthful vigour clad,
Could constant Nature sympathize with that
Reviving joy his spirits panted at 280
His son's relation, seconded by all
That suffering sharer in his pitied fall,
Mantinea's bishop, knew, joined to the sight
Of that known jewel, whose unwasted light
Had served alone to guide them, satisfies
The inquisition e'en of critic eyes

With such a fullness of content that they
Each from his prince being lightened with a ray
Of sprightly mirth endeavoured to destroy
Their former grief in hope of future joy 290
Which to attain to those whose counsels had
The land in blood and then in mourning clad
Called forth by order to confession there
Are scarce given time the foulness to declare
Of their past crimes before the people's hate
That head strong monster strove to anticipate
The sword of vengeance and in wild rage save
The labour of an ignominious grave
To every parcel of those rent limbs that
When but beheld they lately trembled at 300
Such being the fate of falling tyrants when
Conquering the fear conquered the scorn of men
But here lest inconsiderate rage should send
Their souls to darkness ere confession end
Their tragic story, hated Zarrobrin
With that unhappy boy whose crown had been
Worn but to make him capable to die
A sacrifice to injured liberty
Rescued by order from the rout is to
A public trial brought, where in the view 310
Of all the injured multitude the old
Audacious traitor did t' the light unfold
His acts of darkness which discovered him
They gazed on whilst unquestioned power did dim
Discerning wits but a dull meteor—one
By hot ambition mounted to a throne
By an attractive policy which when
Its influence failed back to that lazy fen
His fortune's centre hurling him again
The only star in honour's orb would reign 320
This sly impostor seconded by that
Rebellious guilt his actions offered at
In all its bold attempts had kindled in
The late supporters of unprosperous sin
So high a rage that in wild fury they
Their anger wanting what it should obey—
A sober judgement stands not to dispute
With the slow law but with their strength confute
All tending to delay like torrents broke
Through the imprisoning banks to get one stroke 330
At heads so hated all rush in until
Their severed limbs want quantity to fill
A room in the eyes receiving beams This done
With blood and anger warmed they wildly run
To search out such whom consanguinity
Had rendered so unhappy as to be

Allied to them all which, with rage that styled
Beasts merciful, and angry soldiers mild,
They to destruction chase, whilst guiltless walls,
In which they dwelt, in funeral blazes falls, 340
Where burns inviting treasure, as they saw
In the gold's splendour an anathema
So full of horror, as it seemed to be
A plague beyond unpitied poverty
Impetuous rage, like whirlwinds unopposed,
Hushed to a calm, as hate had but unclosed
The anger-blinded eyes of love, the bold
Flame, like a fire forced from repulsive cold,
Breaks through the harsh extreme of hate, to show
How much their loyal duty did outgrow 350
Those fruits of forced obedience, which before
They slowly to intruding tyrants bore
In which procession of their joy, that he
Might meet their hopes with a solemnity
Large as their love, or his delight, the prince,
Taught by informing age how to convince
Ambition's hasty arguments, calls forth
His long-lost son, whose late discovered worth
Was grown the age's wonder, to support
The ponderous crown, whilst he did tread the short 360
And sickly step of age, untroubled by
The burthen of afflicting majesty
His coronation passed, in such a tide
Of full content, as to be glorified
Blest souls in the world's conflagration shall
From tombs their reunited bodies call,
The feeble prince, leaving the joyful throng
Of his applauding subjects, seeks among
Religious shades, those cool retreats, to find
That best composer of a stormy mind 370
A still devotion, on whose downy bed
Not long he 'd laid, before that entrance led
Him to the court of Heaven, though through the gate
Of welcome death, a cross, which though from fate,
Not accident, he being instructed by
Age and religion to prepare to die
On Nature's summons, yet so deep a strain
Spreads o'er those robes that joy had died in grain,
That his heroic son, to meet alone
So fierce a foe, leaving the widowed throne, 380
Retreats to silent tears, whose plenteous spring,
By the example of their mourning king,
From those small clouds there first beheld to rise,
Begets a storm in every subject's eyes

353 procession] Singer 'profession,' by no means necessarily, I think

Pharonnida

Betraying Time the world unquestioned thief
Intending o'er obliterated grief
Some new transenption to perform it brings
A ravished quill from Love's expanded wings
Presenting to Argalia's willing view
Whatever blind chance rolled on the various clew
Of his fair mistress fate, unfolded by
Lunolus who was when victory
First gave him freedom by Argalia sent
With speed that might anticipate intent
The unconfined Pharonnida to free
From her religious strict captivity
But being arrived where contrary to all
His thoughts he heard how first she came to fall
Into Almanzor's hand by whom conveyed
Thence to her father's court his judgement stayed
Not to consult with slow advice but hastes
On the pursuit of her whom found he wastes
Few days before fair opportunity
Was so auspicious to his prayers that he
Not only proves a happy messenger
Where first employed but in exchange for her
Returns the story of what had been done
Since first this tempest of their fate begun.—
How she forsook the monastry and in
What agonies of passion thence had been
Forced to her father's court, where all her fears
Dissolve in pity he related hears
With calm attention but when come to that
Whose first conceptions he had trembled at
The Syracusan's fresh assaults unto
That virgin fort whose strength although he knew
Too great for storm yet since assisted by
Her father's power the wreaths of victory
Rent by command from his deserts might crown
Another's brows To pull those laurels down
Ere raised in triumph he prepares to move
By royal steps unto the throne of love

THE END OF THE SECOND CANTO

Canto III

THE ARGUMENT

From the Ætolians' late victorious king
  Ambassadors in Sparta's court arrive,
Where slighted, back they this sad message bring,
  That force must only make his just claim thrive

Which to confirm, the Epirot's power invades
  His land, in hopes for full reward to have
Pharonnida, but close Almanzor shades
  His glorious hopes in an untimely grave

An unripe rumour, such as causes near
Declining catch at, when betraying fear
Plunges at hope, had through Gerenza spread
The story of Argalia's fate, but shed
From such loose clouds of scattered fame, as by
Observant wits were only thought to fly
In the airy region of report, where they
Are forced each wind of fancy to obey,
Whose various blasts, when brought unto the test
Of judgement, rather the desires exprest, 10
Than knowledge of its authors Here, 'mongst those
Of various censure, sly Almanzor chose
To be of the believing part, since that
Might soonest crush all hopes that levelled at
Affection to Pharonnida, whom he
Strove to preserve in calm neutrality
  But here he fails to countermine his plot,
This seeming fable soon appears begot
By solid truth, a truth which scorns to lie
Begging at th' gates of probability 20
Which to avoid, she from Argalia brings
Ambassadors, those mouths of absent kings,
To plead her right, at whose unlooked-for view,
Almanzor, whose fallacious schemes were drew
Only for false phenomena, is now
Forced to erect new figures, and allow
Each star its influence, but declared in vain,
Since pride did lord of the ascendant reign
Pride, which, conjoined to policy, had made
All other motions seem but retrograde 30
  His black arts thus deceived, since nought could make
The dull spectator's ignorance mistake
This constellation for a comet, he
Attempts with fear of its malignity
To fright each busy gazer, and since all
The circles of opinion were to fall

Pharonnida

Like spacious azimuths in that zenith to
Settle the prince through whom the people view
All great conjunctions where the different sign
Should force those aspects which might mongst that trine 40
Of love else hold a concord, to dispense
On him its most destructive influence.
The court being thus prepared he boldly now
Dares the delayed ambassadors allow
A long expected audience which in brief
Makes known their master's fate in the relief
Of s injured father thence proceeds to show
How much of praise his thankful friends did owe
To Heaven for his own restored estate which he
Desires to join in calm confederacy
With them his honoured neighbours hence they past
To what concerned Pharonnida their last 50
And most important message Which when heard
In such a language as the rivals feared
A language which to prove his interest
In her unquestioned come but to request
The freedom of a fathers grant a high
But stifled rage began to mutiny
In all their breasts such as if not withheld
B the law of nations had her father swelled
To open acts of violence which seen
By some o the lords they calm his passion in
A cool retreat such as might seem to be 60
Though harsh contempt wrapped in civility
Fired with disdain, the ambassadors in such
A speed which showed affronts that did but touch
Their masters honour wounded theirs forsook
Gerenza whilst Luriolus betook
Himself to some more safe disguise that might
Protect him till the subject of delight
The course his royal master meant to steer
In gaining her his story makes appear
Unto distressed Pharonnida who in 70
That confidence secure as she had been
From all succeeding ills protected by
A guard of angels in a harmony
Of peaceful thoughts such as in dangers keep
Safe innocence rocks all her cares asleep
But here she rests not long before the fall
Of second storms proves this short interval
But lightning which in tempests shows unto
Shores which the shipwrecked must no more than view 80
Anger Ambition Hate and jealous Fear
Had all conspired Loves ruin which drew near

54 the] Singer their

From hasty counsels' rash results, which in
His passion's storm had by her father been,
Like rocks which wretched mariners mistake
For harbours, fled to, when he did forsake
That safer channel of advice that might,
From free conventions, like the welcome light 90
Of Pharos, guided his designs, till they
At anchor in the road of honour lay
As if his fears by nothing could have been
Secured, but what proved him ungrateful in
Argalia's ruin, all discourses are
Distasteful grown, but what to sudden war
Incites his rage which humour, though it needs
No greater fire than what his envy feeds,
Besides those court tarantulas whose breath
Stings easy princes, till they dance to death 100
At the delightful sound of flattery, there
Were deeper wits, such whom a subtle care,
Not servile fear, taught how to aggravate
His anger's flame, till their own eager hate,
Though burning with a mortal fury, might
Pass unobserved, since near a greater light
Amongst those few whose love did not depend
So much on fortune, but the name of friend
Was still preserved, the faithful Cyprian prince
Durst only strive by reason to convince 110
Their wilder passions, but each argument
With which affection struggled to prevent
A swift destruction, only seemed to prove
His friendship more effectual than his love
From which mistake, such as did strive to please
The angry prince's passionate disease,
With what might feed the sickly humours, draw
A consequence that proves Pharonnida
A blessing which was to his merits due
Who most opposed the bold aspirer to 120
That throne of beauty, which before possest,
Whole armies must dispute their interest
The slighted Cyprian, since their fear could trust
None but confederates, from their counsels thrust,
Those swift conclusions, which before to stay
Their violence had reason's cool allay,
Hurried to action, strict commands are sent
From fierce Zoranza through each regiment
Which stooped their ensigns to his power,—that, by
Such marches as they'd follow victory, 130
They reach Ætolia, ere its new-crowned king,
Warned by report, had liberty to bring

91 guided] The omission of 'have' is characteristic

Opposing strengths—a task too hard to be
Performed with ease in power's minority
Nor fails this counsel for their army draws
No sooner near but such as in the cause
Of unsuccessful rebels late had been
Exposed to danger seek for refuge in
A fresh revolt and since their ulcerous guilt
Was so malignant that e'en mercy spilt
Its balm in vain their injured prince forsake,
To strengthen his proud enemies who make
Those poisons up in cordials and compound
Them with their army which being thus grown sound
Whereas it lately fainted durst provoke
Unto the trial of another stroke
His late victorious forces which though yet
Faint with the blood lost in the last great fit
Of honour's fever when the crisis proved
To cure's prognostic had with ease removed
The proud invaders had Morea been
As heretofore a hurtful neuter in
That war which now since double strengths oppose
Brave fortitude like base oppression shows
So long both parties with variety
Of fortune fought that fearing whose might be
The sad success that old Cleander in
Such speed as if his crown engaged had been
Raises an army whose command since he
Base flattery takes for brave fidelity
Waiving those peers to whose known faith he owes
The most of trust in hoodwinked hope bestows
On false Almanzor who by power advanced
Near to those hopes at which ambition glanced
But like weak eyes upon the dazzling sun
From that last fatal stage his plots begun
Mischief's dark course which ere concluded shall
Crush the Epirot in Morea's fall
In this the hot distemper of their state
Amindor whom the destinies of late
To double-dye his honour's purple thread
Robbed of a father most disquieted
Their secret counsels since they knew the love
He bore Argalia propped with power might prove
A sad obstruction to their plots if he
Urged by distastes shook their confederacy
Off to assist his friend Which to oppose
With flattery—fleeting as the gourd that rose
But to discover his just wrath that made
The plant to cover when it could not shade—
They all attempt though he engage not in
Their party yet his easy youth to win

By honour's moths, by time's betrayers, soft
And smooth delights, those serpents which too oft
Strangle Herculean virtues but they here
In age's April find a wit appear
Of such full growth, that by his judgement they
Are undermined, who studied to betray
Being thus secured from foreign fears, they now
Employ that rage, whose speed could scarce allow 190
Advice from counsel, to extirpate those
New planted laurels victory did compose
To crown Argalia But before they go
To ravish conquest from so cheap a foe,
Whose valour by o'erwhelming power was barred
From lying safe at a defensive guard,
Till old Cleander, that their league might be
Assured by bonds whose firm stability
Death only could divorce, intends, though she,
With such aversion as their destiny 200
Wretches condemned would shun, attempt to fly
The storm of fate, yet countermanded by
His power, the fair Pharonnida, although
He not to love, but duty, seemed to owe
For such a blessing, should Zoranza's be,
Confirmed by Hymen's high solemnity
This resolution, whose self-ends must blame
Her father's love, once registered by fame,
Submits to censure, whilst Pharonnida
Laments her fate, some, prompted by the law 210
Of love and nature, are to entertain
So much of freedom, as they prove in vain
Her advocates, others, whose cautious fear
Dares only pity, in that dress appear
Silent and sad, only Almanzor, in
This state distemper, by that subtle sin,
Dissimulation, so disguises all
His black intentions, that whilst truth did call
Him treason's agent, its reflected light,
Appearance, spoke him virtue's proselyte, 220
So much a convert, as if all those hot
Crimes of his youth ambition had begot,
Discreeter age had either cooled, or by
Repentance changed to zeal and loyalty
Whilst thus i' the court the most judicious eyes
Deluded were by faction's false disguise,
By rumours heavy as the damps of death
When they fly laden with the dying breath
Of new-departed souls, this fatal news
Assaults the princess, which whilst reason views 230
With sad resentments, to support her in
This storm of fate, Amindor, who had been

In all her griefs her best adviser now
Enters to tell her fainting sorrows how
They d yet a refuge left from whom she might
Reap hopes of safety The first welcome sight
Of such a friend whose former actions had
Enhanced his worth encountering with her sad
And serious thoughts so ranfies that cloud
Of grief that ere dissolving tears allowed
A vocal utterance as intended words
Something contained too doleful for records 240
Both sighed both wept at length the princess broke
Silence and thus her dismal passions spoke
Dare you my lord approach so near unto
A factious grief in this black storm to view
Distressed I haronnida! Have either I
Or my Argalus slighted memory
Yet in Morea a remaining friend
Whose virtue dares by its own strength contend
Against this torrent of court fictions? Now
Now royal sir that doom which will allow 250
My soul no more refreshing slumbers by
My father s passed—my father sir whom I
Must disobey with all the curses due
To black rebellion or else prove untrue
Those vows those oft repeated vows which in
Our loves full growth hath to Argalia been
Sealed in the sight of Heaven —About to speak
Her passions fuller sorrow here did break
The sad theme off and to proclaim her fears
The sad theme off and to proclaim her fears 260
Except the o erflowing language of her tears
No herald left In which sad silent fit
The valiant Cypnan who at first did sit
His passions prisoner from that bondage free
To her disease prescribes this remedy
Cease madam
Cease to eclipse illustrious beauty by
Untimely tears your grief's deformity
I rights not Amindor from his friendship When
I first beheld that miracle of men
Adored Argalia pluck from victory
His naval laurels honour told me I 270
Was then so much his virtues captive that
Not all the dangers mortals tremble at
Can make me shun assisting of him in
Retaining you though my attempts have been
Employed in vain in public council to
Procure your peace there s something left to do
By which our private plots may undermine
Their public power and unperceived decline
That danger which without this secret friend 280

It lies not in our fortune to defend'
From grief's cold swoon to living comforts by
This cordial raised, Pharonnida's reply
Owns this pathetic language 'If there be
In all the dark paths of my destiny
Yet left a road to safety, name it, sir
What I'll attempt, no danger shall deter,
So brave Amindor be my conduct through 290
The dismal road, but my wild hopes outgrow
Whate'er my reason dictates No, my lord,
Fly that sad fate whose progress can afford
Nought but disasters, and live happy in
Orlinda's love Should I attempt to win
You from so fair a virtue, 't were a wrong
Too full of guilt to let me live among
The number of your friends, 'mongst whom let me
In all your future thoughts remembered be
As the most wretched—to whom rigid fate 300
All hope's weak cordials hath applied too late'
Here ceased the sorrowing lady, to suspend
Whose following tears, her charitable friend
Prescribes this comfort —'Though my zeal hath been,
When serving you, so unsuccessful in
My first attempts, it gives just cause to doubt
My future actions, yet to lead you out
Of this dark labyrinth, where your sorrow stands
Masked with amazements, not the countermands
Of my affection to Orlinda, though 310
Confirmed by vows, shall stop, let Grief bestow
But so much time, unclouded by your fear,
To look Hope's volumes o'er, there will appear
Some lines of comfort yet, which that we may
Not in a heedless horror cast away,
Prepare for speedy action, to prevent
Ensuing ills, no time is left unspent,
But only this approaching night, by which,
To fly from danger, you must stoop to enrich
A coarse disguise, whose humble shadows may 320
Inquiring eyes to dark mistakes betray
'Our first retreat, which is designed to be
No further than the neighbouring monastry,
Where I of late did lie concealed, I have
Thus made secure —There stands an ancient cave,
Close hid in unfrequented shadows, near
Your garden's postern-gate, which, when the fear
Of bordering foes denied a free access
To the old abbey, they, from the distress
Of threatening scouts were safe delivered by 330
A vault that through it leads, which, though so nigh
Unto the city, careless time, since not

Forced to frequent hath wholly left forgot
By busy mortals In this silent cell
Where nought but lights eternal strangers dwell
In the meridian depth of night, whilst all
Are robed in rest you none encounter shall
Except myself but him who may with us
This secret share esteemed Eunolus,
With whom and your endeared Florenza we 340
Within the unsuspected monastry
Protected by some secret friends may stay
Till fruitless searches waste their hopes away
Whose watchful spleen by care conducted, might
Stop our intentions of a further flight
Raised from the cold bed of despair from this
Mature advice to hopes of future bliss
The heavenly fair Pharonnida had now
Withdrawn the veil of grief and could allow
Some smiles to wait upon those thanks which she 350
Returned her friend, who that no time might be
Lost by neglect from needful action in
A calm of comforts such as had not been
Her late associates leaves the princess to
Pursue those plots which Fortune bent to undo
Whilst Hope on Expectations wings did hover
Did thus by fatal accident discover
That knot in her fair thread of destiny
That lurking snake the purgatory by
Which Heaven refined her, cursed Amphibia had 360
Whilst mutual language all their thoughts unclad
Close as an unsuspected plague that in
Darkness assaults an unknown sharer been
Of this important issue which with hate
Her genius met, soon strives to propagate
A brood of fiends Almanzor, whose dark plots
Like images of damned magicians rots
Themselves to ruin others like in this
Last act of ill by too much haste to miss
The road that led through slippery paths of sin 370
From prides stupendous precipice falls in
A gulf of horror in whose dismal shade
A private room his dark retreat is made
Here whilst his heart is boiled in gall his brain
Overwhelmed in clouds whose darkness entertain
No beam of reason, whilst ambition mixed
Examples of the bloodiest murders fixed
Upon the brazen front of time all which
Lends no unfathomed policy to enrich

346 from this] Singer *by* this probably according to expectation and still more probably in consequence of the previous from but not I think Chamberlayne being Chamberlayne quite certainly

His near impoverished brain, he hears one knock, 380
Whose sudden noise soon scattering all the flock
Of busy thoughts, him in a hasty rage
Hurries t' the door, where come, his eyes engage
His tongue to welcome one whose cursed advice
His tortured thoughts turned to a paradise
Of pleasing hopes, on whose foundation he
Prepares to build a future monarchy
A slow-consuming grief, whose chronic stealth
Had slily robbed Palermo's prince of health,
In spite of all the guards of art had long 390
Worn out his strength, and now had grown too strong
For age to bear Each baffled artist in
A sad despair forsaking what had been
Tried but to upbraid their ignorance, except
An aged friar, whose judgement long had slept
From watchful practice, but i' the court of arts
Been so employed, that the mysterious parts
Of clouded theories, which he courted by
High contemplation, to his mind's clear eye
Lay all undressed of that disguise which in 400
Man's fall, to afflict posterity, they'd been
By angry Heaven wrapped in, so that he knew
What astral virtues vegetables drew
From a celestial influence, and by what
Absconded magic Nature fitted that
To working humours, which they either move
By expulsive hate, or by attractive love
This art's true master, when his hope was grown
Faint with delays, to the sick prince made known,
A swift command calls from his still repose 410
The reverend sire who come, doth soon disclose
That long concealed malignity which had
The feeble prince in sickly paleness clad
Nor stays his art at weak prognostics, but
Proceeds to practise whatso'er may put
His prince in ease—cordials abstracted by
A then near undiscovered chemistry,
Such as in single drops did all comprise
Nature e'er taught Art to epitomize
Such as, if armed with a Promethean fire, 420
Might force a bloodless carcass to respire,
Such as curbed Fate, and, in their hot assault
Whilst storming Life, made Death's pale army halt
This rare elixir by the prince had been,
With such success as those that languish in
Consuming ills, could wish themselves, so long
Used, that those fits, which else had grown too strong

389 Palermo's] Observe that we are once more hovering between the Morea and Sicily

For Nature to contend withal were now
Grown more remiss when Fate that can allow
No lasting comforts to declare her power 430
O er Art itself arrests that conqueror
Of others ills with a disease that led
Him a close prisoner to an uncouth bed
Which like to prove Nature s slow chariot to
The expecting grave loath to the public view
To prostitute a secret yet bound by
The obligation of his loyalty
To assist his prince he to Pharonnida
That sovereign secret which could only awe
Her father s threatening pain declares which she 440
Hath since composed whene er s extremity
Suffered those pains whose progress to prevent
She d by Amphibia now the cordial sent
The sly Amphibia who did soon obey
What lent her hate a freedom to betray
His first salutes being past with such a speed
As did declare the guilt of such a deed
Might doubt discovery she unfolds that strange
Amazing truth which from the giddy range
Of wild invention soon contracts each thought 450
Into resolves such as no object sought
But the destruction of whate er might stop
Ambition s progress towards the slippery top
Of which now climbing, on Conceit s stretched wings
He silent stands whilst teeming Fancy brings
That monster forth for whose conception he
Long since deflowered his virgin loyalty
Few minutes by that auxiliary aid
Which her discovery lent his thoughts conveyed
Through all the roads of doubt which safely past 460
Strictly embracing her who in this last
And greatest act of villany must have
A further share he thus begins — Oh save
Save thou that art my better genius now
What thou alone hast raised my hopes must bow
Beneath impossibilities if not
By thee assisted Fortune hath begot
The means already let this cordial be
With poison mixed—Fate knows no enemy
Dares grapple with me—Do not start there s here 4 0
No room for danger if we banish fear
His thoughts thus far discovered finding in
Her various looks that apprehended sin
The soul s mercurial pill did penetrate
Her callous conscience in whose cell this sat
With gnawing horror whilst all other lives
Whom her fraud spilt, proved hurtless corrosives

From the cold ague of repentance he
Thus rouses her 'Can my Amphibia be
By fear, that fatal remora to all 480
That 's great or good, thus startled? Is the fall
Of an old tyrant grown a subject for
This soft remorse? Let thy brave soul abhor
Such sickly passions when our fortune stands
Fixed on their ruin, the unwilling hands
Of those that now withstand our glorious flight,
Will help enthrone us, whilst unquestioned right,
Which is for power the world's mistaken word,
Is made our own b' the legislative sword'
Raised from her fear's cold trepidations by 490
These hot ingredients, in an ecstasy
Of flatuous hopes, she casts herself into
This gulf of sin, and being prepared to do
An act, which not the present times could see
With sense enough, whilst in the extremity
Of wonder lost, through all his guards' strict care
Death to the unsuspecting prince doth bear
Freed from this doubt, Almanzor, to avoid
That storm of rage, which, when their prince destroyed
The court should know, might rise from fear, pretends 500
Haste to the army, but being gone, suspends
That speedy voyage, and being attended by
A wretch whose guilt assured his privacy,
Through paths untrod hastes to the cave wherein
Those habits, which had by Amindor been
(Whilst he his beauteous charge did thence convey)
Prepared to cloud illustrious beauty, lay
Of which, in such whose size did show they were
For th' largest sex, they both being clad, with care
Secret as swift, haste to augment the flood 510
Of swelling sins with yet more royal blood
The Epirots' constant prince, by custom had
Made known a walk, which, when the day unclad
Of glittering tissue in her evening's lawn
Sat coolly dressed, to court the sober dawn,
He often used Near this, Almanzor, by
Hell made successful in his villany,
Arrived some minutes ere the other, lies
Concealed, till darkness and a close disguise,
Those safe protectors, from his unseen seat 520
Call him to action, where, with thoughts replete
With too much joy to admit suspicion, he
Finds the Messenian, whom no fear to be
Assaulted there had armed, his spacious train
Shrunk into one that served to entertain
Time with discourse Upon which heedless pair
The armed Almanzor rushing unaware,

Ere strength had time their valour to obey
In storms of wounds their senses lose the way
To external objects in which giddy trance
The other lord who e spirits re advance
To life thes fear not hes secure whilst by
Redoubled wounds his princes spirits fly
From the most strong retreats of life which now
Battered by death no safety could allow
Revenges thirst being in this royal flood
Quenched for awhile that from the guiltless blood
His honour might no yet a stain receive
First hasting to the cave he there doth leave
Those injured habits which by him were meant
For the betrayers of the innocent
This done that he e en from suspicion might
Secure his guilt before the wasted night
Looks pale at the approach of day he flies
To the distant army there secure lies
Till all those black productions of his brain
Now ripening to perfection, should attain
Maturity and in the court appear
In their most horrid dress knowing the fear
Of the distracted city soon would call
Him and his army to prevent the fall
Of such distracting dangers as might be
Attendants on the eclipse of majesty

THE END OF THE THIRD CANTO

Canto IV

THE ARGUMENT

Now as if that great engineer of ill
Accursed Almanzor had accomplished all
Those black designs which are ordained to fill
The Spartan annal by his prince's fall
With secret spite yet such as seemed to be
From an abused protector of the state
Pharonnida's ill fate a sister he
Toward her destruction prosecutes His hate

THAT dismal night which in the dark records
Of story yet so much of fate affords
In the Morean annals had to day
Resigned its reign whose eastern beams display
Their morning beauties by whose welcome light
The early courtier tired with tedious night

Rises to meet expected triumphs in
Their princess' nuptials, which so long had been
The joyful business of their thoughts, that now
Sallying to action, they 're instructed how 10
To court observance from the studied pain
Of best inventions—by attractive gain,
Joined to the itch of ostentative art,
Were thither drawn from each adjacent part
In this swelled torrent of expected mirth,
Which all conclude must make this morning's birth
To future ages celebrated by
An annual triumph, the disparity
Of passion, sorrow, first breaks forth among
The slain Epirot's followers, who so long 20
Had missed their master, that they now begin
To doubt his safety Every place had been
By strict inquiry searched, to which they knew
Either affection or employment drew
His frequent visits, but with an effect
So vain, their care served only to detect
Their love, not him its object, who might have
Lain till corruption sought itself a grave,
Had not an early forester so near
The place approached, that maugre all that fear 30
Alleged to stop a full discovery, he
Beheld so much as taught him how to free
His friends from further fruitless searches, in
Discovering what beneath their fears had been
In sorrow, such as left no power to vent
Its symptoms, but a deep astonishment,
The amazed Messenians, whom a sad belief
Deprived of hope, did entertain their grief
Whose swift infection to communicate—
Their murdered prince, as if pale death kept state 40
Clad in the crimson robes of blood, is to
The city brought, where, whilst the public view
In busy murmurs spread her sable wings,
Pale terror to the court, grief's centre, brings
The dreadful truth, which some officious lord,
Whom favour did the privilege afford
Of easy entrance, through the guards of fear
In haste conveys, to assault the prince's ear
With such a silence as did seem to show
Unwelcome news is in its entrance slow, 50
Entered the room, he 's with soft pace unto
The bed approached, whose curtains when withdrew,
Discovered Horror in the dismal dress
Of Death appears—Freed from the slow distress
Of Age, that coward tyrant which ne'er shows
His strength till man wants vigour to oppose,

This fatal story to the princess, they
A council call, by whose advice she may,
Whilst floating in this sea of sorrow, be
Saved from those unseen rocks, where Treachery, 110
Rebellion's subtle engineer, might sit
To wreck the weakness of a female wit,
Which, though in her such that it might have been
The whole world's pilot, could, since clouded in
Such a tempestuous sea of passions, see
No star that might her safe director be
A messenger, whose sad observant wit
By age allayed, seemed a conveyer fit
For such important business, with the news
Hastes towards the princess Whom whilst Fear pursues 120
On wings of Pity, being arrived within
The palace, he, as that alone had been
The only seat where rigid Sorrow took
Her fixed abode, beholds each servant's look
Obscured with grief, through whose dark shades whilst he
Searches the cause, the strange variety
Explains itself—As families that have
Led their protecting ruler to the grave,
Whose loss they in a heedless sorrow mourn
So long, till care doth to distraction turn, 130
Her servants sat, each wildly looking on
The other, till even sense itself was gone
In mourning wonder, whose wild flight to stay,
Its cause they to the pitying lord display
In such a tone, as, whilst it did detect
The princess' absence, showed their own neglect
When this he'd heard, with such a sympathy
Of sorrow, as erected Grief to be
The mourning monarch of his thoughts, to those
Returned that sent him, he that transcript shows 140
Of this obscure original—the flight
Of the absent princess, whilst the veil of night
Obscured her passage, tells but, questioned—how,
With whom, or whether knowledge did allow
No satisfaction, all inquiry gained
From her amazed attendants, but explained
Their grief, whose troubled rivulet flowed in
To that vast ocean, where before they'd been
By sorrow shipwrecked, in the general flood
Mixed, wants a language to be understood 150
In a peculiar character, and so
Conjoined, makes up one universal woe
Only, as if Love knew alone the art

114 pilot] Orig as elsewhere 'Pilate'
120 Whom] Singer 'Who,' not only unnecessarily, but, I think, wrongly

That taught his followers how to mourn apart
Sad sweet Orlinda, whose calm innocence
Had fostered passion at her health's expense
Whilst wet with grief's overflowing spring she to
Her brothers ghost did pay soft Nature's due
In sorrow of such sad complexion that
Others might lose their own to wonder at
Yet when as in the margin placed she hears
Amindor lost with new supplies of tears
Grief sallying forth as if to be betrayed
Love now did fear he draws the bashful maid
From those that did the mourning concert keep
Where she unseen for Loves decease doth weep
Frail womans faith and mans neglect doth blame
And softly then sighs out Amindors name—
Her lost Amindor whose supposed disdain
Destroyed those spirits grief could never have slain
And now before that powers decay engage
Too many hands in a vindictive rage
The wise supporters of the state to stay
Increasing factions which can never obey
Lest Fear commands unto Almanzor send
A mandate which enjoins him to attend
Their councils in this interregnum till
Their joint consent had found out one to fill
The empty throne Which summons prompted by
A care which they interpret loyalty
Though truly called ambition he obeyed
With such a speed as Love would fly to aid
A ravished lady having to impede
His march no more than what his care could lead—
Even with a winged speed yet that a strength
Enough to make his will confine the length
Of their desires who soon in council sit
But to bewail the abortion of their wit
The frighted city having entered in
A mourning march as if his thoughts had been
A stranger to the sad events of this
So dismal night he by relation is
Informed of each particular which he
Seeming to hear in grief's extremity
From silent sorrow which appeared to wait
On still attention his prepared deceit
Disguised in rage appears a rage which in
Its active flight to find what hearts had been
Defiled with thoughts of such foul crimes did seem
So full of zeal its actions did redeem

185 winged] This is Singer's ingenious emendation for the orig *vox nihil* s nges

The lost report of loyalty in those
His former crimes made his most constant foes
By guarded gates, and watchful parties that
Surround the walls, till th' people, frighted at
Their fury, shrink from public throngs They now
Assured of safety, whilst inquiring how
Hell hatched these monsters—whose original
Whilst searching, they, by the consent of all
His best physicians, whose experienced skill
From outward signs knew what internal ill 210
Death struck the prince, informed the cause could be
From nought but such a subtle enemy
As poison, which, when every accident
They had examined, all conclude was sent
Mixed with that cordial, whose concealed receipt
Unknown to art, their envy termed the bait
To tempt the easy prince's faith into
That net which Death, allured by Treason, drew
With power, from this embraced suspicion sprung,
Almanzor, whom not envy's spotted tongue 220
Durst call profane, though rudely forcing those
Weak gates, which need no greater strength to oppose
Unclean intruders, than the reverence they,
Enforced by zeal, did with religion pay
Unto that place's sanctity, which he
Contemning, ere the wronged society
Expecting such injurious visits, in
Rude fury entering, those whose power had been
Employed by noble pity to attend
The suffering princess, in such haste did send 230
Them to her close and dark abodes, that now
Their doubts confirmed, they're only studying how
To shun that danger which informing fear
Falsely persuades towards them alone drew near
Which dark suspicion, ere unclouded by
Seizing on him whose innocence durst fly
To no retreat, the royal fugitives
Back to the vault where first they entered, drives
Now, at the great'st antipathy to day,
The silent earth oppressed with midnight lay 240
Vested in clouds, black as they had been sent
To be the whole world's mourning monument,
When through the cave's damp womb, conducted by
A doubtful light that scarce informed the eye
To find out those unhaunted paths, they, in
A faint assurance, with soft pace begin
To sally forth, where, unsuspected, they
Are seized by guards that in close ambush lay
Which, ere amazement could give action leave
To seek for safety, did their hopes deceive 250

By close restraint Awed by whose power they re to
Almanzor brought who from that object drew
Such joy as fills usurpers when they see
Wronged princes struggling with captivity
From hence in such disdainful silence led
As taught their fear from just suspicion bred
To tremble at some unknown ill about
That sober time when lights small lamps go out
At the approach of days bright glories brought
Back to the court they there not long had sought
Their sorrows sad original before
A court convened of such whose power had bore
(Whilst God s own choice a monastry had lent
Their dictates law) the weight of government
They hither called by summons that did sound
Like bold rebellion in sad omen found
More than they feared —A mourning train of lords
Placed round a black tribunal that affords
To the spectator's penetrated eye
A dismal horror clothed in majesty
Like hieroglyphics pointing to that fate
Which must ensue all yet in silence sate—
A dreadful silence! such as unto weak
Beholders seemed to threaten when they speak
Death and destruction dictates When they saw
Their princess entered as if rigid law
To loyal duty let the sceptre fall
In an obedient reverence raised they all
Lowly salute her but that compliment
To bribe their pity fear in vain had spent
When all resuming now their seats command
The royal captives whose just cause did stand
On no defence but unknown truth to be
Summoned t the bar where that they first might see
What rigour on the royal blood was shown
From no unjust conspiracy had grown
A sable curtain from their herses drawn
Betrays her eyes then in the sickly dawn
Of grief grown dim unto that horrid place
Where they met death drawn in her fathers face
By whom now turned into well modelled clay
Fitted for s tomb the slain Epirot lay
At this as if some over ven urous look
For temperate rays destructive fire had took
In at her soul s receiving portals all
Life s functions ceased sorrow at once lets fall

269 penetrated] Singer with less than his usual judgement 'penetrating' Penetrated of course means as it does in French and did in English as late as Madame d'Arblay strongly moved.

The burthen of so many griefs, which in
A death-like slumber had forgotten been,
Till human thoughts, obliterated by
The wished conversions of eternity, 300
Oppressed no more, had not injurious haste,
Before this conflict could those spirits waste,
Which had, to shun passion's external strife,
Fled to the *primum mobile* of life,
Recalled with them her sorrows to attend
Their nimblest motions, which too fast did spend
Her strength, to suffer weakness to obey
The court's intentions of a longer stay
From ruffled passions which her soul oppress,
By the soft hand of recollecting rest 310
Stroked to a calm, which settled Reason in
Her troubled throne, by those that first had been
Her guards, the princess—that fair pattern whence
Men drew the height of human excellence,
Is now returned, to let her proud foes see,
That the bright rays of magnanimity,
Though envy like the ungrateful moon do strive
To hide that sun, except what's relative
Ne'er knows eclipse, the darkness taking birth
From what's below, whilst that removed from earth, 320
Her clear unclouded conscience, ever stays
Amongst bright virtue's universal rays
The mourning court, those ministers of fate,
In expectation of their prisoners sate —
They now appear in those disguises which
They first were took, being habits, though not rich
Enough to gild their rare perfections, yet
Such as did seem by sorrow made to fit
Their present sufferings —both the men clothed in
Monastic robes, black as their threads had been 330
Spun from Peruvian wool, the women, clad
Like mournful votaries, showed so sweetly sad,
As if their virtues, which injurious fate
Did yet conceal, striving to anticipate
The flights of time, had to the external sense
Showed these as emblems of their innocence
But love, nor pity, though they both did here
Within their judges' sternest looks appear,
Durst plead for favour, their indictments read,
So guilty found, that those whose hearts e'en bled, 340
Disdained their eyes should weep, since justice did
In such foul crimes mercy as sin forbid
Yet more to clear what circumstance had made
Level with reason, from the approaching shade
Of death redeemed, that lord, whose wounds had been
But slumbers to recover safety in,

When the Messenian murdered was did now
Declare as far as reason could allow
The eyes to judge those habits which they then
Did wear the same which decked the murderers when
His prince was slain which open proof appears
So full of guilt it stops her friends kind fears,
Tre raised to hope and in appearance shows
A guilt which all but pits overcrowes
The vexed Protos who for comfort saw
Revenge appearing in the form of law
Retired to feed their spleen with hope until
The extent of justice should their venegance fill
When now by accusations that denied
Access to pleas for a parricide
The princess questioned whose too weak defence
Being but the uneven guards of innocence
Submits to censure Yet to show that all
Those scattered pearls which from her eyes did fall
Dropped not to attempt their clarity but show
That no impious storm could overflow
Her world of reason—which exalted stood
Above the surface of the spacious flood
(Her tears for grief not guilt bear shedd) while it
The robes of magnanimity no sin
Crown impudent, her brave resolved soul state
Unshaken in this hurricane of fate
To meet her calm, which like religious dres
Doth all become but female virtues best,
The rough Amindar whose discoloured face
Anger did more than native beauty grace
Since justly raised disdaining thus to be
By a plebeian base captivity
Forced to submit his innocence unto
Their doubtful test had from his anger drew
A ruin swifter than their hate intends
Had not his rage while it toward danger bends,
Been taught by her example to exclude
Vain passions with a princely fortitude
Whose useful aid like those good works which we
For comforts call in death's necessity
Brought all their better angels to defend
Them from those terrors which did death attend
In busy whispers which discovered by
Their doubtful looks the thoughts variety
Long in sad silence sat the court until
Those noiseless streams of fancy which did fill
Each several breast united by consent
Want only now a tongue so impudent
As durst condemn their sovereign which being in
Thermantius found a lord whose youth had been

By favours nursed, till power's wild beast, grown rude,
Repays his foster with ingratitude
This bold, bad man, love's most unhappy choice,
From flattery's treble now exalts his voice, 400
Without the mean of an excuse, into
The law's loud bass, and what those feared to do
That had been favoured less, that black decree
Pronounced, which discords all the harmony
Of subject fear and sovereign love, by what
Succeeding ages justly trembled at
Whilst innocent, but have of late been grown
So bad to show such monsters of their own
This sentence passed, which knew no more allay
Of mercy, than what lets their judgement stay 410
From following life to death's obscure retreat,
Till twenty nights had made their days complete,
The court breaks up, yet ere from public view
To close restraint the royal captives drew,
Grant them this favour from their rigid laws
That if there durst, to vindicate their cause,
In that contracted span of time appear
Any whose forward valour durst endear
The people's love and prayers so much—to be
Their champion, that his victory should free 420
Them from that doom's strict rigour, to oppose
Which brave attempter they Almanzor chose,
Since high command that honour did afford
To him alone, to wield the answering sword
Now near departing, whilst the Cyprian in
A brave disdain, which for submissive sin
Looks on an answer, as his haste would show
An anger that did scorn to stoop so low
To strike with threats, stands silent, whilst that she,
Whose temper Heaven had made too calm to be 430
By rage transported, with a soul unmoved
By stormy passions, thus their sin reproved
'Should I, my lords, here with a female haste
Discharge my passions, 'twere, perhaps, to waste
My prayers or threats, whilst one you would not fear,
Nor the other pity but when Heaven shall clear
This curtained truth, wrapped in whose cloudy night,
Unjustly you, from my unquestioned right
By birth, obedience, into faction stray,
Then, though too late, untimely sorrow may 440
Strive by repentance to expunge these stains
Cast on your honour These exhausted veins,
Fixed eyes, pale cheeks, death's dismal trophies, in
This royal face I now could not have seen

398 foster] 'forester' which Singer prints, is of course a result of confusion with the form of that word common in Malory, &c

Pharonnida

With a less sorrow than had served to call
Me to attend him had not the rude fall
Of your injustice, like those dangerous cures
Performed by turning into calentures
Dull lethargies upon my heart laid hold
In such a flame of passion as the cold
Approach of death wants power to quench until
You add that crime to this preceding ill
Yet though no fear can prompt my scorn to crave
A subject's mercy for myself to save
This noble stranger whose just acts being crost
By misconstruction have their titles lost
I shall become your suppliant, lest there be
A sin contracted by his serving me
And only in such noble ways as might
Unveil themselves i the sun's meridian light
Sure he unjustly suffers which may cause
You want more swords to vindicate your laws
Than his you late elected to make good
Your votes ere scarce cleansed of that loyal blood
He in rebellion shed —but I am now
Too near my fatal period to allow
Disturbing passion any place within
My peaceful soul Whatever his enemies have been
In public war or private treason may
Kind Heaven when with the injustice of this day
Those shall be quickly questioned to prevent
Their doom conceal them in the large extent
Of Mercy's wings, which there may prove so kind
To you though here I can no justice find!
This spoken in a garb that did detect
A sorrow which was ripened to neglect
She silent stands whilst through the thick resort
Of thronged spectators toward the rising court
Orlinda comes with such a haste as showed
That service she by Loves allegiance owed—
Love which had Sorrow's sable wings out fled
To mourn the living not lament the dead
Within the shadow of the grave might see
By sentence shut, neglecting death that lay
In ambush there her reason to betray
To hate when by the false informing law
Her friend she as her brother's murderer saw
In actions such as Scythian tyrants feel
Some softness from she that never used to kneel
To aught but Heaven a lowly suppliant falls
Before the court from whose stern breast she calls
So much of sorrow as perhaps had strook
Them all with horror if a sudden look

Obliquely on her murdered brother cast,
Had not, ere Love assaulted with her last
And powerfullest prayers, whilst hot with action, in
A cool retreat of spirits silenced been
  She, fainting fallen, as an addition to
Their former grief, is from the throng withdrew
Into the free untainted air—where, by
Assisting friends, which gently did apply
Their needful aid, heat, which was then grown slack
In Nature's work, antipathy calls back
To beauty's frontiers, where, like bashful light,
It in a blush meets the spectators' sight,
But such an one, as, ere full blown, is by
Her friend's disasters forced again to fly
Beneath those clouds of grief, whose swelling pride,
Spread by report, did now not only hide
The court or city, but to bear a part
Of that sad load summons each subject's heart
  Whilst now the prisoners, ere the people's love
To anger turn, the active guards remove,
To still the clamorous multitude, who, swayed
By various passions, did, whilst each obeyed
Opinion's dictates, but in darkness rove
At shadowed truth, whence now they boldly strove
To pluck the veil from declarations that
Contained those falsehoods, which whilst wondering at,
They wept to force upon their faith, are sent
Through th' land's each town, and army's regiment,
By which Almanzor, who attempted in
This plot to join security with sin,
Doubting, if e'er this story reach his ear,
Argalia might their combatant appear,
Besides those stains which common fame did take
For sin's just debts, slily attempts to shake
The heaven-erected fabric of his love
By closer engines, such as seemed to move
On noble pity, which with grief engrost
That faith which envy in disdain had lost
  Black rumour, on the wings of raised report
Flying in haste, had soon attained the court
Of the amazed Aetolian prince, who hears
The dreadful story with such doubtful fears
As shook his noble soul, but not into
An easy faith each circumstance was true,
He knew Almanzor's villainy to be
Of that extent, so foul a progeny
As all those horrid murders, might from thence
Take easy birth but when the innocence
Of's virtuous princess, and his honoured friend,
The noble Cyprian prince, come to contend

Pharonnida

With oft confirmed report that strikes a deep
And solemn grief yet such as must not keep
A firm possession in his soul until
A further inquisition either kill
His yet unfainting hopes or raise them to
Joy by confirming those reports untrue

THE END OF THE FOURTH CANTO

Canto V

THE ARGUMENT

Through royal blood to level that dark way
Which rebels pass unto the injured throne
Pharonnida is now condemned to pay
A debt for crimes that none durst call her own
When near the last step brave Argala who
In close disguise Truth's secrets had betrayed
When most did doubt twas now too late to sue
To Heaven for pity brings a timely aid

If on those vanished heroes that are fled
Through the unknown dark chasms of the dead
To rest in regions so remote from hence—
Twixt them and life there's no intelligence
Whenever thou lookst through Times dim optics then
Brave emulation of those braver men
Rouses that ray of heaven—thy soul to be
A sharer in their fames eternity
Thou st then a genius fit to entertain
A muses flight which may be raised again
To sing thy actions when there s left no more
Of thee but what by life whilst passing o er
Natures short stage had either scattered been
By careless youth or firmly planted in
Maturer age whose wasted talent spent
Those were his friends—This is his monument
Is all except some muse thy life records
That to thy worth the unthankful world affords
But if thy uninspired soul do bear
A lower sail which flagging with the care
Of humid pleasures ne er is swelled into
Sublimer thoughts than such as only view
Earth for its object which ne er yet did lend
Her favountes more than what they here do spend
To improve her barren wants may none rehearse
Thy name—beneath the dignity of verse
But trivial flatterers such as strive to gain
Thy favour from ephemeras of the brain

Unsalted jests! Pleased at whose painted fire
I leave fond thee in vapour to expire, 30
Whilst from thy living shadow I return
To crown the dust in brave Argalia's urn
From common Fame, that wild impostor, he
Had often heard what Love denied should be
For truth admitted—his Pharonnida
Accused for sins which envy strove to draw
Objects for Heaven's severest wrath, and now,
Ere his considerate judgement would allow
Report for real, secret messengers
To Corinth sends, who, ill-informed, transfers 40
His further trouble, in confirming what,
Whilst others wept for, he, transported at
So sad a change in her whose virtue had
Inflamed his thoughts, by passion near unclad
His soul of all his robes of flesh, which now
So loosely hung, as if she practised how
To strip herself, should unexpected death
To Heaven's hard course call forth the nimble breath.
Could earth here conquer, or had it within
The power of whatsoe'er is mortal been, 50
T' have wrought disorders of amazement, where
The noble soul such true consent did bear
With the harmonious angels, (he in all
His acts like them appears, or, ere his fall,
Perhaps like man, that he could only be
Distinguished from some hallowed hierarchy,
By being clothed in the specific veil
Of flesh and blood), this grief might then prevail
Over his perfect temper, but he bears
These weights as if unfelt, on his soul wears 60
The sable robes of sorrow, whilst his cheek
Is dressed in scarlet smiles, no frown his sleek
And even front contracts—like to a slow
And quiet stream, his obscured thoughts did flow,
With greater depths than could be fathomed by
The beamy lines of a judicious eye
Whilst those good angels, which fond men call wit
Reformed by age, did all in council sit,
To steer those thoughts by which he did attend
Pharonnida's escape, they to this end 70
At length reduced his counsels —That he must,
To succour her, leave grovelling in the dust
His kingdom, which being by domestic strife
Late wounded, was but newly rubbed to life.
Yet since that there to her redemption lay
In all the progress of his thoughts no way
Less full of danger, such of's lords as he
Honoured for age, and praised for loyalty,

Called to a secret council he discovers
His fixed resolves which they though now no lovers 80
With such consenting souls did hear that though
They knew his danger might even fear outgrow,
They to oppose that score of cowards brings
His vows his sacred vows those sceptred kings
Which justly rule the conscience that awed by
Usurping fear submits to tyranny
Their first proposals whence their judgement sought
To hide his absence to conclusion brought
They thence proceed to level him a way
Through that thick swarm of enemies that lay 90
Circling the walls where reason stays awhile
In various censure ere it could reconcile
Their differing judgements but at length in this
As that which in this danger's dark abyss
Seems to lend fear most of the helpful light
Of hope concludes—That when succeeding night
With strength of age was grown so gravely staid
That dark designs feared not to be betrayed
By the wanton twilight he in close disguise
Whilst some of's troops diverted by surprise 100
His watchful foes might pass their guards which done
Their care might be with's further march begun
In dismal darkness—that black throne of fear,
Night's silent empress awed the hemisphere
When now Argalia's ready troops with slow
And noiseless marches issued through their low
Close sallyports are swiftly rallied by
Such as had long taught Valour how to die
For Honour's rescue—captains that had been
From youth's first bud till age was reverenced in 110
Her honoured scars such strict disciples to
War's hardest precepts that their fame outgrew
Their power which that had so authentic made
Where fear was scorned they were for love obeyed
By these brave heroes which had often led
Armies to sleep in Honour's purple bed
The prince assisted was with secret haste
By ways where fear no sentinel had placed
Drawn near the leaguer which the alarum took
From a stormed fort had with such speed forsook 120
Their huts that haste which was intended to
Preserve being now to wild confusion grew
Helps to destroy In undistinguished sounds
Which not inform but frighted sense confounds
With wild amazement the unnoted words
Even of command are lost no ear affords
Room for advice nor the most serious eye
A place for order ensigns vainly fly

Since unperceived, through the dark air, which in
A storm ne'er knew more tumult than had been, 130
Since first their fear on this alarum fled
From reason, through the troubled leaguer spread
In this loud horror, whilst they need no lamp
To guide them more than their own flaming camp,
His frighted foes, fled from their quarter, lend
The prince some hope this sudden charge might end
Their slow-paced siege, yet since approaching day,
Persuading haste, denies his longer stay,
The power to those commanders left, which he
For valour knew might force from victory 140
Unwilling laurels, though their judgement such,
Those hallowed wreaths they ne'er durst rashly touch,
He leaves (when first his sword, which none did spare
Within its reach, had of his being there
Left bloody marks) the conquered foes, to find
Out sterner foes in his afflicted mind
Which, since usurping doubt with peaceful love
For empire strove, taught passion how to move
In spheres so differing from his reason's right
Ascension, that his cares' protracted night 150
From this oblique position caused, had made
His sorrow tedious as those nights which shade
Cold arctic regions, when the absent sun
Doth underneath the antarctic tropic run
This passage forced through his obstructed foes,
That now the treacherous day might not disclose
Him, whilst unguarded, to their view that might
In larger troops pursue a baser flight,
Through deep dark paths, which ne'er t' the sun had shown
Their uncouth shades, being to all unknown 160
Save neighbouring rurals, he, conducted by
A faithful guide, directs his liberty
Towards stately Corinth Near whose confines, ere
Six morning dews had cooled the hemisphere,
Arrived in safety, that kind Heaven might bless
His future actions with desired success
To seek to them, he first sought those that in
The wane of 's blood had life's supporters been,
Those holy hermits, to whose art he owed
For life, next Heaven, which first that gift bestowed 170
Come to their quiet cell, where all receive
Him with a wonder that did hardly leave
A room for welcome, till their fear had, in
A full relation of his fortune, been
Changed for as much of sanguine mirth as they
Could know, that had religion's cool allay
To check delight He being retired with him,
Whose first discoveries in his fortunes' dim

Imperfect light directed him to know
His royal offspring lets his language flow 180
With so much freedom as discovers what
Whilst he by active war was aiming at
His kingdom's safety called him thence to save
Sweet virtue from an ignominious grave
The fatal story heard by him whose love
Fixed by religion passion could not move
Although he pitied all the afflicted to
More softness than what had its offspring drew
From Heaven's strict precepts which are then misspent
When easy man mistakes the innocent 190
Since what permits hypocrisy to win
Remorse by mercy doth but cherish sin
Which to avoid ere his consent approve
Of the design neglecting all which love
Prompted by pity could allege to draw
Him to the combat though he in it saw
Nought to defend but innocence since in
That shape deluded chanty hath been
Too oft deceived that his victorious sword
Might not but where fair Justice could afford 200
Victory be drawn he like a Pharos placed
Mongst rocks of doubt, thus rectifies his haste —
Take heed brave prince, that, in this doubtful way
'Twixt love and honour thy bright virtues stray
Not from religion's latitude into
More dangerous stations reason's slender clew
Is here too short to guide thee and may in
Its conduct but obliquely lead to sin
Be cautious then and rashly venture not
On unknown depths where valour seems begot 210
By vain presumption Mortal beauty that
Imperfect type of Heaven though wondered at
Yet may not be so much adored to make
Our passions Heaven's directing road mistake
Though thy affections were legitimate
As man's first choice since in that happy state
Of innocence frail woman then found out
A way to fall still let thy reason doubt
The same deceit since that affected she
Which thou adorest yet wears mortality 220
A garment which since man first wore hath been
But once cast off without some spots of sin
Yet know my counsel strives not to prevent
Thy sword's assisting of the innocent
As much of mercy on neglect being spilt
As there's got vengeance from presumptuous guilt
Only before thy valour dares to tread
This rubric path whose slippery steps have led

So oft to ruin, let religion be
Thy prompter unto so much policy 230
As may secure thy conscience, which to do,
Claim my assistance as thy virtue's due'
The grateful prince with lowly looks had paid
His thankful offerings, when, that promised aid
Might not fall short of expectation, he,
Whose words, like vows that hold affinity
With Heaven, breathed nought but constant truth, did thus
Proceed towards action —'Whilst, loved prince, with us
Of this poor convent, you, by wounds restrained
From action, lived, you know that what's contained 240
In our calm doctrine, gives us leave to be
So intimate with each society,
No secret, though masked in the clouds of sin,
Flies those discoveries which informs us in
Their last confessions, by which means you may
Know whether justice calls your sword to pay
These bloody offerings, as a victim to
The appeasing of an inward virtue due'
By this advice instructed to convince
What love suggests, the apprehensive prince, 250
Since this includes nothing but what's too just
To disobey, although he all mistrust
Of her, like sin, avoids, consents to be
Ruled by his counsel, whose assistance he
So oft successful found Which, that delay,
That slow-paced sin, might not obstruct the way
With time's too oft neglected loss, he now
So fast toward action hastes, they could allow
The night scarce time to steal a dark retreat,
Ere, having left that melancholy seat, 260
Devotion's dark retiring place, he goes
To see how much her frowns did discompose
That city's dress, of whom he'd ne'er a sight
Before, but when 'twas polished with delight
His arms, bright Honour's burnished robes, into
Such weeds as showed him to the public view
A coarse monastic, changed, attended by
His aged friend, soon as the morning's eye
Adorned the east, the prosperous prince began
His pious journey, which, before the sun 270
Blushed in the west, found a successful end
In clouded Corinth Where arrived they spend,
The hours of the succeeding night to find
How, in that factious troubled sea, inclined
The city stood, whose shallow sons dare vent
By nothing but their tongues, that discontent
Their hands might cure, were not those useful parts
Restrained from action by unmanly hearts,

Which being at once with grief and fear oppressed
Durst do no more but pity the distressed 285
Which gentle passion since so general lends
Some light of hope to her inquiring friends
To usher in that dismal day whose light
Designed to lead into eternal night
As much of beauty as did ever give place
To death the morning shows her gloomy face
Wrapped up in clouds whose heavy vapours had
Hung Heaven in black when to perform the sad
And serious office of confessors to
Those royal sufferers whom harsh Fates pursue 290
To Death's dark confines through their guard of foes
Argalia and his grave assistant goes
Where he, whose love to neither did surmount
His zeal to take the Cyprian's last account
Himself addressed whilst his kind passions lead
Argalia from Pharonnida, to read
Her life's last story made authentic by
The near approach of her eternity
Entered the room which to his startled sight
Appeared like sorrow sepulchred in night 300
So dismal sad so silent that the cold
Retreat of death the grave did never unfold
A heavier object by a sickly light
Which was even then to the artificial night
That filled the room resigning its reign he saw
Grief's fairest draught divine Pharonnida,
Amidst her tears fallen like a full blown flower
Whose polished leaves overburthened with a shower
Drops from their beauties in the pride of day
To deck the earth —So sadly pining lay 310
The pensive princess whom an ecstasy
Of passion led to practise how to die
In such abstracted contemplations that
Angels forsook their thrones to wonder at
Wet with those tears in whose elixir she
Was bathing of the lilies nursery
Her bloodless cheeks—her trembling hand sustained
A book which what Heaven's mercy hath ordained
For a support to human frailty in
Storms of affliction lay which as she'd been 320
Now so well in repentant lectures read
That Faith was on the wings of Knowledge fled
To Meditation her unactive grief
Lets softly fall whilst Time wise Nature's thief
That all might look like Sorrow's swarthy night,
Is stealing forth of the neglected light
Whose sullen flame as it would sympathize

318 which] for in which.

With those quenched beams that once adorned her eyes,
After a feeble blaze, that spoke its strife
But vain, in silence weeps away its life 330
  Come to behold this beauteous monument
Of mourning passion, his great spirits spent
On love and wonder, the astonished prince
Here silent stands, valour could not convince
His wild amazement To behold her lie,
By rigid laws restrained from liberty,
To whom his soul was captive, troubles all
His reason's guards but when, how she must fall
From beauteous youth and virtuous life, to be
One of the grave's obscure society, 340
Must fall no martyr, whose lamented death
Grows pity's object, but depart with breath
'Mongst ignominious clouds of guilt, that must
Stick an eternal odium on her dust
That thought transports him from his temper to
Passions, in which he had forgot to do
His priestly office and, in rage as high
As ever yet inflamed humanity,
Sent him to actions, whose attempt had been
The road his valour must have perished in, 350
Had not her sorrow's agony forsook
The princess By whose first unsteady look,
He, being as far as his disguise gave leave
Discovered, is invited to receive
Those last confessions, in whose freedom she
Seeks by absolving comforts how to free
Her soul of all which a religious fear
Like spots on her white conscience made appear
  Having from her unburthened soul learned how
To ease his own, the priestly prince had now, 360
As far as bold humanity durst dive
Into remission, Heaven's prerogative,
Pronounced that pardon for whose seal there stood
The sin-polluted world's redeeming blood
By which blest voice raised from what did appear
Like sorrow, till her faith had banished fear,
The princess, in such gentle calms of joy
As souls that wear their bodies but to cloy
Celestial flights can feel, to entertain
Her fatal doom with a resolved disdain 370
Of death, prepares Whilst he, whom Heaven to her
Had made their mercy's happy messenger,
Forsaking her, repairs to him that had
With the same hand the Cyprian's thoughts unclad
By whom informed, how that in their defence
His sword protected nought but innocence,

338 when] 'he thinks' has of course to be supplied from 'that thought' below

Armed with those blessings which so just a cause
Proclaimed his due he secretly withdraws
To change those emblems of religious peace
Monastic robes for such as might increase 380
Their joy and wonder whose contracted fear
Despaired to see a combatant appear
Although they knew his sword defended then
The best of causes gainst the worst of men
  Whilst he prepares with near as much of speed
As incorporeal substances that need
But will for motion to defend her in
The assaults of death that hour which long had been
The dreadful expectation of those friends
That pitied her arrived in sorrow ends 90
Fear's cold disease Those ministers of fate
The props to all that s illegitimate
The army to suppress the weak essays
Of love or pity guarded had the ways
By which illegal power conducted her
From that dark room grief's curtained theatre
To be beheld upon the public stage
The glory yet the scandal of the age
Which two extremes met on the scaffold in
A princess suffering and a people s sin 400
Which now joined to the dreadful pomp that calls
His subjects to attend the funerals
Of her loved father whose life s virtues won
Tears for his death thus solemnly begun
  Removed no farther from the city then
An hour's short walk though undertaken when
Sol raged in Cancer might with ease convey
Scorched travellers a dismal temple lay
In a dark valley where more ancient times
Had perpetrated those religious crimes 410
Of human offerings to those idols that
Their hands made for their hearts to tremble at
Yet this since now made venerable by
Those reverend relics of antiquity
The Spartan princes monuments by those
Of latter times though altered faith is chose
For their retreat when life s extinguished glory
Sought rest beneath a silent dormitory
Nor stood this fabric all alone long since
A palace by some melancholy prince 420
Which hated light or loved the darkness built
To please his humour or conceal his guilt
So near it stood to distant eyes which sent
Thither their beams it seemed one monument
Whose sable roof mongst cypress shadows fills

393 Another of the interest ng Roy l st flashes

The deep dark basis of those barren hills
With such a mournful majesty, as strook
A terror into each beholder's look,
Awful as if some deity had made
That gloomy vale to be the sacred shade, 430
Where he chose in enigmas to relate
The dark decrees of man's uncertain fate
  Betwixt this temple and the city stood,
In squadrons thick as shows an ancient wood
To distant sight, the army, placed to be
In this sad march their guilt's security,
Whose glittering swords shone, as if drawn to light
Day's beauties to the palace of the night
Toward which the prisoners, yet detained within
The city, in this dreadful pomp begin 440
Their mournful march, led by that doleful call
By which loud war proclaims a funeral
Those that had been the common guards unto
The murdered princes, to the people's view
Are first presented; on an ebon spear
Each bore a scutcheon, where there did appear
The arms which once adorned those princes' shields,
Sadly displayed within their sable fields
  Next these, some troops, whose prosperous valour in
Their courts had steps unto preferment been, 450
Come slowly on, but slowlier followed are
By elder captains, such whom busy war,
Whose victories had their youth in honour died,
As useless now for council laid aside
I' the rear of these, the officers of state,
Grave as they'd been of council unto Fate,
I' the purple robes of royal mourners clad,
With heavy pace conducted in a sad
And dismal object—two black chariots, drawn
Like hideous night when it assaults the dawn 460
In dreadful shadows, where, to fright the day
With sadder objects, on black herses lay
The effigies of the murdered princes, in
Whose form those spots of treason that had been
Fate's agents to unravel Nature's law,
In bloody marks the mourning people saw
At which sad sight, from silent sorrow they
Advanced, had let external grief betray
Their love and loss, if not diverted by
Succeeding objects, which assault the eye 470
With what, though living, yet more terror bred
Than what they found for the lamented dead
  In such a garb as sorrow strives to hide
The hot effluviums of a sullen pride,

474 effluviums] Singer, most improperly, 'effluvia'

Almanzor next, with slow portentous pace
Follows the herses his discovered face
So subtly dyed in sorrow as it had
Strove to outmourn the sable arms which clad
His falser breast whose studied treason knew
No such disguise, as first to meet the view 480
O the censuring people, in a dress that shows
Him by their state s maturer council chose
Gainst whoever durst maintain the prisoners cause
By s valour for to vindicate their laws
But now to lose these rivulets of tears
In the vast ocean of their grief appears
Their last and most lamented object in
The royal captives whose sad fate had been
Not so disguised in attributes of guilt
But that the love their former virtue built 490
In every breast, broke through their fear to show
How much their duty did to sorrow owe
In that black train they had beheld before
Though full of sadness wearied life passed o er
The stage of Nature, is their darkest text
To comment on, which since good men perplexed
With life s cares are finds less regret than now
To living sufferers justly they allow
Friends though less near since death is but that rest
They vainly seek that are in life distrest, 500
Being pitied more than those whose worst of fate
We have beheld destruction terminate
That nought might in this scene of sorrow be
Wanting to perfect grief's solemnity
The kingdom s marshal—who supported in
His hand a sword which glittering through a thin
Wreathed cipers through the sad spectator s eye
Struck such a terror, as if shadowed by
Death s sooty veil—conducting, after goes
The undaunted Cyprian with a look that shows 510
A soul whose valour was of power to light
Such high resolves as by their splendour might
Make death look lovely on his upper hand
Her sex s glory, she whose virtues scanned
Her actions by Heaven s strictest rules the sweet
Pharonnida, unmoved prepares to meet
The ministers of death, her train being by
Florenza, who must in that tragedy
Act her last part sustained The garment which
The beauteous princess did that day enrich 520

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Was black, but cut on white, o'er which the fair
Neglected treasure of her flowing hair
Hung loosely down, upon her head she wore
A wreath of lilies, almost shadowed o'er
With purple hyacinths, on which the stains
Of murder yet in bloody marls remains,
Over all this, a melancholy cloud
Of thick curled cipers from the head did shroud
Her to the feet, through which those spots of white
Appeared like stars, those comforts of the night, 530
When stole through scattered clouds, in her right hand
She held a watch, whose next stage should have spanned
The minutes of her life, her left did hold
A branch of myrtle, which, as grown too old
To live, began to wither,—for defence
O' the falling leaves, as death and innocence
Had both conspired to save 't, the bough was round
In mystic wreaths of black and silver wound
Near to the royal prisoners, many peers
Of either kingdom, men o' the gravest years 540
And loyalest hearts, did with a doleful pace
Bring up the rear, each melancholy place
Through which they passed being with those pensive flowers
That wait on funerals strewed The lofty towers
Of chequered marble had their stately brows
In sables bound, their pinnacles with boughs
Of dismal yew adorned, as if their knell
Should next be rung, a solemn passing bell
In every church was tolled, whose doleful sound,
Mixed with the drum and trumpet's Dead March, drowned 550
The people's cries, whose grief can ne'er be shown
In 'ts native dress, till loud and clamorous grown
In this black pomp the mourning train had left
The sable city, which, being now bereft
Of all her sad and solemn guests, did bear
The emblem of an empty sepulchre,
So full of silence, all her throng being gone
With heavy pace to be attendants on
Those funeral rites, which ere performed must have
More virtue for attendants to the grave 560
Than e'er they could again expect to see,
Whose hopes of life lay in minority
Come to the desert vale, which yet had kept
A solitary loveliness—that slept
There in untroubled rest, a levelled green,
Chose for the lists, which nature lodged between
Two barren hills, upon whose bare front grew,
Though thinly scattered, here a baleful yew,
And there a dismal cypress, placed as they
Had only chose that station to display 570

The people's passions who with eyes fixed in
Full orbs of tears ere this had sorrowing seen
The pitied prisoners to those scaffolds brought
Where those lamented lives whom treason sought
To ruin must be sacrificed to please
Ambitious man not angry Heaven appease
This curds their bloods which soon inflamed had grown
Had not the varied scene of sorrow shown
The murdered princes, who produced as they
Had been reserved as opiates to allay 580
Their anger's flame are both exposed unto
The satisfaction of the public view
Mounted on herses which on either side
O the temple gate, with deaths most dismal pride
On ebon pillars stood as raised to show
What justice did to their destruction owe
Placed near to these their sorrows sad records
Almanzor's tent, to show that it affords
For red revenge a close reception stood
Like a black rock from whence in clouds of blood 590
The sanguine streamers through the thickened sky
Did waving with unconstant motion fly
In view of which though at the other end
If any durst appear that could defend
Their cause whom Heaven alone knew innocent
There to receive him stood an empty tent,
Whose outside as if fancied to deter
His entrance there appeared a sepulchre
Over whose gate her false accusers had
Transcribed those crimes which so unjustly clad 600
In purple sins those candid souls which seen
In their bright virtue's spotless robes had been
The hated wonders of those foes, whose ends
Now find success i the pity of their friends
Near this black tent on mourning scaffolds where
Death did to encounter Innocence prepare
His heaviest darts such as were headed by
That more than mortal plagues foul infamy,
The prisoners mounted At the other gate
Almanzor like the messenger of Fate 610
Fraught with revenge appears, his dreadful form
More full of terror than a midnight storm
To straitened fleets appearing to the view
O the multitude who whilst their prayers pursue
The prisoners safety on the flagging wings
Of sickly hope his sure destruction brings

577 curds] This is Singer's reading for orig curls which is not quite impossible and even rather vivid—for passion meeting and *ruffling* the blood as wind does water And if one begins guessing why not cools ?

Since from their knowledge more remote to cure,
Unto their hates' impatient calenture
  Thrice had their trumpet sadly sounded been,
And thrice a herald's voice had summoned in 620
Some bold defendant, but both yet so vain,
As if just Heaven neglected to maintain
That righteous cause which sadly seen of all,
The sorrowful but helpless people fall,
Since hopes of life was shrunk into despair,
To be assistant by their private prayer
At death's distracting conflict In a brief
Effectual speech, which answered to the chief
Heads of's indictment, in those powerful words
Conceived his last, the Cyprian prince affords 630
Their sorrow yet a larger theme Which done,
Being first to die, having with prayer begun
That doubtful road, he now a short leave takes
Of all his mourning friends, then calmly shakes
Off each terrestrial thought, and, heightened by
The speculations of eternity
Above those damps, which Nature's hand did weave,
Of human fear, submitting to receive
The fatal stroke, that centre to a crown,
But orb of wit—his sacred head, lays down 640
  Fled to the dark cell of their utmost fears,
With eyes whose lids were cemented in tears,
Each still spectator's thoughts did now repair
To the last refuge of a silent prayer,
In which close parl, from that deep lethargy
They are to joy and wonder wakened by
A trumpet's voice, which from the other gate
Sounds a defiance 'Twas not yet so late
In Hope's dim twilight, but they once more may,
In expectation of a glorious day, 650
Dare look abroad, which done, unto their view,
A Cyprian herald being designed unto
That office, they, leading a stranger knight
Into the lists, behold, whose welcome sight
Was entertained with acclamations that
Raised thunder for his foes to tremble at
  This valiant hero, whose brave gesture gave
Life to that hope which told them Heaven would save
Such suffering virtue, now drawn near unto
The tent, is taking a disdainful view 660
Of that accursed inscription, whilst all eyes,
Centred on him, see through his steel disguise
A goodlier shape, though not so vastly great
As that cursed lump Nature had made the seat
Of's enemy's black soul The armour which
He wore, they knew not whether for more rich

Or rare to prize The ground of it, as he
For those had mourned which now from infamy
His sword sought to redeem, was black but all
Enamelled o er with silver hearts let fall 670
From flaming clouds which hovering above
Them looked like incense fired by heavenly love
Mongst these in every vacant place was found
A death s head scattered some of which were crowned
With laurel others on their bare fronts wore
A regal diadem In s shield he bore
In a field argent on the dexter side
A new made grave to which a lamb denied
Succour on earth to shun the swift pursuit
Of a fierce wolf was fled, but ere one foot 680
Was entered there, from a red cloud that charged
The field in chief a thunderbolt, enlarged
By Heaven s just wrath from s sulphury seat was sent
So swiftly that what saved the innocent
The guilty slew which now in s blood doth lie
A precedent for powerful tyranny
Those short surveys o the people hardly took
Ere having now the unuseful tent forsook,
The brave defendant with a loud salute
Had passed the scaffold in the bold pursuit 690
Of glorious victory whom his angry foe
Whose valour's flame ne er an allay did know
So cold as fear in that wild flame which rage
Opposed had kindled hastens to engage
Him with so high a storm of fury that
Each falling stroke others did tremble at
What they sustained Strength valour judgement, all
Which e er made conquerors stand or conquered fall
Here seemed to meet As if to outrun desire
Each nimble stroke quick as aethereal fire 00
When winged by motion fell yet with a heft
So full of danger most behind them left
Their bloody marks which in this fatal strife
Seemed like the opened sallyports of life
Sadly expecting whom by Fate would be
This day chose favourite unto destiny
The people in such silent ecstasies
As if their souls only informed their eyes
Sat to behold the combat when to give
Their faith assurance justice yet did live 710
Unchained by faction from a fatal blow
Struck near his heart Almanzor fallen so low
From hopes of victory they beheld that in
His ruin what before their fear had been
Grew now their comfort When that speedy death
Might not transport his soul ere his last breath

Confessed his guilt, the noble champion stays
His just raised rage, whilst his own tongue displays
His thoughts' black curtains, by discovering all
Those crimes, beneath whose burthen he did fall, 720
Heavy as curses which from Heaven are sent
For th' people's plague, or prince's punishment
In which short close of life, to ease the grief
Of late repentance, that successful thief,
Whose happiest hour his latest proved, being took
For precedent, he in a calm forsook
That world, which, whilst his plots did strive to build
Ambition high, he had with tempests filled
The multitude, whose universal voice
Had taught even such, though distant to rejoice, 730
As age or sickness had detained within
The city walls, forced those that yet had been
Her foes, converted by the general votes
For joy, to change their envy's ill-set notes
To calm compliance, in whose concord they,
With as much speed as duty did convey
Her best of subjects, to congratulate
Her freedom hastes Who, in this smile of fate,
Whilst all her friends strove to forget those fears
Whose form they lately trembled at, appears 740
Shadowed in grief, on whose joy could reflect
No beam of comfort, the supposed neglect
Of her Argalia, whose victorious sword
Did in her fears' extremity afford
Some hopes of comfort, which to opinion lost,
More sorrow than the assaults of death had cost,
Had not, whilst she did in dark passion stray,
His full discovery glorified the day
Amidst the people's acclamations, she,
Though from a scaffold now conveyed to be 750
Raised to a crown, all that vain pomp beholds
With eyes o'ercast in grief, till he unfolds
Her further comfort, by discovering what,
Whilst each spectator was admiring at,
Becomes to her so much of joy, that in
This calm, that courage which before had been
Unshook in tempests, now begins to move,
And what scorned hate, submits to powerful love
From whose fixed centre, with as swift a flight
And kind a welcome, as the nimble light 760
Salutes the morning, Pleasure now imparts
Her powerful beams, until those neighbouring hearts
That lived by Hope's thin diet, drew from hence
Substantial lines to Joy's circumference
Her innocence unveiled by his success,
And both by that black foil of wickedness,

Almanzor's guilt more glorious made is now
The only volume wonder could allow
Those that before her worst of foes had been
Sadly to read repentant lectures in
Which seen by her observant peers that all
Succeeding discords in that tyrant s fall
Might find a tomb him being their princess choice
The Spartan army s universal voice
Salute their chief Which precedent affords
A pattern to the wise Epirot lords
Who had a law age made authentic which
Prohibited their diadem to enrich
A female brow on him whose title stood
Nearest of all collateral streams of blood
They wisely fix a choice which proves to be
Their glory and their state s security
And now raised from that lowly posture in
Which fear had left them the vast rout begin
Their motion toward fair Gerenza where
The varied scene did such proportion bear
With joy s exalted harmony which in
Their rescued princess dwelt, all that had been
Their sorrow's dismal characters they now
Obliterate and her late clouded brow
Crown with delights The solemn bells whose sad
Toll when they left your mourning city had
Frighted the trembling hearer now are all
Rung out for joy as if so loud a call
Only became a love which could not be
Expressed until the full solemnity
Of their approaching nuptials did unite
Their hearts or crowns not with more full delight
Than what did near as great a blessing prove
Discording subjects in your bonds of love
Thus after all the wild variety
Through Fate s dark labyrinths now arrived to be
Crowned with as much content as e er was known
By any that death did enforce to own
The frailties of mortality we leave
Our celebrated lovers to receive
Those blessings which Heaven on such kings showers down
Whose virtues add a lustre to the crown

792 your] Singer obviously their but strangely enough he leaves your in 800 Th *double* oddity suggests that Chamberlayne o ginally meant this to form part of a speech then changed his mind and with his usual equanimity omitted the necessary adjustment

806 celebrat d] A vivid instance of the correct use of the word as opposed to the modern vulgarity

ENGLAND'S JUBILE[E]

[I do not know why Singer did not complete his edition by reprinting this Poem—but perhaps he had not seen it To me, the tedium of copying it has been not a little alleviated by the interest of its prosody, and of the comparison with Dryden's As we might expect, both from the fact of its being an address, not a narrative, and from its composition being later than at least the earlier part of *Pharonnida*, the stopped, or nearly stopped couplet is much more in evidence than the enjambed, though this latter is also common enough And the good side of the change has sufficient exemplification—there are some couplets, and more lines, of the new stamp, of which Dryden himself need not have been ashamed The older side is not so well shown for the flowing similes and conceits which it so well suited would have been out of place But the poem has vigour, adequacy, and not more than a proper share of exaggeration, where required It is certainly the best of the poems on the Restoration next to Dryden's[1] ED]

[1] The British Museum copy has no title-page

ENGLAND'S JUBILE

OR, A POEM ON THE HAPPY RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES THE II

To the King's Most Sacred Majesty

Pardon great Prince for all our offering here
But weak discoveries of our wants appear
No language is commensurate with thee,
Our loftiest flights but plain humility
Yet since we may our frailty to conceal
Be guilty of a crime in smothering zeal
That bids thy blest returns more welcome then
Plenty to the starved, or land to shipwrackt men
For such were we or if there's ought can more
Demonstrate ill that wo was ours before 10
Heaven to restore our lost light sent us him
Without whose raise our sphere had still been dim
Dim as in that dark interval when we
Saw nothing but the clouds of anarchy
Raised by the witchcraft of Rebellion to
So vast a height, none durst pretend to view
Whilst they lay curtained in that black disguise
Majestic beams but twas with bloodshot eyes
Then if such of necessity must pine
Who re robbed of food, both human and divine 20
How could we thrive when those that did pretend
To feed did all on their ambition spend
Who with the sword not reason, did convince,
And rackt the subject to unthrone the Prince
The doleful years of thy exile have been
At once our Nation's punishment and sin
Tost in a storm of dark afflictions we
Floated at random, yet still looked on thee
As our safe harbour but had none to guide
Us to t, False pilots with the winds complied 0
We saw what crime drenched the amazèd rout
Yet wanted strength to cast that curst thing out

7 then] then=than 12 raise] raise=rise
30 p lots] O ig Pilates with a possible play (!) though as we have seen in *Pha or mida* the mere misprint is common

Though oft 'twas vainly struggled for, yet we—
Who were exiled from nought but Liberty,
Who durst live here spectators of those times,
Do now in tears repent our passive crimes,
And with one universal voice allow
We all deserve death, since we live till now
  But this is England's Jubilee, nor must
Thy friends doubt mercy, where thy foes dare trust 10
Thou art our great Panpharmacon, which by
Its virtue cures each various malady,
Giving their pride a cool allay of fears,
Whilst to restore our hectic, Hope appears
And these began the cure, which to complete
Expansive Mercy makes thy throne her seat
So that there now (except the guilt within)
No sign remains there hath a difference been
  The giddy rout, who in their first address,
Cried Liberty, but meant licentiousness, 20
When depraved judgements, not content to see
A heaven of stars their *primum mobile,*
Did change the system, and i' th' spite o' th' love
Or fear of Heaven, taught earth's base dregs to move
In the bright orb of Honour, where to all
That's great, or good, they were eccentrical—
Having long found their direful influence
In nought but plagues descended—did from thence
Learn sad repentant lectures, and dare now
Present the sword, where late the knee did bow 60
Dare tell their damn'd impostors they but made
False Zeal the light, whilst Treason cast the shade
Dare curse their new discoveries which placed in
Hell's geography Americas of sin
  But these, like dust raised 'twixt two armies, do
Hurt or assist, as they are hurried to
Either by levity, and therefore must
By none be held an object of their trust,
For though they are Usurpers' Lands, they've found
They rent at night, what they i' th' morning crowned 70
  But you, great Sir, whose fate has been so mixt
As to behold these volatile and fixt,
May, since the offspring of their sufferings, be
More certain of their future loyalty
And though your title, and heaven-settled state,
Needs not, usurper-like, measure your fate
By such vain love, yet may you still be sure
They'll ne'er again a rebel's scourge endure
  These past years of infatuation, which
Hath drained their coffers, did their hearts enrich 80
With so much eager loyalty that when
With wonder—like those new recovered men,

Who by Our Saviour's miracles escaped
From darkness thought men had like trees been shaped—
They only through mist rarefied gazed at
Those glimmering beams whilest they knew not what
Th event would be now winged with hope did they
Each feeble glance praise as approaching day
  But when with such advantage as the light
Gains by succeeding the black dress of night 90
Through all the fogs of their preceding fear
They from the North saw loyal Monk appear
How in petitions did their prayers exhale
To waft him on until the gentle gale
(Although by ways so wisely intricate
They raised our fear whilst they did calm our fate)
Brought him at length through all our doubts to be
The great assertor of our liberty!
Then did we think that modest blush but just
Whose present dye displayed our late mistrust 100
And to requite those injuries we'd done
To myriads raised what single praise begun
  Through all the devious paths which he did tread
From the base Rump unto the glorious Head
We scanned his actions which did nought comprise
That might offend but that he was too wise
For vulgar judgements whose weak fancies guessed
By present actions what would be the rest
  But when their eyes unveiled discovered who
Had to destroy the monster found the clew 110
How did they praise his wisdom valour all
That could within the name of subject fall
And to complete whate'er his due might be
Knit up those laurels with his loyalty—
That noble virtue without which the rest
Had only burdened not adorned his crest
Then since we now by this heaven guided hand
Once more behold the glory of our land
Whom midnight plots long studied to exclude
Again fixed in's meridian altitude 120
Let's cease to mourn and whilst those fogs attend
Such miscreant wretches as dare still offend
By flying mercy raise our souls deprest
E'er since this Star set in the gloomy West—
For then begun that dreadful night which we
Have since with terror seen brave Loyalty
Being so opprest by a prevailing fate
'Twas only known by being unfortunate
  Yet though Rebellion in unnatural wars
So far did thrive to prove us falling stars 130

88 glance] one might expect glimpse

The wiser world saw those that did aspire,
Not as Heaven's lamps, but Hell's impetuous fire
As monsters of ambition, such whose wild
Chimeras since Rebellion first defiled
Our English annals, only were advanced,
But Fortune's light ephemeras, to be glanced
A while with secret envy on, and then
Hurled from the ill-managed helm to be by men
Pursued with such a just deservèd hate
As makes each curse add weights unto their fate, 140
Horrid as are their names, which ne'er shall be
Mentioned without adjuncts of infamy
So full of guilt, all ages to ensue
Shall weep to hear what this ne'er blushed to do
  Whilst we were in these uncouth shades o'ercast
To tell what wild meanders hath been past
By thee, our Royal Sovereign, is a task
That would the tongues of inspired angels ask
Yet since domestic miseries hath taught
Us part of the sad story's ruder draught, 150
We may, by weak reflection, come to see
With what dire weight these dark storms fell on thee
Who, whilst thou didst, from hence excluded, stand
The pitied wonder of each foreign land,
Learnd'st, by commanding passions, how to sway
A nation more rebellious far than they
So that the school which thou wert tutored in,
Though thy disease, our antidote hath been
We suffering not our crime's desert, because
From hence you learned to pity, and the laws' 160
Just harness with such candour mitigate
As once you bore the rigour of your fate
  What earthquakes breeds it in our breasts, when we
But think o'er thy progressive misery!
How thou, our restless dove, seeing no mark
Of land, wert hurried from our floating ark,
And, whilst those villains, that exposed thee, lay
Forced every wind of faction to obey,
Wert long with billows of affliction beat
Ere thou didst with thy olive-branch retreat 170
How by poor friends and powerful enemies,
By flattering strangers, and by false allies,
Were thy afflictions varied, for all these
Shared in the complicating thy disease
  Like doleful mourners that surround the bed
Of a departing friend, those few that fled

161 harness] Orig 'harnesse' but it is almost certainly a misprint for 'hardness'
candour] With the sense of 'mildness' Thus 'a *candid* critic' used to mean, what it scarcely does now, a favourable and polite censor

Hence on the wings of Loyalty to be
Partakers of whatever attended thee—
Whilst they did mourn but could not lend relief
Did by their sorrow but increase thy grief 180
  Such was the power of thy prescribing foes
No place afforded safety some of those
Whom poverty sent to attend thy train
To cure that malady did entertain
Infectious counsels which did festering lie
Till rebels gold outweighed their Loyalty
And from the black pernicious Embryo bred
Monsters whose hands strove to destroy their head
  Nor whilst these secret sorrows sunk a mine
Which if not hindered by a power divine 190
Had blown up all thy patience wert thou free
From public injuries—that amity
Which former leagues or the more sacred ties
Of blood could claim veiled in the base disguise
Of policy starts back and doth give way
For treason to expel or else betray
Great birth and virtues which did that excel
As the meridian doth each parallel
Are but weak props a rebel's threats convince
And all avoid a persecuted Prince 200
  When after these big storms of ill abroad
Some loyal subjects had prepared the road
Unto thy throne and thou didst once more here
Armed for redemption of thy crown appear
Whilst all our hearts whose distant Lands could not
Come to assist thy righteous cause waxed hot
With loyal hopes—how were we planet strook
When Fortune with pretended friends forsook
Thy side at fatal Worcester and to raise
A rebel's trophies robbed thee of thy bays! 210
How dismal sad how gloomy was each thought
Of thy obedient subjects whilst they sought
Their flying Sovereign curtained from their eyes
In the dark dress of an unsafe disguise!
All wished to know what all desire should be
A secret kept such strange variety
Of contradictions did our passions twist
We would behold the Sun yet praised the mist
But whilst Desire thus shot at rovers that
More powerful sacrifice our prayers being at 220
Heaven's penetrated ear directed found
Our hopes by thy deserting us near crowned

192 that] = so that Orig has amities which is obviously wrong and easily accounted for
222 crowned] Orig absurdly Crown

For though to want thee was our great'st distress,
Yet now thy absence was our happiness
  Then, though we ne'er enough can celebrate
The praise of this, yet thy mysterious fate,
Great favourite of Heaven! so often hath
Advanced our wonder that the long trod path
Directs us now without more guides to see
Those miracles wrought in preserving thee 230
Were God's immediate acts, to whose intents
Were often fitted weakest instruments,
From whose success faith this impression bore,
He that preserved thee would at length restore,
Which now through such a labyrinth is done,
We see the end, ere know how 'twas begun
  That big-bulked cloud of poisonous vapours in
Whose dismal shades, our liberty had been
Long in amaze of errors lost, was by
A wholesome northern gale enforced to fly 240
Easy as morning mists, so that the fate
Seem'd not more strange, which did at first create,
Than what did now destroy in it, did appear
As far from Hope, as was the first from Fear
  When a rebellious tyranny had been
So strengthened by a prosperous growth in sin
That the contagious leprosy had left
None sound but what were honest by their theft—
Then to behold that hydra, which had bred
So many, in an instant, her last head 250
Submit to justice, is a blessing we
Must praise i' th' raptures of an ecstasy,
Till from the pleasing trance, being welcomed by
Loud acclamations, raised from Loyalty,
We come, we come, with all the reverence due
To Heaven's best gifts, great Prince, to welcome you—
You, who by suffering in a righteous cause
Safely restored that Liberty, those Laws,
Which after long convulsive fits were now
Expiring, so that future times, told how 260
This great work was performed, shall wonder most
To see the fever cured, yet no blood lost
  But these are mercies fit to usher in
Him to a throne, whose virtuous life hath been
Beyond detraction good therefore attend
Those joys which Heaven to us, by you, did send
Whose sacred essence, waited on by all
The most transcendant blessings that can fall,
Within the sphere of human virtue, still
Surround your throne! May all imagined ill 270

243 in it] If the poem were less badly printed, the extended form 'in it' for the usual 'in 't' would have prosodic interest but it is probably mere accident

Die in the embryo! May no dark disguise
Of seeming friends or foes that temporize
E'er prejudice your peace! May your foes prove
All blushing converts! May all those that love
You do't for zeal not gain and though that we
(What was of late your mark) our poverty
Are still enforced to wear oh may there thence
Ne'er spring a thought to take or give offence!
May all toward you be fraughted with desires
That may in flaming zeal outblaze the fires 80
That you were welcomed in with! May delight
Within your royal breast no opposite
E're find but so let gentle pleasure grow
That it may kiss the banks but ne'er o'erflow!
When Hymen leads you to the temple let
It be to take that gem which Heaven hath set
The world's adorning ornament—that we
May by that blest conjunction's influence see
Such hopeful fruit spring from our royal stem
As may deserve the whole world's diadem 90
May Peace adorn your throne! Yet if the sword
Must needs be drawn may it no sound afford
But victory until extended power
Adds weight unto your sceptre! May no hour
E'en set a seal to the records of Time
But what still makes your pleasure more sublime
Till they being grown too pure for earth shall be
Called to the triumphs of Eternity!

By Will Chamberlain

London Printed for Robert Clavell
at the Stags-head in St. Pauls
Church yard 1660

292 sound] So in orig
299 Chamberlaine] So *here* in orig In *Pharonnida* Chamberlayne

THEOPHILA,

OR

LOVES SACRIFICE.

A

Divine Poem.

WRITTEN BY *E B* Esq,

Several *Parts* thereof set to fit *Aires* by M^r *J JENKINS*

Longum Iter per Præcepta, *breve & efficax per* Exempla,
Si Præceptis *non accendimur, saltem* Exemplis *incitemur, atq; in*
Appetitu Rectitudinis *nil sibi* Mens nostra *difficile æstimet,*
quod perfectè peragi ab Alius *videt* Greg Mag l 9 c 43
Id peragas Vita, *quod velles* Morte *peractum*

LONDON
Printed by *R N* Sold by *Henry Seile* in *Fleetstreet*, and
Humphrey Moseley at the Princes Arms in S *Pauls*
Church-yard 1652

x

INTRODUCTION TO EDWARD BENLOWES

THE fate of Benlowes has been one of the hardest in the history of English poetry Such approval as he met with in his own time and from persons likely to sympathize with his general way of writing was chiefly interested he was savagely though very amusingly satirized by the greatest satirist, save one, of his own later day he came in long after his death for sneers suppressed and not suppressed from Pope as well as for a gratuitous salutation from Warburton s bludgeon[1], and at the Romantic revival he was almost entirely passed over Neither Ellis nor Campbell who were both pretty equitable to the Caroline poets gave him admission even Southey so far as I remember lets him alone which is a pretty clear sign that he did not know him Of late he has received more attention But most of it has been of the unsatisfactory bibliographical character little calculated to allay the thirst of the clear spirit in life or after death and most even of this has been due to the very cause which (it may be more than suspected) has made Benlowes so rare At one time (see biographical note[2]) he was a rich man or at least well to-do and with the nascent interest in art which distinguished the Cavalier party from the King downwards he

Not ces of Benlowes have been apt to dwell only on Warburton s note at *Dunc* ii 21 wh ch hits our poet s *f tles* But Pope himself probably fr m some traditional Roman Catholic grudg at the convert revert had set the example The actual passage just cited is not crushing

> Benlowes propitious still to blockheads bows

But he had thought of including in *Prol Sat* the couplet

> How pleased I see some patron to each scrub
> Quarles had his Benlowes T hbald has his Bubb

w th the note at l 250 —A gentleman of Oxford who patronized all bad poets of that reign

Information about Benlowes is mainly derived from Anthony Wood with some slight supplements According to it he was born about 1603 the son and heir of a man of fortune v ho owned Brent Hall in Essex. He was sent to St Jol n s College Cambridge n 16 o and after leaving the University made the grand tour Some say that he was brought up a Rom n Catholic others that he adopted Roman Cath lic sm ab oad but it is agreed that he died a faithful Anglican According to Butler he served in the Civil War which may have ass t d his lavishness to friends and r l t ons and h s expend ture on collecting and otherw se in producing that exhaustion of his fo tune which is also ag ed upon He spent the last ight years of h s l fe at Oxfo d making good use of the Bodleian but (acco ding to Wood) in a state of gr t poverty wh ch (on the same authority) even shortened his life by insuffic ent prov sion of food and fir ng during a seve e w nt r At any rate he died in December 1676 aged s enty thr e and wa buried in St Mary s Hazlitt attributes to him e ght other works bes des *Th eoph la* and the *D ct nary of Nat onal B ograph y* ten with a possible eleventh but all of these are short and most of them are in Latin

set himself to embellish his principal work, *Theophila*, in a manner very uncommon before his time An uncertain number (for hardly any two copies agree, and the tale seems to vary from six-and-thirty downwards) of illustrations—sometimes separate, sometimes in the text, and ranging from more than full folio plates to two-inch-square vignettes—decorate the poem These have in most instances been ruthlessly ravished from it often, in the case of those backing matter, to the mutilation of the text, and almost always to the danger and disintegration of the book It is also probable that no very large number of copies was printed, while the poem was never reissued so that its rarity is not surprising

But rarity is very far from being always or necessarily a cause of neglect On the contrary, it notoriously, and very often, serves as a direct attraction and stimulant to reprinters It is more difficult to know whether to admit or disallow as a *vera causa* of Benlowes' obscurity, the fantastic ingenuity (as 'metaphysical' in reality as its prey) of Butler's attack A similar combination of rarity and satire has had no doubt much to do with Shadwell's practical occultation but this was never so complete as that of Benlowes, and moreover Dryden's consummate art had contrived to kill even curiosity about his victim For few people care to explore simple and unmitigated dulness There was something at least after the eighteenth century was over—which might have excited, instead of quenching, this curiosity in Butler's 'Character of a Small Poet' where, after several pages of general ridicule, Benlowes is gibbetted by name The woes of Mr Prynne—when having put a new hat in a hat-box which had been unfortunately lined with leaves from *Theophila*, or something else of its author's, he suffered from singing in the head, vertigo, and even after blood-letting, a tendency to write harsh poetry, the poet's mastery of high-rope 'wit' and low-rope wit alike, his improvement on altars and pyramids by frying-pans and gridirons in verse, his troop-horse's furniture 'all in beaten poetry', the fatal effect of his printed sheets even upon tobacco, his Macaronic Latin and so forth these are things which might rather tempt at least a slight exploration than discourage it One does not object to a glimpse, at any rate, of the extravagant and absurd, though one may have a holy horror of the merely dull And as for Warburton nobody, even in his own time, took him for much of an authority on poetry while his condemnation was rather likely to serve as a commendation, after the beginning of the nineteenth century, to anybody except the neoclassic remnant, whether the individual took his ideas of poetry from Coleridge or from Wordsworth, from Southey or from Byron, from Shelley or from Keats

We shall hardly be epigrammatic out of season if we solve or evade the difficulty by saying that accident probably assisted rarity, and that Benlowes himself certainly assisted Butler He has done (except in the

matter of the sculpturesque embellishments which have so often disappeared) almost everything he could to 'fence his table against at least modern readers Some (let it be hoped not too many) would drop off at once on perceiving that Theophila is but a name for the soul in its mystical status as the bride of Christ More might faint at the prospect before them on coming to the information in the Preface that The glorious projection and transfusion of ethereal light both in the Sun and the six magnitudes constitute by astronomical computation more than 300 suns upward to the Empyrean Heaven A star in the Equator makes 12 598 666 miles in an hour which is 09 994 miles in a minute a motion quicker than thought For even Dante, though he may double Theology with Astronomy, does not cumulate both with Arithmetic in this fashion And of those who still hold their course across prefaces and prefatory poems to the actual text not a few more may break down at or a little past the gateway

Benlowes has chosen one of the most awkward stanzas (if it is to be called a stanza) possible—a triplet composed of decasyllable octosyllable and alexandrine—the jolt of which only after long familiarity becomes rhythmical even to the most patient and experienced ear, and never reaches a perfect charm These triplets are monorhymed but the author begins with three on the same sound and never expresses the slightest consideration as to symphonic or symmetrical effect in rhyme He showers italics and capitals in a fashion which might give pause to the sternest stickler for literal typographic reproduction But undoubtedly the most serious objects of distaste are likely to be found where Butler long ago found them, in his style—taking that word in the wide sense which admits both diction and expression of thought

Even before arriving at these one may quarrel (far from captiously) at his general plan and *ordonnance* Despite more than one declaration of the author s design explicit enough in intention it is very difficult to put this design with any intelligible brevity and his introductory panegyrists in verse take very good care not to attempt it The Praelibation Humiliation Restoration Inamoration Representation Contemplation Admiration Recapitulation Translations Abnegation Disincantation Segregation Reinvitation and Termination—as the several Cantos are headed—refuse reduction to any common denomination except perhaps this — a very discursive treatise on mystical theology and passions of the soul succeeded by an equally discursive comment on the sins of the flesh The author adopts as his vehicle sometimes English sometimes Latin sometimes both in face to face translation The mere lexicon of the vernacular parts is distinctively Caroline out of the way catchwords such as remora and enthean both of which he shares with Chamberlayne being alternated with extremely familiar phrases and archaisms as well as with the hideous

abbreviations ('who's days' for 'who his days' and the like), which are the greatest blot upon the poetry of this time He coins pretty freely (e g 'angelence' in a very early and by no means bad stanza) and one of the things which shocked Butler was the certainly tremendous Macaronic invention of *hypocondriuncicus* while one can imagine the almost stuttering rage of some critics to-day at such another word as 'Proteustant,' for the Covenanters But, on the whole, his licences this way, though considerable and no doubt excessive, are certainly less frequent, if perhaps to the grave and precise more shocking, than the irresponsible and irrepressible libertinism of his composition as regards clause and sentence, material and contexture

The late Greek rhetoricians, in that mania for subdividing and labelling figures which Quintilian soberly ridicules, might have lost themselves in endeavouring to devise tickets for the subdivisions of Benlowes' indulgence in good, or hectic, or horse-playful, conceit Already the twentieth couplet of the 'Praelibation' provides us with this

> Each gallon breeds a ruby,—drawer! score 'um
> Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum,
> When our nose-carbuncles, like link-boys, blaze before 'um

But an even less dignified use of 'the *blushing* grape of *western* France' occurs later

> War hath our lukewarm *claret* broach'd with spears

where it would be really interesting to know whether there is an earlier instance of the 'fancy' use of the word It would not be easy to find a wilder welter of forced metaphors than here

> Betimes, when keen-breath'd winds, with frosty cream,
> Periwig bald trees, glaze tattling stream
> For May-games past, white-sheet *peccavi* is Winter's theme [1]

And he surpasses even his usual quaintness when he concludes a long interruption of Theophila's address to him on heavenly things in the Fifth Canto

> Fond that I am to speak Pass on to bliss,
> That with an individual kiss
> Greets thee for ever! Pardon this parenthesis

[1] Of course Benlowes, though he added the absurdity of 'cream,' borrowed this from the famous *locus* of Sylvester which Dryden ridicules in the Dedication to *The Spanish Friar* But what is even more noteworthy, and to my knowledge has never yet been noted, is that Dryden himself, in the error which Scott has detected in quoting 'And periwig with *snow* the bald-pate woods' for Sylvester's 'wool' has been anticipated by Benlowes in another passage of *Theophila*,

> When periwigg'd with snow's each bald-pate wood

Now, Dryden, who was twenty-one when *Theophila* came out, and was probably not past the stage when he wrote the 'Lines on Lord Hastings,' may very likely have read Benlowes himself

He does not hesitate to rhyme 'Hades' to Shades' and will draw attention in the margin with modest pride, to a *versus cancrinus* (it is in Latin) that is to say one which reads the same with the letters taken backwards or forwards I have thought it well to make no secret or abscondence of these absurdities They are such, and there are many others, indeed the man who could commit some of them evidently could not have guarded himself against others if he would and perhaps would not if he could If any be of the mood of Butler on this particular occasion (for as I have hinted above his own method is often only that of Benlowes changed from unconscious indulgence to conscientious and deliberate utilization for comic effect) or of Boileau always he had better abstain from Benlowes For awful examples of the metaphysical gone mad are on record plentifully already and there is no need to do again what Johnson did sufficiently more than a hundred years ago in the *Life of Cowley* Indeed I do not know despite the greater sureness of Crashaw s command of poetical expression that Benlowes has ever gone beyond Crashaw when he pictured the eyes of St. Mary Magdalen as walking baths and portable oceans though modern practice has brought out an extra whimsicality for us in this But the arguments which have been sketched in the General Introduction apply here with special force We know that Crashaw was not a fool, and though there is no reason for adopting the opinions of parasites and pensioners[1] about Benlowes there is nearly as little for agreeing with Butler that our poet was one We come in him to one of the most remarkable examples provided by English literature of the extreme autumn of the Elizabethan *annus mirabilis* The belief in conceits is as strong as ever and though the power of producing them poetically is dying down and except for flickers has almost died a fresh, deliberate critical belief in *furor poeticus* has come to blow the embers There is still a too exclusive reliance on one of the great pair of poetic instruments—the method of making the unfamiliar acceptable of procuring a welcome for the strange But the exercise and employment of this is forced mechanical what was called two hundred years later in a fresh though only momentary revival of the circumstances spasmodic One perfectly understands how in presence of such things men especially not feeling any particular enthusiasm themselves turned to the *other* method—the method of raising and inspiring the familiar the ordinary the common sense And one understands with scarcely less fulness and ease why men like Butler felt their own sense of the ridiculous stimulated and as it were exacerbated by the consciousness (half conscious as it might be) that it was their own method which was thus caricatured and brought into contempt—that their own matters were at stake or at least one side of them Meanwhile the

[1] Who anagrammatized his name into 'Benevolus and swallowed up his fortune

other side—that which leant to the new dispensation of Prose and Sense—was wholly and genuinely hostile to all the works, all the spirit, all the tastes, methods, intellectual habits of persons like the author of *Theophila* The opportunity of such understanding is not fully provided till we know these persons in their own work in that 'horse-furniture of beaten poetry' in which they ambled and jingled across the stage

But we are, or ought to be, more disinterested now than Butler or even Dryden, though it is unnecessary to repeat what should have been said on this head before And Benlowes, besides his interest of absurdity—his mere helotry which, though it might almost suffice for some, cannot be expected to do so for all—has other and less dubious claims The earlier, larger, and better part of his poem is a really remarkable, and beyond all reasonable doubt a perfectly genuine, example of that glowing intensity of mystical devotion which plays, like a sort of Aurora, on the Anglican High Churchmanship of the seventeenth century, and has made it, to some, one of the most attractive phases of religious emotion to be found in all history It may be prejudice or partisanship, but there seems to me some reason for connecting Benlowes' return to Anglican orthodoxy, as contrasted with Crashaw's permanent estrangement, with the freedom from over-*lusciousness* which is remarkable in the lesser poet Benlowes is afraid of no metaphor, however extravagant and however doubtful in point of taste but his metaphors are not, to use the Persian criticism,

Limber in loin and liquid on the lip

like those of some others His 'Clevelandisms,' his astonishing contortions and bizarrenesses of thought and phrase, are not more incompatible with true and intense piety than some to be found in the poetical books of the Bible, and even no doubt, to some extent, owe suggestions to them Those who insist upon 'sanity' as the first and last distinction of religion cannot like him, but they will find (and as is notorious enough have found) not very much less difficulty with a rather formidable body of Prophets, Saints, Apostles, Fathers, Divine Poets, from the earliest and the latest days of Christianity

Coming to still closer quarters, the eccentricity of *Theophila* does not prevent it from containing not a few passages, sometimes of length, that require very little allowance or apology from any tolerably catholic-tasted reader of poetry. There is a fine outburst, justifying its own pretty phrase,

The opal-coloured dawns raise fancy high,

beginning at stanza LXIII of the 'Praelibation' itself, another, fantastic enough but not uncharming, on Theophila in penance, at Canto II LXX sq Theophila's Love-Song, in the six-lined stanza, shows at once the relief from

the stricture of the blood caused by the cross gartered triplet which Benlowes has perversely used elsewhere, the address to the Ancient of Days at vi LII sq is really impressive (one rather likes the idea of Blake illustrating Benlowes anew) and at the end there is a delightful country and evening piece to match the opal coloured dawns of the opening

But (as was once said in a phrase which as it happens chimes in with the Latin anagram that cost Benlowes part of his fortune) apologies are things which *lectori benevolo supervacanea nihil curat malevolus* It is at any rate open to the former as well as to the latter, to treat this poet each after his own kind

In the setting up of *Pharonnida* Singer s reprint already modernized in spelling was utilized, but as *Theophila* is printed directly from the original it may be desirable to explain the principles of orthography which have been observed here and will be observed in similar cases I am of course well aware that there is as there has long been a habit of demanding adherence to original spelling and of regarding those editions which comply with this demand as scholarly and those which do not as slovenly I disagree with the opinion and decline to comply with the demand As a matter of fact the retention of the old spelling gives the editor very little trouble and the alteration of it a very great deal But this is nothing In the first place there is no real reason in the case of any writer at any rate later than the beginning of the seventeenth century for throwing in the way of the modern reader an unnecessary obstacle to enjoyment In the second place and in the case of such authors as those with whom we are now dealing the advantage of the original spelling even to the severest reader for knowledge and not enjoyment is almost infinitesimally small I have before writing these words carefully gone over a page selected at random of the text which follows It contains twenty six lines and in round numbers over two hundred words Of these (putting some classes of typographical peculiarity to be mentioned presently aside) exactly *eight* and *eight* only are spelt differently from our present system and these differences supply us with the immensely important and interesting knowledge that less was spelt less*e* (twice) that adjectives like natural were spelt with two *l's* (twice) that obey was sometimes spelt obay that wild and find had a final *e* and that the contraction of over was carelessly written o re [1] Of the *general* variations the habit of beginning nouns with a capital can be neither surprising nor instructive to any one who has interest enough in English literature to open such a book as this and it frets the eyes of some who have a good deal of such interest. The other habit of frequent

By no means always Those who think that each spell ng should be reg stered may al o regret evidence that g m and jem were used accord g to the taste and fancy of the moment and the person and that to Day with a capital and to morrow without occur in the same line

italicizing (*without* personification or the like) has a still more fretting effect, and is very difficult to reduce to any logical system, while though the presence of apostrophes in such words as 'pow'r' is undoubtedly important as showing metrical theory, and is therefore kept here, the absence of it in the genitive case is again fretting and sometimes confusing, so that it is worth correction The same is not quite the case with Benlowes' frequent habit of printing whole words in capitals and this is therefore frequently retained But in those other things, general and particular, nothing is gained by the reproduction of what were in most cases mere arbitrary printers' caprices or fashions And even putting aside, as a question not to be disputed, the question which makes the prettier page, there can be little dispute that retention of such things prevents that *horizontal* study of English poetry—that taking it all on equal terms—which some think the great *desideratum* and *desiderandum* We want these things to be regarded as poems, not as curiosities and *bric-à-brac* You cannot modernize Chaucer without loss, because his language itself is not modern you cannot modernize Chatterton without unfairness, because his archaism was part of his deliberate method But Chamberlayne and Benlowes lose (except in the very rarest instances) nothing at all and may gain something while innumerable instances—whole lines, whole stanzas, whole passages, present not a single actual variation from modern practice except the initial capital And the extraordinary 'harlequin' effect of the original printing of *Theophila*, of which a specimen is given, emphasizes unduly, for modern readers, the already sufficient eccentricity of the text In every case where there is the slightest direct or indirect interest, historical, phonetic in the good sense, prosodic, grammatical, or other, attention will be drawn in the notes to the original spelling Elsewhere, that method will be adopted which will give the poetry the best chance of producing any poetical effect of which it is capable

After examining the minor poems attributed to Benlowes, I have decided to add only *two*, to *Theophila* Most, as said above, are wholly in Latin, and though I did not think it fit to exclude the Latin parts of his *magnum opus* there is no reason for including these Some are very doubtfully his —the initials E B being treacherous The *Summary of Wisdom*, however, in a hundred triplets of the *Theophila* stamp, though it duplicates that poem largely does not do so wholly, and should therefore be given, while the little musical piece which follows it is fresh, pleasing, and very characteristic[1]

[1] I may perhaps refer to an article of mine on Benlowes in *The* [American] *Bibliographer* (New York, Jan 1903) at the end of which is an elaborate collation, text and plates, of an unusually complete copy of *Theophila* by Miss Carolyn Shipman

Mens Authoris[1]

TE, *mi* CHRISTE, *Tuæq; canam* Suspiria SPONSÆ
ARDORESq; *pios* & GAUDIA *cœlica* Mundo
Abdita divinæ *pandam* MYSTERIA Mentis
Accersusq; Faces CŒLO! *Fuge cæca* Libido
Et Fastus *populator Opum,* Livorq; *secundis*
Pallidus & rabidis violenta Calumnia *Dictis*
Diraq; pacatas lacerans Discordia *Mentes*
Et Scelerum *male suada Cohors* TE *mitis IESV*
Da mihi velle sequi! Gressus alato *sequentis!*
DIVINÆ *sum testa* ROTÆ Vas *oblime fido*
Rimosum Gypso sic Vas *ego reddar* Honoris
Sum tenebrosa Tui *radiantis* LUMINIS *umbra*
Quod *veniente Die* quod *decedente videremi*
Cujus nec VISUS Spatium *nec* GLORIA Laudem
Nec VOX *ullu capit* MERITUM *nec* TERMINUS ÆVUM!
Unius *est in* Verba *satis jurasse* MAGISTRI
Et TE *præsentem* Causæ *petisse* PATRONUM!

Thema *sit Æthereo sacranda* THEOPHILA TEMPLO
Pura repurgato *solvens* LIBAMINA Corde

The Author's Design

OF CHRIST and of the SPOUSE's sighs I sing
And of the joys that from those ardours spring
The world ne'er knew of her soul's mystic sense
And of her heav'nly zeal Blind Lust pack hence
Hence Pride exhausting Wealth hence Envy fly
Pal'd at success hence foul mouth'd Calumny
And savage Discord striving to divide
United minds with all Sin's troop beside
JESUS! grant I may follow THEE my feet
Wing THOU and make them in pursuance fleet!
Close up my cracks by faith so shall I be
A vessel made of honour unto THEE
I'm but a faint resultance from Thy light
Which at Sol's rise and set, encheers my sight
No space Thy view no glory bounds Thy praise
No terms do reach Thy worth, no age Thy days!
May I but swear obedience to Thy laws
And crave THEE PATRON to my present cause!
My subject's THEOPHIL for Heav'n design'd
Off'ring pure Sacrifice with sacred Mind

[1] Printed exactly from original as a specimen

LADIES,
We jangle not in schools, but strain to set
Church-music, at which saints being met,
May warble forth Heav'n's praise, and thence Heav'n's blessing get

Church-anthems irksome to the factious grow,
In what a sad case were they, trow,
Should they be penn'd in Heav'n, where hymns for ever flow?

As, fir'd affections to your beauties move—
So, stillatories be of love,
That, what was vapour, may, by virtue, essence prove

Survey THEOPHILA, her rules apply,
That you may live, as you would die
Virtue enamels life, 'tis Grace does glorify

O, may those fragrant flow'rs that in her grew,
Blown by such breath, drench'd by such dew,
Spring, and display their buds, ladies elect, in you!

To this Spring-Garden, virgins, chaste and fair,
Coacht in pure thoughts, make your repair,
To recreate your minds, and take fresh heav'nly air

Ye snowy fires, observe her in each grace,
So, may you, bright in soul as face,
Have in the Gallery of Heroic Women place

Nay, when your days and piety shall sum
Up their completeness, may ye come
To endless Glory's Court, and with blest souls have room!

THE PREFACE

SAD Experience confirms, what the Ancient of Days foretold, that the last times shall be worst for, in this dotage of the world (where Atheism stands at the right hand of Profaneness, and Superstition on the blind side of Ignorance, where there is unmerciful oppression, and overmerciful connivence, her beloved favourites (who are of past things mindless, of future regardless, having different opinions, yet but one Religion, Money, one God, Mammon) do laugh at others, who fall not down, and worship the Golden Image that secular Nabuchodonosors have set up, but let them, who think themselves safe in the herd, being night-wildered in their intellects, prosecute their sensuality, which will soon, like Dalila, put out their eyes, for earthly complacencies and exterior gaieties are not only chaff in the hand, Vanity, but also chaff in the eye, Vexation of Spirit How art thou, foolish World, loaden with sin, fond of trifles, neglecting objects fit for Christians, fit for men! Could thy minions consider, that thou canst give but what thou hast, a smoke of Honour, a shadow of Riches, a sound of Pleasure, a blast of Fame, which can neither add to length nor happiness of life, that thy whole self art an overdear bargain, if bought of the Devil, at the expense of a deadly sin, when as sudden chance or sickness may snatch and rend them hence in a moment, they would not then so madly *rant* it as they do, but court sobriety, being aware of the dangers that proceed from, and wait upon the abused opulency of an indulgent fortune, whose caresses are apt to swell into exorbitances of spirit, and run wildly into dissoluteness of manners But, for want of circumspection, men grow covetous as Jewish merchants, ambitious as Eastern potentates, factious as the giddy multitude,

revengeful as jealousy and proud as usurpers though soon such swallowed baits dissolve into a gally bitterness wherefore it were highly to be wished that in the midst of their extravagancies they would ponder that nothing is more unhappy than the felicity of sinners who prosper as if they were the beloved of GOD, when indeed by His patience they are only (probably) hardened to their more dreadful destruction! How how will eternal anguish be aggravated by temporary past happiness! If we contemplate what unspeakable torments are for ever there we should have no cause to envy *Worldlings* prosperity but rather wonder that their portion on earth is not greater and that ever they should be sensible of sickness affront or trouble since if their fortunateness should far exceed their ambition it could not any way recompense that torture for an hour, which yet shall hold to the duration of an infinite Eternity! when as all the play and pageantry of earth is ever changing and nothing abides but the stage of the world and the Spectator GOD That bliss is not true of whose Eternity we may doubt View then Christian reader the folly of ill counsel unmasked and demonstrated that all policy is wretched without piety without Scriptural wisdom without CHRIST the Essential Wisdom and that all iniquity has so much of justice in it that it usually condemns yea leads itself to execution witness Absolon s head Achitophel s hands and the surrender of Caesar s citadel (summoned by Judgement s herald and all his glory s cobweb guard yielded to the storm) just before the statue of Pompey whose ruin he had so ambitiously pursued Would then any wise man choose to be Caesar for his glory Absolon for his beauty Achitophel for his policy Dives for his wealth or Judas for his office? Seeing then that happiness consists not in the affluence of exorbitant possessions nor in the humours of fickle honour all external splendours being unsatisfactory let Christians neglect terrestrial vanities and retire into the recesses of Religion nothing being so great in human actions as a pious knowing mind which disposeth great things and may yield such permanent monuments as bring felicity to mankind above the founders of empires being an Antepast to the overflowing Feasts of Eternity Man endued with altitude of wisdom in the sweetness of conscience and height of virtue is of all creatures sub angelical the Almighty s masterpiece the image of his Maker a candidate of Divinity and model of the universe who, in holy colloquies whisperings and secret conferences with GOD finds Him a torrent of pleasure a fountain of honour and an inexhaustible treasure whose divine life is a character of the Divine Nature by taking GOD for the text, Truth for the doctrine and Holiness for the use without which the highest endowments of the most refined wit are but the quaint magic of a learned lunacy Most wretched therefore are they beyond all synonyms of misery whose undisciplined education leaves them unfurnished of skill to spend their time in anything, but what in the prosecution of sin tends to death wealth and greatness rendering them past reproof even ready to tempt their very tempter whereby they are wholly inclined to sensualities being in their entertainments commonly intemperate in their drink humorous their humours quarrelous their duels damnable concluding a voluptuous and brutish life in a bloody and desperate death preferring the Body before the Soul Sense before the Spirit Appetite before Reason temporary fooleries fantastic visits idle courtships gay trifles fascinating vanities (as if the pleasure of life were but the smothering of precious time in those things which are mere puffs in expectation vanity in enjoyment and vexation of spirit in departure) before solid goodness and eternal exultations To divert thee therefore from such shelves of indiscreet vice and to direct thee to the safe and noble channel of virtue even to faith with good works to piety with compassion to zeal with charity and to know the end which distinguisheth thee from a beast and to choose a good end which differenceth thee from an evil man be so much thine own friend as to peruse seriously this

spiritual poem which treateth on Sub-cœlestials, Cœlestials, and Supercœlestials, whereby a delightful curiousness may steal thee into the pleasure of Goodness Know then that Sub-cœlestials, or Sublunaries, have their assignment in the lowest portion of the universe, and being wholly of a corporeal nature do enjoy spiritual gifts, the chief of which is life, by loan only, where there is no generation without corruption, no birth without death From the surface of the earth to the centre is 3,436 miles, the whole thickness 6,872 miles, the whole compass 21,600 miles, from its centre to the moon is 3,924,912 miles Now Cœlestials, or aethereal bodies, are seated in the middle, which, participating of a greater portion of perfection, impart innumerable rare virtues, and influential efficacies to things below, not enduring a corruption, only subject, having obtained their period to change The glorious projection and transfusion of aethereal light, both of the sun and of the stars of the six magnitudes, constitute, by astronomical computation, more than 300 suns upward to the Empyrean Heaven A star in the Equator makes 12,598,666 miles in an hour, which is 209,994 miles in a minute, a motion quicker than thought Super-cœlestials are intelligencies, altogether spiritual and immortal, excellent in their beings, intuitive in their conceptions, such as are the glorious quire of the Apostles, the exulting number of the Prophets, the innumerable army of crowned Martyrs, triumphing Virgins, charitable Confessors, &c, or the blessed hierarchy of Angels, participating somewhat of GOD and man, having had a beginning as man, and now being immortal with GOD, having their immortality for His sempiternity, void of all mixture, as is GOD, and yet consisting of matter and form as doth man, subsisting in some subject and substance as doth man, yet being incorporeal, as is GOD, they having charity, impassibility, subtility, and agility, having understanding without error, light without darkness, joy without sorrow, will without perturbation, impassibility without corruption, pure as the light, ordained to serve the Lord of Light They are local and circumscribed by place, as is man, yet are they in a place not properly by way of circumscription, but by way of definition, though they cannot be in several places at once, yet are they able in a moment to be anywhere, as GOD always is everywhere, of admirable capacity and knowledge, resembling GOD, yet ignorant of the Essence of GOD, much less see they all things in It, in that like man Even these incorporeal substances would pine and starve, if an all-filling, and infinitely all-sufficient and superabundant GOD were not the object of their high contemplation, whose bliss of theirs is the nearest approach to that Divine Majesty, Who is a true, real, substantial, and essential Nature, subsisting of Himself, an eternal Being, an infinite Oneness, the radical Principle of all things, whose essence is an incomprehensible light, His power is omnipotency, and his beck an absolute act, Who, before the Creation, was a book rolled up in Himself, having light only in Himself, Who is a Spirit existent from everlasting to everlasting, One Essence, Three Subsistencies, whose Divine Nature is an essential and infinite Understanding, which knows all things actually always, which cannot possibly be comprehended by any finite creature, much less by Man grovelling on earth in the mud of error and gross ignorance, who are unable by any art or industry to find out the true nature, form and virtue of the least fly or gnat The whole universe is the looking-glass of GOD'S power, wisdom, and bounty, He loves as Charity, knows as Truth, judges as Equity, rules as Majesty, defends as Safety, works as Virtue, reveals as Light, &c He is a never deficient Brightness, a never weary Life, a Spring ever-flowing, the Principle of Beginning, &c If any creature knew what GOD is, he should be GOD, for none knoweth HIM but HIMSELF, Who is good without quality, great without quantity, present without place, everlasting without time, Who by a body is nowhere, by energy everywhere, above all by power, beneath all by sustaining all, without all by compassing all, within all by penetrating

all being absent seen being present invisible of Whom to speak is to be silent Whom to value is to exceed all rate Whom to define is still to increase in definition Infiniteness being the right Philosopher s stone which turns all metals into gold and one dram of it being put not only to a Seraphin or to a whole element but even to the least gnat in the world or the least mote in the sun is of force to make it true and very GOD For first It maketh it to be the first Essence derived from none other 2 It maketh it to be but One because there can not be two Infinites where there are two there is division where division there is end of one and beginning of another and so no Infinite 3 It maketh the subject to be immaterial for no matter can be infinite for a body is contained and if contained not infinite being without matter it is also without passion for *sola materia patitur* and so becometh also immutable for there can be no change without passion 4 It maketh a thing to be immoveable for whatsoever moveth hath bounds but in Infinite there is no bounds 5 The Infinite Thing is simple for in composition there is division and quality and so by consequent limits Thus Infiniteness distinguisheth from all creatures and is first primary without cause but existing absolutely in Himself and of Himself and is to all other things the cause and beginning yet not diminishing Him having all their essence but no part of His Essence from Him But oh here the most superlative expressions of eloquence are no other than mere extenuations I tread a maze and thread a labyrinth on hills of ice where if I slip I tumble into heresy I am with St Peter in the deep where without the Hand of Power I should sink eternally and be swallowed up by the bottomless gulf The prosecution of this argument were fitter for the pens of Angels than for the sons of corruption whereof we may say that if all should be written of Infiniteness not only the whole world but even Heaven itself would not suffice to hold the books which should be written I satisfy my incapacity with rejoicing in GOD S incomprehensibility And now descending from these amazing heights know reader that Divine Poesy is the internal triumph of the mind rapt with St Paul into the third heaven where she contemplates ineffables tis the sacred oracles of faith put into melodious anthems that make music ravishing no earthly jubilation being comparable to it. It discovers the causes beginnings progress and end of things it instructeth youth comforteth age graceth prosperity solaceth adversity pleaseth at home delighteth abroad shorteneth the night and refresheth the day No star in the sphere of Wisdom outshines it Natural Philosophy hath not anything in it which may satisfy the soul because that is created to something more excellent then all Nature but this divine rapture chains the mind with harmonious precepts from a divine influence whose operations are as subtle and resistless as the influence of planets teaching mortals to live as in the sight of GOD by whom the coverts of the thickest hypocrisy (that white Devil) are most clearly seen through Now tis Judgement begets the strength Invention the ornaments of a poem both these joined form Wit which is the agility of spirits vivacity of Fancy in a florid style disposeth light and life to a poem where in the masculine and refined pleasures of the understanding transcend the feminine and sensual of the eye From the excellence of Fancy proceed grateful similes apt metaphors &c Sublime poets are by Nature strengthened by the power of the mind inflamed and by divine rapture inspired they should have a plentiful stock to set up and manage it artfully their conceptions should be choice brief perspicuous, well habited In Scripture Moses Job David Solomon and others are famous for employing their talents in this kind St Paul likewise cited three of the heathen poets (whom he calls *prophets*) as evident convictions of vice and demonstrations of Divinity viz Epimenides to the Cretians *Tit* 1 12 Κρητ ς α ι ψ νστ ι κ α θηρ γαστερ ς αργ ι Menander to the Corinthians 1 *Cor* xv 33 Φθ ρ νσι ηθη χρησθ ὁμιλ ι α α And Aratus to the Athenians

Acts xvii 28 Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν From these results I fell in love with our more divine and Christian poesy, observing that in the sayings and writings of our Blessed SAVIOUR and His disciples, there are no less than sixty authorities produced from above forty of David's Psalms Hence from that high Love, which hath no weapons but fiery rays, my spirit is struck into a flame to enter into the secret and sacred rooms of *Theology*, and, reader, if thou wilt not prejudice thine own charity by miscrediting me, I dare profess, thou wilt neither repent of thy cost or time in reviewing these interval issues of spiritual recreation, which may thus, happily, prove a pleasant lure to thy pious devotion May likewise thy charity suggest to thy belief, that I have done my best to that end, and if thou thinkest that I have wanted salt to preserve them to posterity, know that the very subject itself is balsam enough to make them perpetual Delightest thou in a Heroic Poem? If actions of magnanimity and fidelity advancing moral virtue merit the title of heroic, much more may THEOPHILA, a combatant with the world, hell, and her own corruptions, gain an eternal laurel, whose example and precepts, well followed, will without doubt bring honour, joy, peace, serenity, and hopes full of confidence The Composer hath extracted out of the even mixture of theory and action this cordial water of saving wisdom, by distilling them through the limbeck of Piety, whereof they drink to their soul's health, who not only take it in, as parched earth does rain, but turn it into nourishment by a spiritual digestion, being made like it Divine This metrical Discourse of his serious day, to which he was led by instigation of conscience, not titillation of fame, inoculates grafts of reason on the stock of religion, and would have all put upon this important consideration, that the life of Nature is given to seek the life of Grace, which bringeth us to the life of Glory, the obtainment of which is his only aim, being fully persuaded, that as every new star gilds the firmament, and increaseth its first glory so those, who are instruments of the conversion of others, shall not only introduce new beauties, but, when themselves shine like other stars in glory, they shall have some reflexions from the light of others, to whose fixing in the orb of Heaven they themselves have been instrumental He would not run thee out of breath by long-winded strains, for in a poem, as in a prayer, 'tis vigour not length that crowns it; Οὐκ ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ τὸ εὖ, ἀλλ' ἐν τῷ εὖ τὸ μέγα

Tædia ut Ambages parant, nervosa Favorem
Sic Brevitas, Labor est non brevis esse brevem

He wisheth it might be his happiness to meet with such readers, as discern the analogy of Grounds, as well as the knowledge of the letter, and have as well a system of Reason, as the understanding of Words yea, such as have judgement and affections refined, and with THEOPHILA be love-sick too, which love is never more eloquent, than when ventilated in sighs and groans, Heaven's delighted *music* being in the broken consort of hearts and spirits, the will there accepted for the work, and the desire for desert Behold here in an original is presented an example of life, with force of precepts, happy who copy them out in their actions! Indeed examples and precepts are as poems and pictures, for, as poems are speaking pictures, and pictures are silent poems so example is a silent precept, and precept a speaking example And as musick is an audible beauty, and beauty a visible music so precepts are audible sweets to the wise, and examples silent harmony to the illiterate, who may unclasp and glance on these poems, as on pictures with inadvertency, yet he who shall contribute to the improvement of the author, either by a prudent detection of an error, or a sober communication of an irrefragable truth, deserves the venerable esteem and welcome of a good Angel, and he who by a candid adherence unto, and a fruitful participation of what is good and pious confirms him therein, merits the honourable entertainment of a faithful friend But he who shall traduce him in absence, for what in presence he would seem to applaud,

incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander and he who wounds him with ill reading and misprision does execution on him before judgement

Now He who is the Way *the* Truth *and the* Life *bring those to everlasting* Life *who love the* Way *and* Truth *in sincerity!*

The several Cantos

The
- Praelibation
- Humiliation
- Restoration
- Inamoration
- Representation
- Association
- Contemplation
- Admiration

The
- Recapitulation
- Translations[1]
- Abnegation
- Disincantation
- Segregation
- Reinvitation
- Termination

Be pleased Reader, first to correct these Typographical Errours

Atres arcun fert cent i i l cet Argus *Ocellos*
Non tamen errantes *cernat ub que* Typos

At the bottom B 4 Line 20 Read *Ecstasies* Pag 1 Stanza 1 *Strains* p 54 St 23 *Cond s t* p 76 St 71 *Unbounded* p 84 St 25 *Tl ee* p 106 St. 86 *doth most* 132 31 *non* p 144 rectifie the Figures p 169 St 60 *repurgat* 173 90 *eversis* 203 8 *For* 214 l 12 *examines* 217 l 7 *splendet* 239 29 *d dst* 268 l 25 *Nectare &c*

Pneumato-Sarco-Machia or Theophila's Spiritual Warfare

The life of a true Christian is a continual conflict each act of the good fight hath a military scene and our blessed SAVIOUR coming like a Man of War commands in Chief under the FATHER who hath laid help upon One that is mighty by anointing Him with the HOLY GHOST and with power This world is His pitched field His standard the cross His colours Blood His armour Patience His battle Persecution His victory Death And in mystical Divinity His two handed sword is the Word and Spirit which wounds and heals and what is shed in this holy war is not blood but Love His trumpeters are Prophets and Preachers His menaces Mercies and His arrows Benefits When He offers Himself to us He then invades us His great and small shot are volleys of sighs and groans when we are converted we are conquered He binds when He embraceth us In the cords of love He leads us captives and kills us into life when He crucifies the old and quickens in us the new man So then here is no death but of inbred corruptions no slaughter but of carnal affections which being mortified the soul becomes a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto GOD

[1] Plural in *ong*

Edward Benlowes

WHEN that great Gen'ralissimo of all
Infernal janissaries shall
His legions of temptations raise, enroll,
And muster them 'gainst thee, my Soul,
And ranks of pleasures, profits, honours bring,
To give a charge on the right wing
And place his dreadful troops of deadly sins
Upon the left, with murth'ring gins
And draw to his main body thousand lusts,
And for reserve—wherein he trusts,
Shall specious Sanctity's Brigade provide,
Whose leader is Spiritual Pride
And having treacherously laid his trains
In ambush, under hope of gains
By sinning, as so many scouts, to find
Each march and posture of thy mind
Then, Soul, sound an alarm to Faith, and press
Thy Zeal to be in readiness,
And levy all thy faculties to serve
Thy CHIEF Take Pray'r for thy reserve
Under the conduct of His SPIRIT, see
Under the banner that they be
Of thy Salvation's CAPTAIN Then be sure
That all thy outworks stand secure
Yet narrower look into th' indenting line
Of thy ambiguous thoughts Design
With constant care a watch o'er every part,
Ev'n at thy Cinque-ports, and thy heart
Set sentinels Let Faith be captain o'er
The life-guard, standing at the door
Of thy well-warded breast disloyal Fear
That corresponds with Guilt, cashier
Nor let Hypocrisy sneak in and out
Thy garrison, with that spy, Doubt
The watchword be IMMANUEL Then set
Strong parties of thy tears, and let
Them still to sally forth prepared stand,
And but expect the Soul's command,
Waiting until a blest recruit from High
Be sent, with Grace's free supply

Thus where the LORD of hosts the van leads, there
Triumphant palms bring up the rear

To My Fancy upon Theophila

FLY, Fancy, Beauty's arched brow,
Darts, wing'd with fire, thence sparkling flow
From flash of lightning eye-balls turn,
Contracted beams of[1] crystal burn
Waive[2] curls, which Wit gold-tresses calls,
That golden fleece to tinsel falls

Evade thou peach-bloom cheek-decoys,
Where both the roses blend false joys
Press not the two-leav'd ruby gates,
Which fence their pearl-portcullis grates
Suck not the breath, though it return
Fragrant, as Phoenix' spicy urn
Lock up thine ears, and so disarm
The magic of enamouring charm
The lilied breasts with violets vein'd
Are flow'rs, as soon deflowr'd as gain'd
Love-locks, perfume, paint, spots dispraise,
These by the black-art spirits raise

Garnish no Bristows[3] with rich mine,
Glow-worms are vermin, though they shine
Should one love-knot all lovelies tie,
This one, these all, soon cloy and die
Cupid, as lame as blind, being gone,
Live one with HIM, Who made thee one

[1] Corrected to 'on' in my copy
[2] Orig 'Wave' but this is the common spelling for 'waive,' which seems to be required to match 'Fly' and 'Evade'
[3] Bristol being famous as a stronghold and also for 'diamonds'

Avoid exotic pangs o th brain
Nor let thy margent blush a stain
With artful method misc line[1] sow
May judgement with invention grow
I rofit with pleasure bring to th test
Be ore refio d before imprest

Pass forge and file be point and edge
Gainst what severest brows allege
Mix balm with ink let thy salt heal
T each palate various manna deal
Have for the wise strong sense, deep truth
Grand sallet of choice wit for youth

Cull metaphors well weigh d and clear
Enucleate mysteries to th ear
Be wit stenographied, yet free
Tis largest in epitome
Fly through *Art s* heptarchy be clad
With wings to soar but not to gad

Thy pinions raise with mystic fire,
Sometimes bove high roof d sense as pire
So draw THEOPHILA that each line
Centring in Heav n may seem divine
Her voice soon fits thee for that quire
W are eind red by intrinsic fire

Magnetic Virtue s in her breast
Impregn d with Grace the noblest guest
Who in Love s albo[2] are enroll d
Unutterable joys behold
Geographers Earth s globe survey,
Fancy Heav n s astrolabe display

Six hast thou view d of Europe s Courts
Soon as Ideas pass d their sports

Sense canst thou *parse* and *construe* bliss?
Only souls sanctified know this
Then hackney not to toys life s span
The Saint s rear tops the Courtier's van

In *Hope s* cell holy hermit be
Let ecstasies transfigure thee
There as *Truth s* champion strive always
To storm Love s tower with hosts of praise
Keep strong *Faith s* Court of Guard The stars
March in battalia to these wars

Zealous in pray r besiege the sky
Conquests are crown d by constancy
Stand sent nel at the BRIDEGROOM s gates
Who serve there, reign o er earthly states
Rais d on *Devotion s* flaming wings
Disdain the crackling blaze of things

No music courts spiritual ears
Like high tun d anthems this up rears
Thee Fancy, rapt through mists of fears,
And clouds of penitential tears
Eagling bove transitory spheres
Till ev n the INVISIBLE appears

Divore d from past and present toys
Spouse New Jerus lem s future joys
Be re baptiz d in Eye-dew Fall
Of all forgot forget thou all
These acts well kept commence, and prove
Professor in Seraphic Love

A Friend's Echo, to his Fancy upon Sacrata

I

WHEN Fancy bright SACRATA courts
It is not with accustom d sports
'Tis not in prizing of her eyes
To the disvalue of the skies
Nor robbing gardens of their hue
To give her flow ry cheeks their due

II

Tis not in stripping of the sea
For coral to resign that plea
It hath to the vermilion dye
If that her ruddy lips be nigh,
Or that I long to see them ope
As if I thence for pearl did hope

[1] M sc l ne' in various forms = 'm xed seed

[2] Album declined

III

Nor is't in promising my ears
Rather to her than to the spheres,
Or that a smile of hers displays
As much content as *Phoebus'* rays,
Or that her hand for whiteness shames
The down of swans on silver Thames

IV

Let such on these Romances dwell,
Who do admire Love's husk and shell.
Hark, wanton fair-ones, all your fawns
Are Happiness's hapless pawns
With these alone the mind does flag,
Beauty is oft the soul's black bag

V

Pure flames that ravish with their fire,
Ascend unmeasurably higher,
Which, after search we find to be
In virtue link'd with piety
The radiations of the soul
All splendours of the flesh control

VI

Fond sense, cry up a rosy skin,
SACRATA rosied is within
But brighter THEOPHIL behold,
Whose vest is wrought with purfled gold
LOVE'S self in her his flame embeams,
LOVE'S sacrifice ZEAL'S rapture seems

VII

Of Paradise before the Fall
This Saint is emblematical
Then, *Fancy*, give her due renown,
She's Queen of Arts, this book, her crown

SACRATA turns CASTARA unto us,
And BENLOWES (anagramm'd) BENEVOLUS

JER COLLIER[1], *M A and Fell of S John's Coll, Camb*

Non me Palma negata Macrum, data reddet Opimum

A SMOOTH clear vein should have it[2] source
From Nature, and have Art but nurse
Which, though it men at Athens feasts,
May fight at Ephesus with beasts

Wits, rudely hal'd to *Momus'* bar,
By braying beasts condemnèd are
Reason! How many brutes there be
'Mong men, 'cause not inform'd by thee?

Vates Poet-Prophet is, if good,
Alike both scorn'd, and understood
Though readers' censure's writers' fate,
Spleen sha'nt contract, nor praise dilate

Or clap, or hiss The moon sails round,
Though bark'd at by each yelping hound
The brighter she, the more they bark,
But slumb'ring quetch[3] not in the dark

Deign him, bright souls, your piercing glance,
(Art's foes are sons of Ignorance)
So, freed from Night's rude overseers,
The Poet may be tried by his Peers

[1] This is not the famous Jeremy, who was born only two years before *Theophila* appeared
[2] 'It' for 'it's,' as so often
[3] 'Quetch,' more usually 'quitch,' 'to move,' 'stir'

A Verdict for the Pious Sacrificer

To shine and light not scorch thy Muse did aim
And so hath rais d this quintessential flame
By th salt and whiteness of her lines we think
With holy water (tears) she mix ther ink
And both the fire and food of this chaste Muse [use
Is more w hat Altars than what Tables
Who does not pray with zeal thy Faith may move
Rightly concentric with thy Hope and Love?
So in the Temple these religious hosts
From Hecatombs may rise to Holocausts

WALTER MONTAGUE[1]
Com Manch Filius

A Glance at Theophila

WHO sacrificèd last? The hallow d air
Seems all ensoul d with sweet per fume
Which pleased *Heav n* deigns to assume
The smiling sky appeareth brightly fair
Was t not THEOPHILA s fam d sire,
Say sacred *Priest*, obtain d the holy fire
To bless and burn his victim of sub lime desire?

Know curious mortal this rare sacrifice
Scarce known to our now bedrid age
Was got by *Zeal* and holy *Rage*
And offer d by *Benevolus* the wise
For speckled *Craft* and a loose fit
Of aguish knowledge glimm ring acts beget
Chaste *Piety* bears fruit to *Wisdom* not to *Wit*

No tiger s whelp with blood be smearèd jaws
No cub of bears lick d into shape
No lustful offspring of the ape
No musky paother with close guileful claws
No dirty gruntling of the swine
No lion s whelp of c er so high design
Is offer d here keep off Unclean!
Here s all divine

The chosen wood (as harbinger to all
Those future then now passed rites)
Was Laurel that guards lightning frights
The weeping Fir sad Yew for funeral
The lasting Oak and joyful Vine
The fruitful Fig tree billets did con sign
The peaceful Olive with cleft Juniper did join

On knees in tears think altar'd THEOPHIL
Incensed with sweet *Obedience*
Who makes LOVE s life in death commence
Scaling with heart hands eyes Heav n s lofty hill
Hereireled head you might behold
Was glorified with burnish d crown of gold
Embost with gems embrac d by Angels manifold

Thus in a fiery chariot up SHE flies,
Perfuming the forsaken earth

A rather remarkable person born about 1603 who died in 1677 after becom ng a Roman Catholic being imprisoned for Royalism in the Tower and enjoying the abbacy of St. Martin at Pontoise.

(The midwife orbs do help her birth),
Into the glory of the Hierarchies
Where ecstasies of joys do grow,
Which they themselves eternally do sow,
But 'tis too high for me to think, or thee to know
Priests thus by hieroglyphic keys
Unlock their hidden mysteries

W DENNIE, *Baronet*[1]

To the Author, upon his Divine Poem

TILL now I guess'd but blindly to what height
The Muses' eagles could maintain their flight!
Though poets are, like eaglets, bred to soar,
Gazing on stars at Heav'n's mysterious pow'r,
Yet I observe they quickly stoop to ease
Their wings, and perch on palace-pinnacles
From thence more usefully they Courts discern,
The Schools where greatness does disguises learn,
The stages where *She* acts to vulgar sight
Those parts which statesmen as her Poets write,
Where none but those wise poets may survey
The private practice of her public play,
Where kings, GOD'S counterfeits, reach but the skill
In studied scenes to act the Godhead ill
Where cowards, smiling in their closets, breed
Those wars which make the vain and furious bleed
Where Beauty plays not merely Nature's part,
But is, like Pow'r, a creature form'd by Art,
And, as at first, Pow'r by consent was made,
And those who form'd it did themselves invade
So harmless Beauty (which has now far more
Injurious force than States' or Monarchs' power)
Was by consent of Courts allow'd Art's aid,
By which themselves they to her sway betray'd
'Twas Art, not Nature, taught excessive power,
Which whom it lists does favour or devour
'Twas Art taught Beauty the imperial skill
Of ruling, not by justice, but by will
And, as successive kings scarce seem to reign,
Whilst lazily they empire's weight sustain,
Thinking because their pow'r they native call
Therefore our duty too is natural,
And by presuming that we ought [t'] obey,
They lose the craft and exercise of sway
So, when at Court a native Beauty reigns
O'er Love's wild subjects, and Art's help disdains,
When her presumptuous sloth finds not why Art
In Pow'r's grave play does act the longest part,
When, like proud gentry, she does level all
Industrious arts with arts mechanical,
And vaunts of small inheritance no less
Than new States boast of purchas'd provinces,
Whilst she does every other homage scorn,
But that to which by Nature she was born:
Thus when so heedlessly she lovers sways,
As scarce she finds her pow'r ere it decays,

[1] Author of *The Shepherd's Holiday*, 1653, and other Poems, which might be included in this Collection if we had room This piece strikes one as above the ordinary commendatory work

Which is her beauty, and which unsupplied
By what wise Art would carefully provide
Is but Love's lightning and does hardly last
Till we can say it was ere it be past
Soon then when beauty's gone she turns her face
Ashamd of that which was erewhile her grace
So when a monarch's gone the chair of State
Is backward turnd where he in glory sate.
The secret arts of Love and Power how these
Rule courts, and how those courts rule provinces
Have been the task of every noble Muse
Whose aid of old nor Power nor Love did use
Merely to make their lucky conquests known
(Though to the Muse they owe their first renown
For she taught Time to speak and even to Fame
Who gives the great their names she gave a name)
But they by studying numbers rather knew
To make those happy whom they did subdue.
Here let me shift my sails and higher bear
My course than that which moral poets steer!
For now (best poet!) I divine would be
And only can be so by studying thee
Those whom thy flights do lead shall pass no more
Through darkning clouds when they to Heaven would soar
Nor in ascent fear such excess of light
As rather frustrates than maintains the sight
For thou dost clear Heaven's darkend mysteries
And mak'st the lustre safe to weakest eyes
Noiseless as planets move thy numbers flow
And soft as lovers whispers when they woo!
Thy labour'd thoughts with ease thou dost dispense
Clothing in maiden dress a manly sense
And as in narrow room Elixir lies,
So in a little thou dost much compriese
Here fix thy pillars! which as marks shall be
How far the soul in Heaven's discovery
Can possibly advance yet whilst they are
Thy trophies they but warrant our despair
For human excellence hath this ill fate
That where it virtue most doth elevate
It bears the blot of being singular
And Envy blasts that Fame it cannot share
Ev'n good examples may so great be made
As to discourage whom they should persuade.

WILL. DAVENANT

TOWER May 13 165

For the Author, truly Heroic, by Blood, Virtue, Learning

Scholar Commander Traveller commixt
Schools Camps and *Courts* raise FAME and make it fixt
Your fame and feet have Alps and Oceans past [Envy blast
Famd feet! which Art can't raise nor

Beaumont and *Fletcher* coin'd a golden way [play
T' express suspend and passionate a

Nimble and pleasant are all motions there
For two intelligences rul'd the sphere

Both sock and buskin sunk with them and then
Davenant and *Denham* buoy'd them up again
Beyond these pillars some think nothing is
Great Britain's wit stands in a precipice.

But, Sir as though Heav'n's Straits discover'd were,
By science of your card, Unknowns appear
Sail then with prince of wits, illustrious *Dunne*[1],
Who rapt earth round with Love, and was its sun

But your first love was pure whose ev'ry dress
Is inter-tissu'd *Wit* and *Holiness*,
And mends upon itself, whose streams (that meet
With *Sands'*[2] and *Herbert's*) grow more deep, more sweet

I, wing'd with joy, to th' PRAELIBATION fly,
Thence view I Error's Tragi-comedy
With THEOPHIL from fear to faith I rise,
The mystic Bridge, 'twixt Hell and Paradise

Hell scap't seems double Heav'n Renew'd, with bands
Of pray'rs, vows, tears, with eyes, and knees, and hands,
I see her cope with Heav'n, and Heav'n does thence,
As in the *Baptist's* days, feel violence

But her ecstatic SONGS OF LOVE declare,
To *Jedidiah* she's apparent heir
Be those then next, The SONG OF SONGS Love styles
Her *fourth*, The *Second* Book of CANTICLES

But with what dreadful yet delightful tones
She sings when GLORIFIED! then, stingless drones
Are Death and Hell Joy's crescent then's increast,
To fullest lustre, at her Bridal Feast

Sixth, sev'nth, and eighth such banquets' frame would make
Wisdom turn Cormorant, my spirits shake
I' th' reading Soul of joy! thy ravishing sp'rit
Draws bed-rid minds to longing appetite

Fame, write with gold on diamond pages, treat
Upon the glories of a work so great
Be't then enacted, that all Graces dwell
In Thee THEOPH'LA, *Virtue's Chronicle*

Who gemm'st it in Jerusalem above,
Where all is Grace and Glory, Light and Love
To that Unparallel this comes so near,
That, 'tis a glimpse of Heav'n to read thee here

O, blest Ambition! Speculations high
Enchariot thee, Elijah-like, to the sky!
What state worth envy, like thy sweet abode,
That overtops the world, and mounts to GOD?

Walkt through your Eden stanzas, you invite
Our ravisht souls to recreate with delight,
In bow'r of compt discourse great verse, but prose
Such, none but our great MASTER could compose

For bulk, an easy Folio is this all,
Yet we a volume may each Canto call,
For solid matter where we should consult
On paragraphs, mark what does thence result

For, every period's of DEVOTION proof,
And each resolve is of concern'd behoof
Peruse, examine, censure, oh, how bright
Does shine RELIGION, chequer'd with delight!

Diffusive Soul! your spirit was soaring, when
This manna dew'd from your inspirèd pen
Such melting passions of a soul divine,
Could they be cast in any mould but thine?

[1] Donne

[2] George Sandys

Wonder arrests our thought that you alone
In such combustions wherein thousands groan
(And when some sparkles of the public flame
Seiz d on your private state and scorcht the same)
Could warble thus Steer ships each pilot may
In calms but whoso can in stormy day
May justly domineer But what may daunt
Him who like mermaids thus in storms can chant?
Grace crowns the suff'ring Glory the triumphing Saint

TH PESTIL
Regi quondam à Sacris

THOSE ladies Sir we virtuosas call
But copies are to this original
Whose charming empire of her grace does sense
Astonish by a super excellence
And like as *Midas* touch made gold so thus
THEOPHILA S touch may make THEOPHILUS

Zeuxes cull d out perfections of each sort
For his *Pandora* yet did all come short
As far of this embellishment as she
Had been limn d out in Painting s infancy
For magisterial virtue draws no grace
From corp ral limbs or features of the face

Here Heav n born SUADAS[1] star like gild each dress
Of the Bride Soul espous d to Happiness
Here Piety informs poetic art
As all in all and all in every part
For all these died not with fam d *Cartwright* though
A score of poets join d to have it so

T BENLOWES *A M*

For the much honoured Author

THE winged Intellect once taught to fly
By *Art* and *Reason* may be bold to pry
Into the secrets of a wand ring star
Although its motions be irregular
And from the smiles and glances that those bright
Corrivals cast that do embellish night
Guess darkly at though not directly know
The various changes that fall here below
And perching on the high st perimeter
May find the distances of every sphere
Which in full orbs do move tunicled so
That the less spheres within the greater go
As cell in cell spun by the dying fly
Or ball in ball turn d in smooth ivory
Each hath a prince circled upon a throne
In a refulgent habitation
Only the constellations seem to be
Like nobles in an aristocracy
Their Milky Way like *Innocence* and thus
Should all great actions be diaphanous
But the great Monarch *Light* dis poses all
His stores are magazine and festival
And by his pow r Earth s epicycle may
Move in a silver sphere as well as they
Else her poor little orb appears to be
A very point to their immensity
Thus strung like beads they on their centres move
But the great centre of this all is LOVE
Though the brute creatures by the height of sense
Foretell their calm and boisterous influence
Yet to find out their motions is man s part

[1] S ada or Suadela one of the subsidiary goddesses of Love and Marr age who persuades the Beloved

Not by the help of Nature, but of Art,
Which rarefies the soul, and makes it rise,
And sees no farther than *that* gives it eyes
And by that prospect will directly tell
What regions stoop to every parallel
Which cities furrèd are with snow, which lie
Naked, and scorch'd under Heav'n's canopy.
How men, like cloves stuck in an orange, stand
Still upright, with their feet upon the land
And where the seas oppos'd to us do flow,
Yet quench they not that heat where spices grow
It sees fair Morning's rising neck beset
With orient gems, like a rich carcanet
Who every night doth send her beams to spy
In what dark caves her golden treasures lie
And there they brood and hatch the callow race,
Till they take wing, and fly in every place
It sees the frozen Fir shrouding its arms,
While Cocus trees are courted with blest charms,
That swell their pregnant womb whose issue may
Sweeten our world, but that they die by th' way
It sees the Seasons lying at the door,
Some warm and wanton, and some cold and poor,
And knows from whence they come, both foul and fair,
And from their presence gilds, or soils the air
It sees plain Nature's face, how rude it looks
Till it be polishèd by men and books
And most of her dark secrets can discover
To open view of an industrious lover
Whatever under Heav'n's great throne we prize
Or value, in Art's chamber-practice lies
But when before the ALMIGHTY JUDGE he come
To speak of HIM, my Orator is dumb
Go then, thou silenced Soul, present thy plea
By the fair hand of sweet THEOPHILA
Hap'ly thy harsh and broken strains may rise
In the perfume of her sweet sacrifice,
And if by this access thou find'st a way
To th' highest THRONE, alas! what canst thou say?
What can the bubble (though its breath it bring
Upon the gliding stream) say of the spring?
Can the proud painted flow'r boast that it knows
The root that bears it, and whereon it grows?
Or can the crawling worm, though ne'er so stout,
With its meand'rings find the centre out?
Can Infinite be measur'd by a span?
And what art thou, less than all these, O man?
Man is a thing of nought! yet from above
There beams upon his soul such rays of love,
As may discover by *Faith's* optic, where
The Burning Bush is, though not see HIM there
The meekest man on earth did only see
His shadow shining there, it was not HE
And if that great soul, who with holy flame,
And ravish'd spirit to the Third Heav'n came,
Saw things unutterable, what can we
Express of those things that we ne'er did see?
The Senses' strongest pillars cannot bear
The weight of the least grain of glory there
No more than where to bound, or comprehend
Infinity, they can begin, or end
Since then the Soul is circumscrib'd within
The narrow limits of a tender skin,
Let us be babes in innocence, and grow
Strong *upwards*, and more weak to things *below*
By sacred chemistry, the spirit must
Ascend and leave the sediment to dust
This cordial is distilled from the eyes,
And we must sprinkle 't on the sacrifice

Offer d i th virtue of THEOPH LA S
name
Which must be to it holocaust and
flame
Then, wing d with *Zeal*, we may aspire
to see
The hallow'd Oracles exprest by THEE
Who art LOVE S *Flamen* and with
Holy fire
Refin st thy Muse, to make her mount
the higher

ARTH WILSON

For the Renowned Composer

A POET S ashes need nor brass nor
stone
To be their wardrobe since his name
alone
Shall stand both brass and marble to
the tomb
Nor doth he want the cere cloth s
balmy womb
T' enwrap his dust, until his drowsy
clay
Again enliven d by an active ray
Shot from the last day s fire, shall
wake and rise
Attir'd with Light No when a
Poet dies
His sheets alone wind up his earth
They ll be
Instead of Mourner, Tomb and Obse
quy
And to embalm it, his own ink he
takes
Gum Arabic the richest mummy
makes
Then Sir you need no obelisk that
may
Seclude your ashes from plebeian
clay
For from your mine of Fancy now we
see
Y have digg d so many gems of Poesy
That out of them you raise a glorious
shrine
In which your ever blooming name
will shine
Free from th eclipse of age and
clouds of rust
Which are the moths to other com
mon dust
Then could we now collect th all
worshipt ore
With which kind Nature paves the
Indian shore
And gather to one mass that stock of
spice
Which copies out afresh old Paradise
And in the *Phoenix* od rous nest is
pent
All would fall short of this rich monu
ment
About the surface of whose verge
you stick
So many fragrant flow rs of Rhetoric
That lovers shall approach in throngs
and seek
With their rich leaves t adorn each
beauty s cheek
So that these sacred trophies will be
come
In after times your altar not your tomb
To which the poets shall in well dressed
lays
Offer their victims with a grove of bays
For here among these leaves no
speckled snake
Or viper doth his bed of venom make
No lust burnt goat nor looser Satyr
weaves
His cabin out, among these spotless
leaves
A virgin here may safely dart her eye
And yet not blush for fear lest any by
Should see her read These pages do
dispense
A julep which so charms the itch
of sense
That we are forc d to think your guilt
less quill
Did with its ink the turtle s blood
distil

T PHILIPOT

Pietatis, Pöeticesque, Cultori

IGNE cales tali, quali cum Nuncius Ora
Seraphicus sacro tetigit Carbone Prophetæ
Macte DEI plenum Pectus, Te his dedito Flammis,
Sancte Poetarum Phœnix! Reparabilis Ignis
Te voret hîc Totum, Quo plus consumeris Illo,
Hoc magis Æterno Tu consummaberis Ævo

Incipe Censurâ major, qui Fonte Camænas
Idalias tingis casto, Tua Metra Sionem
Parnasso jungunt celebri, tam digna Lituris
Nulla canis, quàm sunt omni dignissima Laude
Theiophilam resonare docens Modulamine diam,
Impia priscorum lustrâsti Carmina Vatum

Perge, beatifico correptus NUMINE, Perge,
Vivida felici fundendo Poemata Flatu,
Pectore digna tuo, COELI penetrare Recessus
Et, quæ densa tegit Nubes, Mysteria claro
Lumine perlustra, solito non concite Plectro,
Quælibet altisono prosterne Piacula Versu

Perfice, terrenum transcende, Poeta, Cacumen:
Conversus converte Vagos, Quos decipit Error
Incautos, Meliora doce, Britonesque bilingues
Lingua fac erudiat Britonum, sit quanta superbi
Pectoris Ambitio et Veri Caligo, Camænis
Subdola vesani depinge Sophismata Secli. JO GAUDENTIUS, *STD*

In Sanctos Theophilæ Amores

VIX mihi Te vidisse semel concessit Apollo,
Inque tuo pictam Carmine Theiophilam
Quum gemino Ipse miser, sed fortunatus Amore
Deperii, dubius sic Ego factus Amans
Cur Dubius? Fallor Nam, quamvis partibus æquis,
Igne simul duplici me novus urat Amor,
Afficitur tamen Objecto, atque unitur in uno,
Totaque divisis una Favilla manet
Ne, Lector, mirêre, Novum est Sed protinus Ignes,
Si sine felle legas, experiêre meos
Theiophila! In cunctis Præcellentissima Nymphis,
Nominis ad Famam quot Tibi Corda cadent!

Corporis, Ingeniique Bonis dotata triumphas,
Binaque cum summa Laude, Trophæa geris
Docte, Tibi æternæ quales Spectacula Chartæ,
Quotque Illi efficient Pagina docta Procos!
Sexus uterque pari, visâ Hac, ardebit Amore,
Hacque frui ex æquo Sexus uterque volet
Ne vereare tamen, Cuncti licet Oscula figant
Theiophilæ, ne sit casta, vel una Tibi
Famæ Ejus nil detrahitur si publica fiat,
Hanc ut ament Omnes, Nil Tibi, Amice, perit
Tu solus Domina dignus censeberis Illâ,
Illam qui solus pingere dignus eras
P DE CARDONEL

In celeberrimam Theophilam, feliciter elucubratam

ANNE novi veterisve prius Monumenta revolvam
Ingenii et Tragicos superantia Scripta Cothurnos
Atque Sophoclæis numerari digna Triumphis?
Quàm bene vivificis depingitur Artibus Echo?
Quàm bene monstriferas Vitiorum discutis Hydras?
Carminibusque in doces quantum peccaverit Ævum?
Quanta Polucephalis repserunt Agmina Sectis?
Sphinge Theologica quæ dia Poemata pangis?
Mira et Vera canens nodosa Ænigmata solvis
Nec vitæ pars ulla perit nec transigis unam
Ingratam sine Luce Diem dum pervigil Artes
Exantlas avidisque bibis Permessida Labris [catus Eoo
Jamque velut primo Phœnix revo
Apparet nostris nova Sponsa Theophila Terris
Illius è roseis flammatur Purpura malis
Et Gemmis Lux major adest et blandius Aurum
A Calamo Benlose tuo dum Dotibus amplis
Excolis, Ingeniique Opibus melioribus ornas
Lactea Ripheas præcellunt Colla Pruinas
Fronte Decor radiat sanctoque Modestia Vultu
Suada verecundis et Gratia plena Labellis
Assidet et casti Mores imitata Poetæ
Te Moderatorem fusis amplectitur Ulnis
Hisce Triumphatrix decorata Theophila Gemmis
Celsior assurgit Mundumque nitentior intrat
Virgineis comitata Choris Quam Tramite longo
Agmina Cecropiis stipant Heliconia Turmis
Non aliter quoties adremigat Æquoris Undas
Frænatis Neptunus Equis fluit ocyus Antris
Nereidum Gens tota suis Dominumque salutant
Blandula cæruleo figentes Oscula Collo

P F

Qui Virtutes Theo[p]hilæ prædicat, Religioni non Gloriæ studeat Noverim Te, Domine, noverim me

LAUDIS in Oceano me submersistis Amici [patet
Maxima pars Decoris me nihil esse
Laus famulare DEO submissi Victima Cordis
Est Hecatombæis anteferenda Sacris.
CHRISTE meæ da par ut sit mea Vita Camænæ
Sim neque Laus Aliis prodiga parca TIBI

O ercome me not with your perfumes O Friends!
My greatest worth to show I m nothing tends
Praise wait on Heav n Th Host of an humble heart
Excels the sacred hecatombs of *Art*
Grant LORD my life may parallel my lays!
They me too much I THEE too little praise

Edward Benlowes

In Divinos Poetas

SANCTO Sancta Columba Musa Vati
Parnassus superæ Cacumen Æthræ
Christi Gratia Pegasus supremus.
Vati Castalis Unda Dius Imber
Pennam dat Seraphin - suis ab Alis
Agni scribitur Optimi Cruore
Vati Bibliotheca Sphæra Coeli
Vitæ è Codice fœnerans Medullam,
Internos penetrat Poli Recessus
O, Conamina fructuosiora !
O, Solamina delicatiora !
Per Quæ creditur Angelus Poeta,
Patronusque pio DEUS Poetæ !

On Divine Poets

A HALLOW'D Poet's Muse is th' Holy Dove
Parnassus th' Empyrean Height above
His lofty-soaring Pegasus Christ's Love
Heav'n's Show'r of Grace is his Castalian spring
A Seraphin lends pen from his own wing
His ink is of the best LAMB'S purple dye
To Him Heav'n's sphere is a vast library
Rais'd by th' advantage of th' Eternal Book,
His piercing eye ev'n into Heav'n does look
O, what endeavours can more fruitful be !
What comforts can we more delightful see !
By which the poet we an Angel deem,
Yea, GOD to's sacred Muse does Patron seem

Ergo brevi stringam Cœlestia Cantu

AIMING to profit, as to please, we bring
No usual hawk to try her wing
Come, come Theoph'la, fresh as May
Hark how the falc'ner lures ! This is Love's Holy-Day

Her stretch is for Devotion's quarry, which
Mounts up her Zeal to eagle-pitch
Cheer thou her present tim'rous flight,
Whilst she thus cuts with wing the driving rack of height

From thence, 'bove sparkling stars, she'll spritely move,
Her plumes of Faith being prun'd by Love
As Grace shall imp her pinion, more,
Or less, she will, or flag, or 'bove what's mortal, soar[1]

[1] Of these later pieces Davenant's has not only the most famous author but the most striking interest from contrast of style Pestil (-ell) was a Cambridge man who contributed to *Lacrymae Musarum* If Arthur Wilson is the A W who died in the year of our book he was a man of some mark T Phil[i]pot was a 'miscellaneous writer', 'Gaudentius' the famous 'editor' of *Eikon Basilike*, Cardonel probably the father of Marlborough's secretary Of T Benlowes and P F I know nothing

THEOPHILA

THE PRELIBATION TO THE SACRIFICE

Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Spes al t occiduas qui Sublunaribus hæret
  Rivales Jesus non n Amore s nit
Quid m hi non sapiat Terra mihi dum sapit Æther?
  Sed sapiet sapias ni mihi Christe nihil

Awake arise Love s steersman and first taste
  Del ght sound that ere anchor s cast
On Joy steer hence a pray rful course to Heav'n at last

STANZA I

Might souls converse with souls by Angel way,
  Enfranchis d from their pris ning clay
What strains by intuition would they then convey!

II

But Spirits sublim d too fast evap rate may
  Without some interpos d allay,
And notions subtiliz d too thin ex hale away

III

The Gold (Sol s child) when in Earth s womb it lay
  As precious was though not so gay
As when refin d it doth itself abroad display

IV

Mount Fancy then through orbs to Glory s sphere 10
  (Wild is the course that ends not there)
You who are Virtue s friends lend to her tongue an ear

V

Let not the wanton love fights which may rise
  From vocal fifes flame darting eyes
(Beauty s munition) hearts with wounds unseen surprise

VI

Whose basilisk like glances taint the air
  Of virgin pureness and ensnare
Entangled thoughts i th trammels of their ambush hair

VII

Love s captive view who s days in warm frosts spends 19
  On s idol dotes to wit pretends
Writes blots and rends nor heeds where he begins or ends

VIII

His stock of verse in comic frag ments lies
  Higher than Ten riff's Peak he flies
Sol s but a spark thou outray st all diamonds of the skies

IX

Victorious flames glow from thy brighter eye
  Cloud those twin lightning orbs (they ll fry
An ice vein d monk) cloud them or planet struck I die

X

'Indians, pierce rocks for gems, negroes, the brine
For pearls, Tartars, to hunt combine
For sables, consecrate all off'rings at her shrine 30

XI

'Crouch low, O vermeil-tinctur'd cheek! for, thence
The organs to my optic sense
Are dazzled at the blaze of so bright angelence'

XII

Does Troy-bane Helen (friend) with angels share?
All lawless passions idols are
Frequent are fuco'd cheeks, the virtuosa's rare

XIII

A truth authentic Let not skin-deep white
And red, perplex the nobler light
O' th' intellect, nor mask the soul's clear piercing sight

XIV

Burn odes, Lust's paperplots, fly plays, its flame, 40
Shun guileful courtisms, forge for shame
No chains, lip-traffic and eye-dialogues disclaim

XV

Hark how the frothy, empty heads within
Roar and carouse i' th' jovial sin,
Amidst the wild Levaltos on their merry pin!

XVI

Drain dry the ransack'd cellars, and resign
Your reason up to riot, join
Your fleet, and sail by sugar rocks through floods of wine

XVII

Send care to Dead Sea of phlegmatic age, 19
Ride without bit your restive rage,
And act your revel-rout thus on the tippling stage

XVIII

'Swell us a lusty brimmer, more, till most,
So vast, that none may spy the coast
We'll down with all, though therein sail'd Lepanto's host

XIX

'Top and top-gallant horse, we will outroar
The bellowing storms, though shipwrackt more
Healths are, than tempting'st sirens did enchant of yore

XX

'Each gallon breeds a ruby, drawer, score 'um,
Cheeks dyed in claret seem o' th' quorum,
When our nose-carbuncles, like link-boys, blaze before 'um' 60

XXI

Such are their ranting catches, to unsoul,
And outlaw man, they stagger, roll,
Their feet indent, their sense being drunk with *Circe's* bowl

XXII

Entombed souls! Why rot ye thus alive,
Melting your salt to lees? and strive
To strangle Nature, and hatch Death? Healths, health deprive

XXIII

The sinless herd loathes your sense-stifling streams,
When long spits point your tale ye breams
In wine and sleep, your princes are but fumes, and dreams

41 courtisms] = 'ceremonies of courtship'
68 breams] = 'fish' chosen for rhyme merely, see the Latin, p 411, l 68, which is different

XXIV

I d rather be preserv d in brine, than rot 70
In nectar Now to dice they regot
Their tables snare in both, then what can be their shot?

XXV

Yet blades will throw at all, sans fear or wit,
Oaths black the night when dice don t hit
When winners lose at play can losers win by it?

XXVI

Egypt s spermatic nurse, when her spread floor
Is flow d bove sev'nteen cubits o er
Breeds dearth and spendthrifts waste when they inflame the score

XXVII

Tell me ye piebald butterflies who poise
Extrinsic with intrinsic joys 80
What gain ye from such short liv'd fruitless, empty toys?

XXVIII

Ye fools who barter gold for trash report
Can fire in pictures warm? Can sport
That stings the mock sense fill? How low s your Heav n! how short!

XXIX

Go chaffer Bliss for Pleasure which is had
More by the beast, than man, the bad
Swim in their mirth (CHRIST wept ne er laugh d) the best are sad

XXX

Brutes covet nought but what's terrene Heav'n s quire
Do in eternal joys conspire
Man twixt them both does inter mediate things desire 90

XXXI

Had we no bodies, we were angels and
Had we no souls we were un mann d
To beasts brutes are all flesh all spirit the heav nly band

XXXII

At first GOD made them one thus by subjecting
The sense to reason and directing
The appetite by th spirit but sin by infecting

XXXIII

Man s free born will, so shatters them that they
At present nor cohabit may
Without regret nor without grief depart away

XXXIV

Go cheating world that dancest o'er thy thorns 100
Lov st what undoes, hat st what adorns
Go, idolize thy vice, and virtue load with scorns

XXXV

Thy luscious cup more deadly than asp's gall
Empois neth souls for hell thou all
Time s mortals dost enchant with thy delusive call

XXXVI

Who steals from Time Time steals from him the prey
Pastimes pass Time, pass Heav n away
Few like the blessed thief, do steal Salvation s Day

XXXVII

Fools rifle Time s rich lott ry who misspend 109
Life s peerless gem alive descend
And antedate with stings their never ending end

XXXVIII

Whose vast desires engross the boundless land

70 Probably tables should be read and poss bly share

By fraud, or force, like spiders stand,
Squeezing small flies, such are their nets, and such their hand

XXXIX

When Nimrod's vulture-talons par'd shall be,
Their house's name soon changed you'll see,
For their Bethesda shall be turn'd to Bethany

XL

Better destroy'd by law, than rul'd by will,
What salves can cure, if balsams kill?
That good is worst that does degenerate to ill 120

XLI

Had not GOD left the Best within the power
Of persecutors, who devour,
We had nor martyrs' had, nor yet a SAVIOUR

XLII

SAINTS melt as wax, fool's-clay grows hard at cries
Of that scarce-breathing corse, who lies
With dry teeth, meagre cheeks, thin maw, and hollow eyes

XLIII

GOD made life, give 't to man, by opening veins,
Death 's sluic'd out, and pleuretic pains
Make GOD thy pattern, cure thyself, alms are best gains

XLIV

HEAV'N'S glory to achieve, what scanthing span 130
Hath the frail pilgrimage of man!
Which sets, when risen, ends, when it but now began

XLV

Who fight with outward lusts, win inward peace,
Judgements against self-judges cease
Who face their cloaks with zeal do but their woes increase.

XLVI

The mighty, mighty torments shall endure,
If impious hell admits no cure
The best security is ne'er to be secure

XLVII

Oaks, that dare grapple with Heav'n's thunder, sink
All shiver'd, coals that scorch do shrink 140
To ashes, vap'ring snuffs expire in noisome stink.

XLVIII

Time, strip the writhell'd witch, pluck the black bags
From off Sin's grizzly scalp, the hag's
Plague-sores show then more loathsome than her leprous rags

XLIX

'Twas she slew guiltless Naboth, 'twas she curl'd
The painted Jezebel, she hurl'd
Realms from their centre, she unhing'd the new-fram'd world

L

Blest then who shall her dash 'gainst rocks (her groans,
Our mirth), and wash the bloody stones
With her own cursed gore, repave them with her bones 150

LI

By Salique law she should not reign: storms swell
By her, which halcyon days dispel
Nought's left that's good where she in souls possest does dwell

LII

'Twas her excess bred plagues! infecting stars,
Infesting dearth, intestine wars
Surfeit with graves the earth, 'mongst living making jars

128 'Pleuretic' *sic in orig* but should be of course 'pleuritic'

LIII

My soul enlabyrinth'd in grief, spend years
In sackcloth chamleted with tears
Retir'd to rocks dark entrals court unwitness'd fears

LIV

There pass with Heraclite a gentler age 160
Free from the sad account of rage
That acts the toilsome world on its tumultuous stage

LV

There sweet Religion strings and tunes, and screws
The soul's the orb and doth infuse
Grave *Doric* epods in th' enthusiastic Muse

LVI

There Love turns trumpets into harps which call
Off sieges from the gun shot wall
Alluring them to Heav'n, her seat imperial

LVII

Thence came our joy and thence hymns eas'd our grief 169
Of which th' angelical was chief
Glory to GOD earth peace, good will for man's relief

LVIII

Quills pluck'd from Venus doves impress but shame
Then give your rhymes to Vulcan's flame
He'll elevate your badger feet he's free though lame

LIX

Things fall and nothings rise! Old Virtue fram'd
Honour for Wisdom Wisdom fam'd
Old Virtue such times were! wealth then Art's page was nam'd

LX

Lambeth was Oxford's whetstone yet above
Preferment's pinnacle they move
Who string the universe, and bracelet it for love 180

LXI

Virtue's magnific orb inflames their zeal,
By high rais'd anthems plagues they heal,
And threefork'd thunders in Heav'n soutstretch d'arm repeal

LXII

Shall larks with shrill chirpt matins rouse from bed
Of curtain'd night Sol's orient head?
And shall quick souls lie numb'd, as wrapt in sheets of lead?

LXIII

Awake from slumbring lethargy the gay
And circling charioteer of day
In's progress through the azure fields sees checks our stay

LXIV

Arise and rising emulate the rare
Industrious spinsters who with fair
Embroidries checker work the chambers of the air 192

LXV

Ascend Sol does on hills his gold display
And scattring sweets does spice the day
And shoots delight through Nature with each arrow'd ray

LXVI

The opal colour'd dawns raise fancy high,
Hymns ravish those who pulpits fly,
Convert dull lead to active gold by love-chemy

LXVII

As Nature's prime confectioner the bee 199
By her flow'r nibbling chemistry
Turns *vert* to *or* so verse gross prose does rarefy

LXVIII

Pow'rs cannot poets as they pow'rs up-buoy

Whose soul-enliv'ning charms decoy
Each wrinkled care to the pacific sea of joy

LXIX

As, where from jewels sparkling lustre darts,
Those rays enstar the dusky parts
So, beams of poesy give light, life, soul to arts

LXX

Rich poesy! thy more irradiant gems
Give splendour unto diadems,
And with coruscant rays emblaz'st Honour's stems 210

LXXI

Thee, Muse (Art's ambient air, Invention's door,
The stage of wits) both rich and poor
Do court A prince may glory to become thy wooer

LXXII

Poets lie entomb'd by kings Arts gums dispense,
By rumination bruis'd, are thence
By verse so fir'd, that their perfume enheav'n's the sense

LXXIII

Its theory makes all wiser, yet few better,
Practice is spirit, art the letter,
Use artless doth enlarge, art useless does but fetter

LXXIV

Sharp sentences are goads to make deeds go, 220
Good works are males, words females show
Whose lives act precedents, prevent the laws, and do

LXXV

So far we know, as we obey GOD, and
He counts we leave not His command,
When as our interludes but 'twixt our acts do stand

LXXVI

Honour's brave soul is in that body shrin'd,
Which floats not with each giddy wind
(Fickle as courtly dress), but Wisdom's sea does find

LXXVII

Steering by *Grace's* pole star, which is fast
In th' apostolic Zodiac plac'd 230
Whose course at first four evangelic pilots trac'd

LXXVIII

The Theanthropic Word, that mystic glass
Of revelations, that mass
Of oracles, that fuel of pray'r, that wall of brass,

LXXIX

That print of Heav'n on earth, that *Mercy's* treasure
And key, that evidence and seizure,
Faith's card, *Hope's* anchor, *Love's* full sail, abyss of pleasure

LXXX

Such saints' high tides ne'er ebb so low, to shelf
Them on the quicksand of their self-
Swallowing corruption Sin's the wrack, they fly that elf, 240

LXXXI

Gloomier than west of death, than north of night,
Than nest of triduan blacks, with fright
Which Egypt scar'd when He brought darkness who made light

LXXXII

Compar'd to whose storm, thund'ring peals are calm
Compar'd to whose sting, asps yield balm·
Compar'd to whose loath'd charm, death is a mercy-psalm

222 Orig 'Presidents' as often
236 seizure] In the legal sense
242 triduan blacks] Characteristic for 'three days' darkness,' or 'mourning,' cf II 211

LXXXIII

Her snares escap'd soar, Muse, to Him whose bright
Spirit illuminating sight
Turns damps to glorious days, turns fogs to radiant light

LXXXIV

Religion's Wisdom's study, that display 250
LORD countermand what goes astray
And smite the ass (rude Flesh) when it does start or bray

LXXXV

Soul thou art less than Mercy's least, three never
Depart from sin Shame, Guilt, and Fear
Fear Shame Guilt, Sin are four, yet all in one appear

LXXXVI

Crest fallen by sin how wretchedly I stray!
Methinks 'tis pride in me to pray
Heaven aid me struggling under this sad load of clay

LXXXVII

No man may merit, yet did One, we hold,
Who most do vaunt their zeal are cold 260
Thus tin for silver goes with the e and brass for gold

LXXXVIII

Renew my heart, direct my tongue, unseal
My hand inspire my faith, reveal
My hope increase my love, and my backslidings heal!

LXXXIX

Let language (man's choice glory) serve the mind
Thy Spirit on Bezaleel shin'd
Help Blood by faith applied! Thy spittle cur'd the blind

XC

Turn sense to spirit, Nature's By grace that is th
And Thy all powerfu projection,

XCI

Truth's touchstone, ere was fram'd (Tradition man disclaim'd),
The paper burns me all inflam'd

XCII

For as I read such ir glows
Such life renewing
That all what's kno righteous will

XCIII

Whose spells make with Thee wi
Corruption and t
All Vaticans are dr sterial gold

XCIV

Thus poor numb'd they're brought
Warm Tersias ge are so
Revived that then then half dead

XCV

Good thoughts from do derive
Good words effus give,
Good works diffus Thee do live a

XCVI

Nerve stretching Mu new strung, sh
Hymns to the Bu of men,
Make arts thy tributar

XCVII

But how can Eve's degenerate issue, bent
To sin, in its weak measures vent
Thy praise Unmeasurable! and Omnipotent? 291

XCVIII

Shrubs cannot cedars, nor wrens eagles praise,
Nor purblind owls on Sol's orb gaze
What is a drop to seas, a beam to boundless rays?

XCIX

Yet Hope and Love may raise my drooping flight,
And faith in Thee embeam my night
Great Love, supply Faith's nerves with wingèd hope—I WRITE

C

My spirit, LORD, my soul, my body, all
My thoughts, words, works, hereafter shall 299
Praise Thee, and sin bemoan
JESU, how lov'dst Thou me!
Me blessed, Thy Love make!
Me raised, Thy Love take!
JESU, my precious One!
May this, LOVE'S OFFERING, be!
My heart, tongue, eye, hand, bowèd knee,
As all came from, let all return to Thee!

NUNC sacra primus habet Finem, mea Cura, Libellus,
Jam precor impellat sanctior Aura ratem!
I felix, rapidas diffindas Cærula Syrtes,
Te Divina regit Dextera, Sospes abi

NON NOBIS DOMINE

THEOPHILA'S LOVE-SACRIFICE

The Summary of the Poem

THEOPHILA, or Divine Love, ascends to her Beloved by three degrees by Humility, by Zeal, by Contemplation In the first she is sincere, in the second fervent, in the third ecstatical In her humiliation she sadly condoles her sin, in her devotion she improves her grace, in her meditation she antedates her glory, and triumphantly congratulates the fruition of her Spouse And by three Ways, which divines call the Purgative, Illuminative, and Unitive, she is happily led into the disquisition of sin by man, of suffering by CHRIST as Sponsor, of salvation by Him as Redeemer In the Purgative Way she falls upon repentance, mortification, self-denial, helped in part by the knowledge of herself, which breeds contrition, renunciation, and purpose of amendment in the Illuminative she pursues moral virtues, theological graces, and gospel promises, revealed by CHRIST, as the great Apostle, which begets in her gratitude, imitation, and appropriation In the Unitive she is wholly taken up with intuition of super-celestial excellences, with beatifical apprehensions and adherences, as to CHRIST in body, to the HOLY GHOST in spirit, to GOD the FATHER in a bright resemblance of the Divine Nature All which are felt by the knowledge of CHRIST as Mediator, whence flow admiration, elevation, consummated in glorification. And were mysteriously

Stanza c] This, which even as printed has the *shape* of an altar, is in orig framed with an actual altar outlined and shaded See Introduction for Butler's flings at our poet's indulgence in this not uncommon nor uncomely freak

intimated in the symbolical oblations of the star led *Sophies*[1] who by their myrrh signified faith chastity mortification the purgative actions by their incense implied hope prayer obedience the illuminative devotions by their gold importing charity satiety radiancy the unitive eminences and it is the only ambition of THEOPHILA to offer these presents to her Beloved by whom her sin is purged her understanding enlightened her will and affections inflamed to the communion of all His glories Thus she by recollecting past creation present corruption and future beatifical vision endeavours to rouse us up from hellish security worldly solicitude and carnal concupiscence that, being raised we may conform to the will submit to the power and sympathize with the Spirit of CHRIST by a total resignation of self comforts abilities ends and by the internal acts of love devotion contemplation, she makes Sense subservient to Reason Reason to Faith and Faith to the written Word By Faith she believes what He has revealed and yields Him up all her understanding by Hope she waits for His promises and refers to Him all her will By Charity she loves His excellences and resigns to Him all her affections And by all these she triumphs over sin death hell in the sensual world and by His virtue grace favour enjoys an eminent degree of perfection in the intellectual

The Author's Prayer

O THOU most High distinct in Person undivided in Essence! Eternal Principle of all substances essential Being of all subsistences Cause of all causalities Life of our souls and Soul of our lives! Whose DEITY is as far beyond the comprehension of our reason as Thy omnipotency transcends our impotency We, wretched dust acknowledge that Adam's fall as it *deprived* us of all good so hath it *depraved* us with all evil for from our production to our dissolution our life if strictly discussed will be found wholly tainted always tempted with sin We discover our condition to be more corrupt than we can fully discover the sense of our sin stupefies us the sight of it reveals our blindness and the remembrance thereof doth put us in mind of our forgetfulness of Thee The number of our transgressions surpasseth our skill in arithmetic their weight is insupportable depressing us even to the abyss their guilt more extense than anything but thy mercy O LORD we have loved darkness more than light because our deeds were evil! therefore Thou hast showed us terrible things, we have sucked out the dregs of deadly wine! Our national crimes have extorted from Thy justice national judgements Our hellish sins inflame Thy wrath and Thy wrath inflames hell fire against us! We want so much of happiness as of obedience (our beatitude consisting in a thorough submission of our determinations unto Thy disposings and our practice to Thy providence) which causeth us with humbly pressing importunity to implore Thy goodness (for His sake who of mere love took upon Him a nature of infirmities to cure the infirmities of our nature) that Thou wouldst give us a sense of our senselessness and a fervent desire of more fervency, and true remorse and sorrow for want of remorse and sorrow for these our sins Oh steer the mystical ship of Thy Church safe amidst the rocks and quicksands of schism and heresy superstition and sacrilege into the fair havens of Peace and Truth! Give to Thy disconsolate Spouse melting in tears of blood the spirit of sanctity and prudence! May the light which conducts her to Thy celestial Canaan be never mocked by new false lights of apostatizing

[1] i e the Wise Men or Three Kings to whom Benlowes extends the form commonly reserved for the Persian monarch

hypocrisy, nor extinguished by barbarism! Thou, our FATHER, art the GOD of Peace, Thy SON, our SAVIOUR, the Prince of Peace, Thy SPIRIT, the Spirit of Peace, Thy servants, the children of Peace, whose duty is the study of Peace, and the end of their faith the Peace of GOD which passeth all understanding! Let all submit to Thy sceptre, adore Thy judgements, revere Thy laws, and love Thee above all, for Thine own sake, and others (even their enemies) for Thy sake, having Thee for our pattern, Thy precepts for our rule, and Thy Spirit for our guide

And now, in particular, I throw myself (who have unmeasurably swerved from Thy statutes) upon Thy mercies, beseeching Thee to give me a deep sense of my own unworthiness, and yet withal sincere thankfulness for Thy assistances grant that my sorrow for sin may be unfeigned, my desires of forgiveness fervent, my purpose of amendment steadfast, that so my hopes of Heaven may be advanced, and, what Thou hast sown in Thy mercy Thou mayst reap from my duty! Let religion and right reason rule as sovereign in me, and let the irascible and concupiscible faculties be their subjects! Give me an estate balanced between want and waste[1], pity and envy, give me grace to spend my wealth and strength in Thy service, let all my melancholy be repentance, my joys spiritual exultations, my rest hope, my peace a good conscience, and my acquiescence in Thee! In Thee, as the principle of truth, in Thy Word as the measure of knowledge, in Thy law as the rule of life, in Thy promise as the satisfaction of hope, and in Thy union as the highest fruition of glory! Oh, Thou Spring of Bounty, who hast given Thy SON to redeem me, Thy HOLY SPIRIT to sanctify me, and THYSELF to satisfy me! give me a generous contempt of sensual delusions, that I may see the vanity of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, the shame of pleasures, the folly of sports, the inconstancy of honours, the danger of greatness, and the strict account to be given for all! Oh, then give me an undaunted fortitude, an elevated course of contemplation, a resolution of spirit, and a sincere desire of Thy glory! Add, O LORD, to the cheerfulness of my obedience, the assurance of faith, and to the confidence of my hope, the joys of love! Oh, Thou heart the fountain of my faith, the object of my joy, and the rock of my confidence, guide my passion by reason, my reason by religion, my religion by faith, my faith by Thy Word, be pleased to improve Thy Word by Thy SPIRIT, that so, being established by faith, confirmed in hope, and rooted in charity, I may be only ambitious of Thee, prizing Thee above the delights of men, love of women, and treasure of the world! Nothing being so precious as Thy favour, so dreadful as Thy displeasure, so hateful as sin, so desirable as Thy grace! Let my heart be always fixed upon Thee, possessed by Thee, established in Thee, true unto Thee, upright toward Thee, and entire for Thee! that being thus inebriated with the sweet and pure streams of Thy sanctuary, I may serve Thee to the utmost of each faculty, with all the extension of my will, and intention of my affections, till my love shall ascend from earth to Heaven, from small beginnings to the consummation of a well-regulated and never-ceasing charity! O GOD, who art no less infinite in wisdom than in goodness, let me, where I cannot rightly know Thee there reverently admire Thee, that in transcendencies my very ignorance may honour Thee Let Thy HOLY SPIRIT inflame my zeal, inform my judgement, conform my will, reform my affections, and transform me wholly into the image and imitation of Thy only SON! Grant that I may improve my talent to Thy glory, who art the imparter of the gift, the blesser of the action, and the assister of the design! So that having sown to the Spirit, I may by Thy mercies and Thy SON'S merits (who is the Son of Thy love, the anchor of my hope, and the finisher of my faith) reap life everlasting! And now, in His only Name vouchsafe to accept from dust and ashes the oblation of this weak, yet willing service, and secure the pos-

[1] There is humorous pathos in this, considering what we are told of Benlowes' fortunes.

session to Thyself that sin may neither pollute the sacrifice, divide the gift, nor question the title. Fill my mouth with praises for the e happy opportunities of contemplation, the managing of public actions less agreeing with my disposition; and though my body be retired, yet let my soul be enlarged (like an uncaptived bird) to soar in the speculation of divine mysteries! Oh be praised for that! In this general combustion of Christendom, Thou hast vouchsafed me a little Zoar, as refuge, in which my soul doth yet live to magnify Thee; but above all for my redemption from the execution of Thy wrath by the execration of the SON of Thy love, having made innocence to become guilty, to make the guilty innocent; and the Sun of Righteousness to suffer a total eclipse to expiate the deeds of darkness. Be Thou exalted for the myriads of Thy mercies in my travels through Europe, as far transcending my computation as compensation; but chiefly for the hope Thou hast given me, that when I have served Thee in humbly strict obedience to the glory of Thy Name, Thou art pleased that I shall enter into the glory of my LORD to all eternity, where I shall behold THEE in Thy majesty, CHRIST Thy SON in His glory, the SPIRIT in His sanctity, the Hierarchy of Heaven in their excellency, and the saints in their rest; in which rest there is perfect tranquillity, and in this tranquillity joy, and in this joy variety, and in this variety security, and in this security immortality, with Thee who reignest in the excellences of transcendency, and in the infinite durations of a blessed eternity. To whom, with the image of Thy goodness, and the breath of Thy love, O most glorious TRINITY and ineffable UNITY, be all sanctity and adoration sacrificed now and for evermore. *Amen, Amen.*

INTO the most Holy Treasury
Of the ever glorious praises
Of the MEDIATOR between
GOD and man, CHRIST JESUS
The empyreum flame of the Divinity
Indefinable, interminable, ineffable
The immaculate earth of the Humanity
Inseparable, inconfusible, inconvertible
Mysterious in an hypostatical Union
Who is
The true Light enlightening the World
The Eternal WORD
By Energy incarnated
{ Embrightening our Knowledge
{ Enlivening our Faith
{ Quickening our Hope
{ Inflaming our Love
Prostrated dust and ashe
With an adoring awfulness and trembling veneration
To his Infinite Majesty
Doth humbly cast this mite
(Acknowledging from GOD all opportunities of good) to be improved
by His grace, to His glory[1]

[1] The matter of these two cols is in orig continuous and arranged pedestal fashion But there is no *frame* as in the former case and it is therefore not certain that Benlowes intended the shape

Canto II. The Humiliation

THE ARGUMENT

Unde superbit Homo? cujus Conceptio, Culpa,
Nasci, Pœna, Labor, Vita, necesse mori
Totus homo pravus, Caro, Mens, Natura, Voluntas,
Cœlicus ast Hominis Crimina tollit Amor

The Deiform'd soul, deformed by sin, repents,
In pray'rs and tears, her grief she vents,
And, till faith cheer her by CHRIST's love, life, death, laments

STANZA I

ALMIGHTY Power, who didst all souls create,
Who didst redeem their fall'n estate,
Who still dost sanctify, and them redintegrate

II

Source, river, ocean of all bliss, instil
Spring-tides into my low-ebb'd quill
Each graceful work flows from (what works all grace) Thy Will

III

LORD! Thou, before time, matter, form, or place,
Wast all, ere nature's mortal race
Thyself, host, guest, and palace, nature's total space.

IV

When yet (though not discern'd) in that abyss 10
Creator, Word, and Spirit of bliss,
In Unity the Trine, one GOD, adored is

V

Ere Thou the crystal-mantled Heav'n didst rear,
Or did the earth, Sol's bride, appear,
First race of intellectuals mad'st, Thee to revere

VI

Praise best doth Inexpressibles express
Soul, th' Architect of wonders bless,
Whose all-creating Word embirth'd a nothingness

VII

Who, brooding on the deep, production
Dispos'd, then call'd out Light, which on 20
The formless world's rude face was all dispers'dly thrown

VIII

When callow Nature, pluck'd from out her nest
Of causes, was awak'd from rest,
Her shapeless lump with fledg'd effects He trimly drest

IX

Then new-born day He gilt with glittering sun
(Contracted light), with changing Moon
He night adorn'd, and hung up lamps, like spangled bullion

X

The earth, with water mixed, He separates
Earth plants brought forth, and beasts all mates,
The waters fowl, and fish to yield man delicates 30

XI

Then did of th' elements' dust man's body frame
A perfect microcosm, the same
He quickened with a sparkle of pneumatic flame

XII

More heav'nly specified by life from th Word,
That Nature doth, this Grace afford,
And Glory from the Spirit design d as threefold cord

XIII

Man ere a child, by infusion wise, though He
Was of yet not for earth, though free
Chanc'llor install d of Eden s Uni versity

XIV

His virgin sister wife i th grove he wood 40
(Heav n s nursery), new fruit his food
Skin was his robe clouds wash d winds swept his floor

XV

Envy that God should so love man first mov d all good
Satan to ruin Heav n s belov d
The serpent devill d Eve she s dam to Adam prov d

XVI

Both taste by tasting tasteless both became
Who all would know knew nought but shame
They blush for that which they when righteous could not name

XVII

Still in our maw that apple s core doth stick
Which they did swallow, and the thick 50
Rind of forbidden fruit has left our nature sick

XVIII

Now serves our guiltiness as winding sheet
To wrap up lepers cover meet
While thus stern vengeance does our wormships sadly greet

XIX

'Disloyal slaves look out see Mis chief revels,
Look in see your own den of evils
Look up see Heav'n s dread Judge look down, see Hell s fierce devils

XX

Created in God s image to look high
Corrupted like to brutes you lie
Perdition s from yourselves no cure for those will die 60

XXI

'Your beauty rottenness skinn d o er, does show
Like to a dunghill blanch d with snow
Your glorious nature s by embasing sin brought low

XXII

'Hence you the heavy doom of death do gain
Enforc d unto laborious pain
And th Angel s flaming sword doth you, expuls d restrain

XXIII

Thus she reproach d, yet more (alas) remain d,
Man s issue in his loins is stain d
Sin set his throne in him and since o er all has reign d

XXIV

Black sin! more hideous than green dragon's claws 70
Dun gryphon s talons swart bear s paws
Than chequer'd panther's teeth or tawny lion s jaws

XXV

Forfeit to the Creator s thus man s race
And by the Word withdrawn is grace
From him the Spirit of Glory turn d His pleasing face

45 dam] Of course as a play on *damnum* and perhaps with reminiscence of the actual French word Benlowes often shows Fr influences

XXVI

Yet that this second race, in fallen plight,
Might not with the first be ruin'd quite,
The Word doth interpose to stop th' incensèd Might

XXVII

Then undertakes for man to satisfy,
And the sad loss of Grace supply
That us He might advance to Glory's hierarchy. 81

XXVIII

Then Peace is preach'd i'th' woman's Seed, but then
As men increase, so, sins of men,
And actual on original heap'd, GOD'S vex'd again

XXIX

Till drench'd they were in Deluge, had no shore,
And burnt in Sodom-flames, of yore,
Plagued in Egypt, plung'd into the gulf of Core,

XXX

And gnawn by worms in Herod sin's asp's womb,
Plotter, thief, plaintiff, witness, doom,
Sledge, executioner, hell's inmate, horror's tomb 90

XXXI

Misgotten brat! thy trains are infinite
To ruin each entangled wight,
Mischiefs ne'er rest in men, th' have everlasting spite

XXXII

Spite wageth war, then war turns law to lust,
Lust crumbles faith into distrust,
Distrust by causeless jealousy betrays the just,

XXXIII

The just are plunder'd by thy rage, thy rage
Bubbleth from envy, envy's page
To thy misdeeds, misdeeds their own misfate engage

XXXIV

Thus link'd to Hell's thy chain! Curs'd be that need 100
Makes sinners in their sins proceed
Shame, to guilt's forlorn hope, leads left-hand files Take heed

XXXV

GOD'S fort (the conscience) in the worst does stand,
Though sin the town keeps by strong hand,
Yet lies it open to the check at Heav'n's command

XXXVI

Hence Hell surrounds them in their dreams to fall
Headlong they seem, then start, groan, crawl
From furies, with excessive frights which them appal

XXXVII

Ne'er was more mischief, ne'er was less remorse,
Never Revenge on his black horse
Did swifter ride, never to GOD so slow recourse! 111

XXXVIII

The age-bow'd earth groans under sinners' weight,
While guiltless blood cries to Heav'n's height,
Justice soon takes th' alarm, whose steelèd arm will smite

XXXIX

Inevitable woes a while may stay,
Vengeance is GOD'S, who will repay
The desperately wilful nor will long delay

XL

'Tis darkest near daybreak He will o'erturn
Th' implacable, who mercy spurn

87 Cf A V Ep S Jude ver 11 'the gainsaying of Core' Benlowes obviously has the context in mind.

102 left-hand files] Perhaps one of the *military* passages which drew Butler's fire

Superlative abuses in th abyss shall
burn 120

XLI

Death s hell Death s self out-deaths ! Vindictive place !
Deep under depths ! Eccentric space !
Horror itself than thee wears a less horrid face !

XLII

Where pride, lust rage (sin treble pointed) dwell
Shackled in red hot chains they yell
In bottomless extremes of never slaking Hell !

XLIII

Riddle ! Compell d at once to live and die !
Trying they freeze and freezing fry !
On helpless hopeless easeless endless racks they lie !

XLIV

And rave for what they hate !
Cursing in vain 130
Yet each curse is a pray r for pain
For cursing still their woe they woo
GOD S curse again !

XLV

Devils and shrieks their ears their eyes affright !
There s blazing fire yet darkest night !
Still paying ne er discharg d Sin s debt is infinite !

XLVI

Angels by one sin fell so man how then
May sinners stand ! Let s quit sin s den
This moment s ours, life hastes away delays gangrene

XLVII

Conviction ushers Grace, fall to prevent
Thy fall Time s forelock take, relent 140
Shall is to come and *Was* is past, then *Now* repent

XLVIII

Before the sun s long shadows span up night,
Ere on thy shaking head snows light
Ere round thy palsied heart ice be congealèd quite,

XLIX

Ere in thy pocket thou thine eyes dost wear
Ere thy bones serve for calender,
Ere in thy hand s thy leg or silver in thy hair

L

Preventing physic use Think now ye hear
The dead awakening trump lo there
The queasy stomach d graves dis gorge worms fat ning cheer 150

LI

Sin s sergeants wait t attach you, then make haste
Lest you into despair be cast
The JUDGE unsway d take days at best, count each your last

LII

Time posts on loose rein d steeds
The sun ere t face
To west may see thee end thy race
Death is a noun yet not declin d in any case

LIII

The cradle s nigh the tomb That soul has woe
Whose drowsy march to Heav n is slow
As drawling snails whose slime glues them to things below

LIV

Anathema to lukewarm souls Lo here 160
Theophila s unhing d with fear
Clamm d with chill sweat when as her rankling sins appear

LV

Perplex d in crime s meandring maze
GOD S law

XLVIII XLIX] The poetry and the grotesque of the metaphysical style are well shown in this p ir of stanzas

And guilt, that does strict judgement draw,
And her too carnal, yet too stony heart she saw

LVI

'Yet rocks may cleave,' she cries. Then weeps for tears,
And grieves for grief, fears want of fears,
She hell, Heav'n's prison, views, distress, for robe, she wears

LVII

Deprav'd by vice, depriv'd of grace, with pray'r,
She runs Faith's course, breaks through Despair, 170
O'ertakes Hope Broken legs by setting stronger are

LVIII

Shame, native Conscience, views that Holy One,
Who came from GOD to man undone,
Whose birth produc'd a star, whose death eclips'd the sun

LIX

She sees Earth-Heav'n, Flesh-spirit, Man-God in stamp
Of HIM who shakes, but does not cramp
The bruised reed, snuffs puts not out the sputt'ring lamp

LX

She sees for creatures the Creator came
To die, the Shepherd prov'd the lamb
For sacrifice, when Jews releas'd a spotted ram 180

LXI

She sees defamèd Glory, wrongèd Right,
Debasèd Majesty, crush'd Might,
Virtue condemn'd, Peace robb'd, Love slain! and all by Spite

LXII

She streaming sees, like spouts, each broachèd vein
With gore, not to be match'd again!
Her grief thence draws up mists to fall in weeping rain

LXIII

Vast cares, long dumb, thus vent 'Flow tears, Soul's wine,
Juice of an heart oppress' incline,
LORD, to this heart-broke altar cemented with brine'

LXIV

'Remorseful clouds, dissolve in show'rs, 'tis blood 190
Turns rocky hearts into a flood
Eyes, keep your sluices ope. Heav'n best by tears is woo'd.

LXV

'Thou, who one shoreless sea of all didst make,
Except one floating isle, to take
Vengeance on guilt, my salt flood rais'd, drown sin i' th' lake

LXVI

'Oh, how these words, "Arise to judgement," quell!
On wheels in torments broke I'd dwell,
So as by grace I might be sav'd from endless Hell

LXVII

'To Angel-intercessor, I'm forbid
To pray, yet pray to One that did 200
Pray to Another for Himself when s blood-drops slid

LXVIII

'Father! Perfection's self in CHRIST does shine;
Thy justice then in HIM confine,
Through 's merits make Thy mercies, both are endless, mine!

LXIX

'See not, but through 's abstersive blood, my sin,
By which I being cleans'd within,
Add perseverance 'Tis as hard to hold as win'

LXX

Her eyes are sentinels to pray'r, to moans
Her ears, her nose courts charnel-bones,

Her hands breast hammers are, her constant food is groans 210

LXXI

Her heart is hung with blacks, with dust she cloys
Her golden tresses weds annoys
Breeds sighs bears grief which ibis like, sin snakes destroys

LXXII

Thus mounts she drizzling Olivet, the plains
Of Jericho she leaves (While rains
The farmer wet they fully swell his earing grains)

LXXIII

She her own farmer stock'd from Heav'n is bent
To thrive, care bout the pay-day's spent
Strange! She alone is farmer, farm, and stock, and rent

LXXIV

The porcupine so's quiver, bow, and darts 220
To herself alone, has all war's arts,
Her own artillery needs no aid from foreign parts

LXXV

Sad votaress! thy earth, of late o'er grown
With weeds is plough'd, till'd, harrow'd sown
The seed of grace sprouts up when Nature is kept down

LXXVI

Thy glebe is mellow'd with faith quickning juice,
The furrows thence hope blades produce
Thy valley cloth'd with Love will harvest joys diffuse

LXXVII

Live Phœnix from self death I'th morn who dies
To sin does but immortalize 230
Who study death ere dead ere th' Resurrection rise

LXXVIII

Rachel thy children goal and crown have won
Ere they had skill or will to run
Blest, who their whole day's work in their life's morn have done

LXXIX

Like misty morn she rose in dew so found
She ne'er was, till this sickness sound
Till sin in sorrow's flowing issue (tears) lay drown'd

LXXX

Soul's life blood tears prevailing pleaders time
Such rebels as by Eve did shame
Man's glory only these the old fall'n world new frame 240

LXXXI

Lust causeth sin sin shame shame bids repent
Repentance weeps tears sorrow vent
Sorrow shows faith Faith hope Hope love Love soul's content

LXXXII

Thus from bruis'd spiceries of her breast doth rise
Incense sweet smelling sacrifice
Whilst she lifts up to Heav'n her heart her hand her eyes

LXXXIII

'I'm sick with trembling sunk with mourning blasted
With sinning and with sighing wasted,
New life begins to breathe, O joy too long untasted!

LXXXIV

'Twice didst new life (by breath by death) bestow 250
On man prevaricating who
By yielding to a woman made man yield to woe

LXXXV

'Then didst his soul *restore* (as first inspire)
With second grace, renewing fire

Whence he hath part again in Thy celestial quire

LXXXVI

'Once more for this Heav'n-denizen didst get
A never-fading coronet,
Which was with two bright jewels, Grace and Glory, set

LXXXVII

''Twas at my blood-stain'd birth Thy Love said, *Live*
Links of Thy previous chain revive 260
Ev'n crumbled dust so, thou my soul from death reprieve!

LXXXVIII

'CHRIST, th' unction art, Salvation JESUS, in
Thy death redemption, blood for sin
Gives satisfaction, Thy Ascension hope does win,

LXXXIX

'Thy session comfort Though I did offend,
LORD, fears disband, give grace t' amend,
That, hope, which reaps not shame, may rise, and peace descend

XC

'My pardon sign The spear pierc'd Thee 's the pen,
Thy blood the ink, Thy Gospel then
The standish is, Oh, let my soul be paper clean! 270

XCI

'Kind, angry LORD, since Thou dost wound, yet cure,
I'll bear the yoke, the cross endure,
Lament, and love; and, when set free, keep conscience pure'

XCII

Thus mourns she, and, in mourning thus, she joys,
Ev'n that adds comfort which annoys,
Sighs turn to songs, and tears to wine, fear Fear destroys

XCIII

As holy flame did from her heart arise,
Dropt holy water from her eyes,
While pray'r her incense was, and Love her sacrifice

XCIV

Arm! arm! she breaks in with strong zeal, the place 280
Sin quits, now garrison'd by Grace,
Illustrious triumphs do the steps of victors trace

XCV

When the loud volleys of her pray'rs begin
To make a breach, they soon take in
The parapets, redoubts, and counter-scarps of sin

XCVI

At once she works and fights with lamp she waits,
Midst virgins, at the Bridegroom's gates,
With Him to feast her with His bridal delicates

XCVII

To Heav'n now goes she on her knees, which cry
Loud, as her tongue, much speaks her eye 290
Heav'n, storm'd by violence, yields Eyes, tongue, and knees scale high.

XCVIII

'My last crave pardon for my first extremes,
Be prais'd, who crown'st my morn with beams,
Converted age sees visions, erring youth dreamt dreams

XCIX

'Religion 's its own lustre, who this shun,
Night-founder'd grope at midday sun.

256 denizen] Original 'denison'

Rebellion is its own self torturing dungeon'

C

Man's restless mind God's image can't be blest
Till of this One this All, possest
Thou our Soul's Centre art our everlasting REST! 300

Pars superata Freti Lucem præ bentibus Astris
Longior at nostræ Pars superanda Viæ
Da DEUS ut Cursus suscepti nostra propinquet
Meta laboranti grata futura Rati

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM

Canto III The Restoration

THE ARGUMENT

Lætior una Dies, JESU tua Sacra Canenti
Quam sine Te melicis Secula mille Lyris
Ut paveam Scelus omne petam super Omnia Cœlum
Da mihi Fræna Timor Da mihi Calcar Amor!

The author's rapture Grace is prais'd a flood
Of tears is pour'd for Albion's blood
Shed in a mist for smot[e] Micaiahs Peace is woo'd

STANZA I

MUSE, twang the powerful harp and brush each string
O th warbling lute and canzons sing
May ravish earth and thence to Heav'n in triumph spring

II

Noble Du Bartas, in a high flown trance
Observ'd to start from s hed and dance
Said 'Thus by me shall caper all the realm of France

III

As vicious meteors fram'd of earthly slime
By motion fir'd like stars do climb
The woolly-curdled clouds, and there blaze out their time,

IV

Streaming with burnish'd flames yet those but ray 10
To spend themselves and light our way,
And panting winds to cool ours not their own lungs play

V

So [when] enliven'd spirits ascend the skies
Wasting to make the simple wise
Who bears the torch himself shades lightens others eyes

VI

As Lust for Hell Zeal sweats to build for Heav'n
When fervent aspirations driv'n
By all the soul's quick pow'rs to th't high search are giv'n

VII

High is the sphere on which Faith's poles are hinged
Pure Knowledge thou art not restringed, 20
Thy flames enfire the bushy heart yet leave't unsinged

13 when] This is not in orig but there is a space before enlivened (not to mention the sense), and the metre requires something The clash of *when et* probably puzzled the compositor I have altered the full stop at wise to a comma but this is not necessary now if when be inserted

VIII

Suburbs of Paradise! Thou saintly land
Of visions, woo'd by Wisdom's band,
By dull mules in gold-trappings how dost slighted stand!

IX

Whose world's a frantic sea, more cross winds fly
Than sailor's compass knows, saints ply
Their sails through airy waves, and anchor still on high

X

'Tis Holiness landst here, where none (distasted)
Rave with guilt's dread, nor with rage wasted,
Nor beauty-dazzled eyes with female wantons blasted 30

XI

No childish toys, no boiling youth's wild thirst,
No ripe ambition, no accurst
Old griping avarice, no doting sloth there's nurst

XII

No glutt'ny's maw-worm, nor the itch of lust,
No tympany of pride, nor rust
Of envy, no wrath's spleen, nor obduration's crust

XIII

No canker of self-love, nor cramp of cares,
No schism-vertigo, nor night-mares
Of inward stings affright, here lurk no penal snares

XIV

Hence earth a dim spot shows, where mortals toil 40
For shot-bruis'd mud-walls (childish broil),
For pot-gun cracks 'gainst ant-hill works, oh, what a coil!

XV

Where Glutt'ny is full gorg'd, where Lust still spawns,
Where Wrath takes blood and Avarice pawns,
Where Envy frets, Pride struts, and dull Remissness yawns

XVI

Where Mars th' ascendant's how realms shatter'd lie
With scatter'd courts, beneath mine eye,
Which show like atoms chas'd by wind's inconstancy

XVII

Here, th' Universe in Nature's frame doth stand,
Upheld by Truth and Wisdom's hand 50
Zanzummims show from hence as dwarfs on Pigmy-land

XVIII

How vile's the world! Fancy, keep up thy wings
(Ruffled in bustle of low things,
Toss'd in the common throng), then acquiesce 'bove kings

XIX

Thus, thou being rapt, and struck with enthean fire,
In sky's star-chamber strike thy lyre
Proud Rome, not all thy Caesars could thus high aspire

XX

Man's spiritual state, enlarg'd, still widening flows,
As th' Helix doth a circle shows
Man's nat'ral life, which Death soon from its zenith throws 60

XXI

Heav'n's perspective is over-reas'ning Faith,
Which soul-entrancing visions hath,
Truth's beacon, fir'd by Love, Joy's empire open lay'th

24 mules] A reminiscence possibly of Philip's 'ass laden with gold' I note this as one of a thousand things that might be noted if the plan of this edition were different

XXII

This all informing Light i th preg
nant mind
The babe Theophila enshrin'd
Grace dawns when Nature sets
dawn for fair day design d

XXIII

Breathe in thy dainty bud sweet
rose, tis Time
Makes thee to ripened virtues
climb
When as the Sun of Grace shall
spread thee to thy prime

XXIV

When her life s clock struck twelve
(Hope s noon) so bright
She beam d that queens admir'd
her light
Viewing through Beauty s lantern
her intrinsic light

XXV

As when fair tapers burn in crystal
frame
The case seems fairer by the flame
So does Heav n s brighter love
brighten this lovely dame

XXVI

Her soul the pearl her shell out
whites the snow
Or streams that from stretch d
udders flow
Her lips rock rubies and her veins
wrought sapphires show

XXVII

Attractive graces dance about her
lips,
Spice from those scarlet portals
skips
Thence Gilead s mystic balm
(Grief s sov reign balsam) slips

XXVIII

Such precious fume the incens d
altar vents
So gums in air breathe compli
ments
So rose s damask d robe prank d
with green ribbons scents

XXIX

Her eye amaze the viewers and
inspire
To hearts awarm yet chaste desire
(As Sol heats all) yet feel they in
themselves no fire

XXX

Those lights the radiant windows
of her mind,
Who would portray as oon
may find
A way to paint the viewless poise
the weightless wind

XXXI

But, might we her sweet breast
Love s Eden see
On those snow mountlets apples
be
May cure those mischiefs wrought
by the forbidden tree

XXXII

Her hands are soft as swanny
down and much
More white whose temperate
warmth is such
As when ripe gold and quick ning
sunbeam inly touch

XXXIII

Ye sirens of the groves who perch d
on high
Tune gutt ral sweets air minstrels
why
From your bough cradles rock d
with wind to Her d ye fly?

XXXIV

See lilies gown d in tissue simper
by her
With marigolds in flaming tire
Green satin d bays with primrose
fringed seem all on fire

XXXV

Th art silver voic d teeth pearl d
thy head s gold thatch d
Nature s reviver Flora s patch d
Thoughtrick d in May's new raiment
when with thee she s match d

91] This and the follow ng stanzas give us (I say this not to say it again) one of the passages for which those who love poetry cannot spare Benlowes It is one of the finest

XXXVI

THOU, chaste as fair, Eve ere she blush'd, from thee
The lib'ral arts *in capite*,
The virtues by knight-service, Graces hold in fee

XXXVII

A gracious soul, figur'd in beauty, is
Best portraiture of heavenly bliss,
Drawn to the life wit-feign'd Pandora vails to this 111

XXXVIII

So, Cynthia seems Star-chamber's President,
With crescent splendour from Sol lent,
Rallying her starry troop to guard her glittering tent

XXXIX

(Pearl'd dews add stars) Yet earth's shade shuts up soon
Her shop of beams, whose cone doth run
'Bove th' horned moon, beneath the golden-tressèd sun

XL

Wh' on sky, clouds, seas, earth, rocks doth rays disperse,
Stars, rainbows, pearls, fruits, diamonds pierce,
The world's eye, source of light, soul of the universe 120

XLI

Who glows like carbuncles, when wingèd hours
Dandle the infant morn, which scours
Dame Luna, with her twinkling spies, from azure tow'rs

XLII

Thee, Theophil, Day's sparkling eye we call,
Thy faith's the lid, thy love the ball,
Beautying thy graceful mien with form angelical

XLIII

That lady-prioress of the cloister'd sky,
Coach'd with her spangled vestals nigh,
Vails to this constellation from divinity

XLIV

Virtue's her spring of honour, her Allies 130
Are saints, Guard angels, Heav'n her prize,
Whose modesty looks down, while thus her graces rise

XLV

Eugenia wit, Paidia art affords,
Eusebia truth for her uphords
(Poets have legislative pow'r of making words)

XLVI

Her heart's a court, her richly-temper'd breast
A chapel for Love's regent Guest
Here feasts she sacred poets, she herself a feast

XLVII

Ye bay-crown'd Lords, who dig from Wisdom's pits
The ore of arts, and with your wits 140
Refine't, who prop the doting world in stagg'ring fits,

XLVIII

And in Fame's court raise obelisks divine,
Such symphonies do ye combine,
As may inspirit flesh with your soul-ravishing wine

XLIX

While Winter Autumn, Summer clasps the Spring,
While tenter'd Time shall pæans sing,
Your eagle-plumes (that others waste) shall imp Fame's wing

112 The political historian is sometimes severe on the Star-chamber the literary could collect a set of plays on the word which more than save it
133 Note the correct quantification of Paidia as compared with her sisters
134 Benlowes' note in the next line dispenses one from correcting 'uphoards'

L

The rampant juice of Teneriffe recruits
Wildly the routed spirits so lutes,
Harps viols organs ah! and trumpets drums and flutes! 150

LI

Though Art should humour grumbling basses still
Torturing the deep-mouth'd catlins till
Hoarse thundering diapasons should the whole room fill

LII

Yet those but string this lady's harp, shell try
Each chord's tun'd pulse, till she descry
Where most harmonious Music's mystic soul does lie

LIII

Now grace with language chimes Thrice blest who taste
Their Heaven on earth in Life's book grac'd,
Who leaving sense with sense their spirit with spirits have plac'd

LIV

'With those divine patricians, who being not 160
Eclips'd with sense or body's spot
Are in the spring of living flame seraphic hot

LV

One taste gives joys! joys at which words but rove,
Schools purblind grope at things above
Cimmerian like on whose sun's brow clouds darkly move

LVI

'Heav'n's path are traceless by excess of light
O'er fulgent beams daz'd eyes benight
Say Ephata and clay's collyrium for my sight!

LVII

'Transported in this ecstasy befriend
Me like the Stagirite to end
My thoughts in that Euripus none can comprehend! 170

LVIII

This mystic chain oh lengthen'd still! imparts
Links fettering bove all time born arts
Such sweet divisions from tun'd strings may ravish hearts

LIX

Best tenure holds by th' ear in Saul disguis'd
When Satan oft tarantulizd
The psalming harp was bove the swaying sceptre priz'd

LX

This Hymn Zeal's burning fever does refine
My gross hydropic soul Divine
Anthems unbowel bliss and angels down incline 180

LXI

Angels shot forth the happiest Christmas news
Evn CHRIST to warble hymns did use
When Heav'n's high'st DOVE does soar He wings of verse doth choose

LXII

No verse no text Since verse charms all, sing on
Let sermons wait till Psalms be done
Soul raisers ye prevent the Resurrection

LXIII

But ah! in war (Wrath's midwife) which does tire
Yet never fills the jaws of ire
(Keen as the evening wolf) can she yet use her lyre?

152 catlins] So in orig and better for catgut than catlings which suggests kittens' For Benlowes interest in music see the subjoined poem on the subject

LXIV

Yes She's unmov'd in earthquakes, tun'd in jars 190
(Fear argues guilt), she stands in wars,
And storms of thund'ring brass, bright as coruscant stars

LXV

Virtue's a balsam to itself Invoke
She Mercy did to oil steel's yoke
Thus, in an iron age, this golden Virgin spoke

LXVI

'Dread GOD! black clouds surcharged with storms, begin,
When purple robes hide scarlet sin,
Ingrain'd from that life-blood, which moated their souls in

LXVII

'Our sea-girt world (once Fort'nate Isle, oh, change
Deplorable!) t'itself seems strange,
Unthrifty Death has spread where thriving Peace did range 201

LXVIII

'War hath our lukewarm claret broach'd with spears
LORD, save Thy ark from floods of fears,
Or Thy sad spouse may sink as deep in blood, as tears!

LXIX

'She chaws bread steep'd in woes, gulp'd down with cries,
She drinks the rivers of her eyes,
Plung'd in distress for sin, to Thee she fainting flies

LXX

'Tune th' Irish harp from sharps to flats! Compose
Whatever vicious harshness grows
Upon the Scottish thistle, or the English rose! 210

LXXI

'No ramping lion its own kind does fear,
No tusked boar, no rav'ning bear
Man, man's Apollyon, doth CHRIST's mystic Body tear

LXXII

'Ye sons of thunder, if you'll needs fight on,
Lead your fierce troops 'gainst Turkish moon,
Out of the line of Faith's communication

LXXIII

'The large commanding Thracian force defy
Like gun stocks, though your corps may fly
To earth, your souls, like bullets, will ascend on high

LXXIV

'If GOD be then i' th' camp, much more will He 220
In's Militant Church (His Temple) be,
To chasten schism, and pervicacious heresy

LXXV

'LORD! rent's Thy coat, Love's type! This sads the good!
Though Presters, rudely fierce, fain would
Be heard, Thou hat'st uncivil pray'r, and civil blood

LXXVI

'Ah, could dissembling pulpiteers cry't good
To wade through seas of native blood,
Break greatest ties, play fast and loose, beneath Smect's hood!

LXXVII

'By such were Catechisms, Communions, Creeds
Disus'd! As March spawns frogs, so, weeds 230
Sprung hence Worst Atheist from corrupted Churchman breeds

224 Presters] Benlowes wanted a disyllabic form of 'Presbyter,' but one may be sure that he was not sorry to suggest *Presster* John'

228 Smect] Of course = 'Smectymnuus'

LXXVIII

Use the LORD'S Prayr be th Publican, recant
The Pharisee or else avant
With your six hundred sixty six word Covenant

LXXIX

LORD they through faithless dreams the Feast disown
Of Thy SON'S Incarnation!
(Then whether will such Proteus tants at last be blown?)

LXXX

That Feast of Feasts Archangel's joy Heav'n here
Espous'd to earth Saints bliss most dear
Prerogative o th Church the grand day of the year 240

LXXXI

Man first made good himself un made and then
The Word made flesh must dwell with men
That man thus worse than nought may better'd be again

LXXXII

Dare to own truth Drones seiz'd the bees full bow'r,
All's paint that butterflies deflow'r
As ants improve so grasshoppers impair their hour

LXXXIII

When pirate wasps sail to the honey'd grot
They'll find a trap glass death i th pot
Levites slight not your breast work for vain outworks got

LXXXIV

We ken Kirk interest, Draco's laws recall 250
Repair the old Church, Saints the wall
True Pastors conduits Grace the font Love cements all

LXXXV

Pass freely would we of oblivion
An Act and pardon all bygone
Would you smite hand on thigh and say What have we done!

LXXXVI

Truth's pensioners! your flocks bleat food they need
CHRIST'S flesh their meat, blood drink indeed
View Glory's crown, in season out of season feed

LXXXVII

'Ye friends to th Bridegroom stewards to the Bride
With oracles of truth us guide 260
Truth blesseth Church and State faithful till crown'd abide

LXXXVIII

So when the Judge with His reward appears
You'll reap in joy what's sown in tears
Moist seed times crown the fields with golden bearded ears

LXXXIX

Judge Advocate to th wrong'd! sure Thou to guilt
Which would unmake Thy creatures wilt
Be just when inquisition's made for blood that's spilt

XC

At our ear's port land Peace and Truth! Oh then
Welcome as Sol to th Russ'in's den!
As shore to shipwreck'd as to towns dismantled, men! 270

XCI

Oh might a second angel choir ne'er cease
To worms worn out with War's distress
To sing in all men's hearing their blest song of Peace!

234 The number of the Beast
237 Proteustants] See Introduction
250 ken] S rdonically as well as alliteratively no doubt

XCII

'Peace! Home of pilgrims, first song at Christ's birth,
Peace, His last legacy on earth;
Peace, gen'ral preface to all good,
Peace, saints' true mirth

XCIII

'Love, thou support to martyrs! as jet straw,
So us to our Belov'd dost draw,
Thou art gold's true elixir, thou summ'st up the law

XCIV

'Who can Divine Love speak in words of sense? 280
Since, man, as ransom'd, angels thence
Transcends! Such is Christ's passion's high pre-eminence!'

XCV

Here did she seal her lips, unsluice her eyes
To flowing rhet'ric, and descries
The world's a cask, its wine false mirth, its lees fool's prize

XCVI

And now, by limpid spring of life-joy, where
Crystal is limbeck'd all the year,
To GOD she would her Heav'n-ascending raptures rear.

XCVII

Taught hence, misguided Zeal, whom heats dispose
To animosities, may close, 290
And bloody Fury's converts be, by pond'ring those

XCVIII

Harmonious Beauty, feast our ear! They're kings
At least, who hear when Love thus sings:
Love, to high Grace's key screws up low Nature's strings

XCIX

Love, thou canst ocean-flowing storms appease,
And such o'ergrown Behemoths please,
As tax the scaly nation, and excise the seas

C

If, Theophil, thy Love-Song can't assuage
The fate incumbent on this age,
No time to write, but weep, for we are ripe for rage! 300

Ite sacrosanctæ Tabulata per Alta Carinæ,
Non opus est Fluviis, Lintea pando Mari
Ite Rates Ventis, quo vos rapit Aura, secundis
Brittica Cymba pias findat Amoris Aquas

ANIMARUM SPONSUS IESUS

Canto IV The Inamoration

THE ARGUMENT

O DEUS aut nullo caleat mihi Pectus ab Igne!
Aut solo caleat Pectus ab Igne Tui!
Languet ut illa DEO mihi Mens simul æmula languet!
Cœlitus ut rapitur me Violenta rapit!

She onset makes first with love-darts aloof
Then with Zeal s freworks storms Heav n s roof
Whose Faith s shield and Salvation s helmet are hell proof

THEOPHILA S SOLILOQUY[1]

STANZAS I II

When Heav'n s Love paramount Himself reveals,
And to the suppliant soul her pardon seals
At fear d Hope s doubtful gate which trembling fell
(Who heav nward sails coasts by the Cape of Hell)
That her He deigns to take she joys in woes
To have in labour pass d the parturition throes

III IV

All travail pangs all new birth heart deep groans
All after births of penitential moans
Are swallow d up in living streams of bliss
When as the Heav n born heir the new man is 10
By th quick ning Spirit of the High st re born
Time past hath pass d her night present presents her morn

V VI

See joy in light see light in joy oh see
Poor worthless maid fruit brought thee from Life s tree
By th Spouse and Spirit saints sole supporters! Rise
Then Hell s apostate and be heav n ly wise
Thou art (let s interpledge our souls) my One
My All though not by unity by union!

VII VIII

Ineffably mysterious knot begun
Saints mount as dew allur d by beck ning sun 20
Love s faithful friends what parallels your guard
Where Truth is sentinel and Grace the ward?
The way is flow'r strown where the guide is Love
His Spirit with you below your spirit with Him above

IX X

Reciprocal excess of joy! Then soar
My soul to Him who man became my more
Took sin itself to cleanse thy sullied clay
But took it only to take it away
O Self Donation! peerless Gift un known!
Now since that He is thine be never thou thine own! 30

XI XII

O prodigy of great and good! Faith sound
This Love s abyss that does so strangely bound

[1] The arrangement in orig is curious The stanzas are printed as here and as they clearly must be in six line groups But only the odd numbers (1 3 &c) are put at the heads and the even (2 4 &c.) accompany the fourth l ne of each stanza at the side

Almightiness Itself! From whose veins, see,
Unsluic'd, Love's purple ocean, when His free
Red-streaming life did vanquish Death and Hell!
That thou might'st live, He died! That thou might rise, He fell!

XIII, XIV

God so lov'd man, that naturalists may deem
God to set man before Himself did seem!
When man, with seeing blind, 'gainst GOD arose,
And slew his only Friend, GOD sav'd his foes! 40
Sol mourn'd in blacks! Heav'n's Viceroy, Nature, swounded!
Excess Love's reason was, Immensity Love bounded!

XV, XVI

Ye twins of light, as sunflow'rs be inclin'd
To th' Sun of Righteousness, let Taste, refin'd,
Like nothing as Love's Heav'nly Manna, and
Let all but CHRIST feel rough, as Esau's hand,
Let nought like 's garment smell let ears rejoice,
But in expressless dictates of Love's whisp'ring voice!

XVII, XVIII

He 's thy bright sun, 'twixt whom, and thy soul's bliss,
Thy earthy body interposèd is, 50
Whereby such dread eclipses causèd are,
As famd astronomers can ne'er declare
Yet oft He shines, then, vanish servile fears,
Then, heav'nward filial hopes dry up thy trickling tears

XIX, XX

Spiritual light spirituals clears in Heav'n
Thou'lt view that full, what now by glimpse, like Steph'n,
Thou canst but spy, there, shalt thou face to face,
His light, His joy, His love, His pow'r, His grace,
And His all-filling glory clearly see
In optic emanations from Eternity! 60

XXI, XXII

I' th' ring of boundless lustre, from whose ray
This petty world gleaneth its peep of day
Thou shalt be crown'd with wreaths of endless light
Here, oft's an interview in heat, and might,
By inter-lucidations from above,
Twining embraces with 's ensphering arm of love!

XXIII, XXIV

Most blessed souls, to whom He does appear,
Folded within your arms, chaste Hemisphere!
Oh, condescend! How 's lips shed love! life! merit!
He makes His angels court of guard! By 's Spirit 70
He crowns you with His grace! So, with His blood,
When He redeem'd you, and consign'd His Flesh for food!

XXV, XXVI

Meat came from th' eater, from the strong did dew
Sweetness, when as, incomparably true,
Omnipotency's Self did largely shed
His mystic oil of joy upon thy head
Then, trample sin in Babylon's golden cup,
Treasures away she trifles, trifles treasures up

XXVII, XXVIII

Oil of this lamp, obsequious soul, lights thee
To thine approaching Heav'n! In sanctity 80

Be actuated then being up assum d
By this bright sun with this rich oil perfum d
Th art prepossess d with heav'nly comforts which
With their soul cheering sweets both ravish and enrich

XXIX XXX

Poor panting heart Loves sent yearn for Joys pith !
To have (thy highest bliss !) com munion with
The Father and the Son one Spirit with CHRIST !
And one in Them as They are One ! Thou fly st
Through grace to glory ! Vision shall sublime
Thy faith Fruition hope Eternity thy time ! 90

THEOPHILA S LOVE SONG

XXXI XXXII

Self ! oh how mean an harmony it breeds !
JESUS ! All names this Name of names exceeds !
This Name s GOD S mercy at full sea tis Love s
High tow r Joy s loadstone this my spirit moves
Hark Rise my love my fair one come away
Ling ring breeds loss I am thy Leader Light and Way

XXXIII XXXIV

What speed Speed s self can make soul fly withal
Greatness and goodness most mag netical !
Shoot like a flash of fire to th ruby wine
His precious blood transcendently Divine ! 100
(How poor those costly pearls were drunk by some)
My LORD drink Blood to me ! Let It to th world s health come !

XXXV XXXVI

All hope s unanchor'd but in Tha Thou art
Bove Indies womb rich to my love sick heart !
Flesh fair endowments are but skin deep brags
Varnish d corruption, wealth is but Care s bags
The bag imposthumed chokes Gold Beauty Fame
Are sublunary mists to Saints sera phic flame

XXXVII XXXVIII

JESUS ! This fans my fire which has at best
But grains of incense pounds of interest 110
Go int rest take the principal Thine own
Divine Love loves Thy loveliness alone !
What flames to Thine proportionable be !
LORD hadst not first lov d man man could not have lov d Thee !

XXXIX XL

Why lov st us but because THOU wouldst ? Oh why
For lepers would the Undefilèd die ?
That pen was dipt i th standish of thy Blood
Which wrote th indenture of our termless good !
O Love bove wish ! Never such Love enroll d !
Who think their utmost flames enough for Thee are cold 120

XLI XLII

Whose Highness did not to be low disdain
Yet when at lowest highest did remain !
Who bow'dst Heav n s altitude re fresh with flow'rs
With JESSE S sov rèign flow r my fainting pow rs

107 imposthumed] Or g impostom d

Which sink (as shaft-struck hart emboss'd) twixt grief,
And joy grief for my sin, joy for Thy free relief

XLIII, XLIV

Wrack'd is with bitter-sweet extremes my mind,
Shell'd, sheath'd, cag'd, coffin'd in her treacherous friend,
Her always tempting mass of flesh she bears,
Her hopes, did they not sprout from Thee, were fears 130
Hope, Thou perfume of lovers, for Thy sake
Love's generous, throws at all life's but a petty stake,

XLV, XLVI

Scarce worth the prize Love makes two spirits but one,
Me, counterpart to Thy indenture, own,
I, active then as light, tread air and flame,
Without or wing, or chariot, and disclaim
All the faint sweets of earth Thy Spirit views
How in Love's torrid zone Thy swel-t'ring martyr stews

XLVII, XLVIII

Row me, ye dove-wing'd oars, whom Hope does buoy,
To wish'd-for hav'n, flowing with tides of joy! 140
Yet wish I not, my Joy, Thy joys above,
Merely for joy, nor pleasures of Thy Love,
Only for love of pleasure No, let free
Spiritual languors teem! fruitful, yet virgins be!

XLIX, L

Give, give me children, or I die! Love, rest
Thy head upon the pillows of my breast!
When me Thou shalt impregn'd with virtues make
A fruitful Eden, all the fruitage take!
Thy passion, Jonathan, below did move,
Rapt spirits, in high excess, flame with intensest love! 150

LI, LII

My life is hid with Thee in GOD! Descry
Thyself, O Thou, my plighted Spouse, that I
May ever glorious be! That my joy'd soul
With Thee may make up marriage! and my whole
Self Thee for Bridegroom have! My hope still sends
Up 'Come,' that I may enter with Thy feasted friends!

LIII, LIV

Oh, that long-long'd for Come! oh, Come! mine eyes,
Love's sentinels, watch, like officious spies!
Strike sparks of joy t' inflame Love's tinder! make
The exile view her home, the dreamer wake! 160
Tears raise the fire of Love! Ease sighs of air,
Fire's passion, wat'ry tears, and earthy self-despair!

LV, LVI

My sighs, condens'd to drops, compute hours spent!
Cancel the lease of my clay-tenement,
Which pays dear rent of groans! oh, grant a writ
Of ease! I languish out, not live! Permit
A pass to Sion's Mount! But, I resign
My green-sick will, though sick of Love, to that of Thine!

LVII, LVIII

Waitings, which ripen hopes, are not delays,
Presence how great, how true's Love, absence says 170
While lungs my breath shall organ, I'll press still

Th exinanition of my o ergrown will
'Behold I quickly come O erjoy d I m here!
Oh Come! Till then, each day s an age each hour a year

LIX, LX

JESU! (That Name s Joy s essence!) hasten on!
Throng amorous sighs for dissolution!
Fastidious earth avaunt, with love plumes soar
My soul to meet thy Spouse Canst wish for more?
Only come! give a RING! Re echo then
Oh Come Even so LORD JESU Come! Amen Amen 180

LXI

Who s this inamor d vot ress? Like the morn
From mountain unto mountain born?
Who first with night drops dew d seem d turtle dove forlorn?

LXII

But now ere warpèd body near decay
Stands bow like bent to shoot away
Her soul ere prone looks kiss her grave ere her last day

LXIII

She (Love fill d) wants no mate has rather one
Body too much I th Spirit s throne
CHRIST s peace is fullest quire! Such loneness, least alone!

LXIV

When soft flying Sleep Death s sister wings does spread 190
Over that curtain d grave her bed
Then with prophetic dreams the Highest crowns her head

LXV

Behold a comely Person clad in white
The all enlight ning sun less bright
Than that illustrious Face of His which blest her sight

LXVI

To her in Majesty, His way HE broke
And softly thus to her HE spoke
'Come come away My JESUS says she So she woke

LXVII

Her pray rs more passionate than witty rise
As Sol s postilion bright her eyes 200
Wrestling with GOD for grace bedew Love s Paradise

LXVIII

Betimes when keen breath d winds with frosty cream
Periwig bald trees glaze tattling stream
For May games past white sheet *peccavi* is Winter s theme

LXIX

Those daybreaks give good morrows which she takes
With thanks so doubly good them makes
Who in GOD s promise rests in GOD s remembrance wakes

LXX

Saints nothing more saints nothing less regard
Than LOVE S SELF than self love unscar d
Though rack d into an anagram their souls being spar d 210

LXXI

Through virtuous self mistrust they acted move

190 Death s sister] The substituti n of s ster for the usu l brother though obv ous is not trivial and st ll l ss unpoeti al Grammar p evented t in the classical languages our happy fre dom therefrom allows it. And the attributes of Sleep are certainly more f m n ne than masculine

194 sun] I sh uld l ke to read sun s

Like needle, touch'd by th' stone of Love
Blest magnet, which attracts, and souls directs Above!

LXXII

Were she but mortal, she were satisfied,
So GOD liv'd in her, till she died,
His Word, her deed, His Will, her warrant, both, her guide

LXXIII

Thus, this Devota breathes out yearning cries
'Let not dust blind my sensual eyes,
When as my spirit's energy transcends the skies!

LXXIV

'Virtues raise souls All's filial to Above, 220
Low'st step is mercenary love,
Fraternal are the sides that Saint's ascent improve

LXXV

'Manna to my enamour'd soul, art THOU!
The Spirit of Heav'n, distill'd, does flow
From Thy aspect, by that, from brutes, we angels grow

LXXVI

'Had I, oh, had I many lives, as years,
As many loves, as love hath fears,
All, all were Thine, had I as many hearts, as hairs!

LXXVII

'From THEE my joy-extensions spreading flow,
Dilating, as leaf-gold! be n't slow, 230
O, THOU, my All, and more! Love-lorn, THEE still I woo!

LXXVIII

'The widow press'd, till THEE to grant she bound,
The virgin sought Thee, till she found,
The publican did knock, till opening knocking crown'd

LXXIX

'Though nought but dross I in myself can spy,
Yet melted with Thy beaming Eye,
My refuse turns to gold, by mystic alchemy,

LXXX

'Then, whet thy blunt scythe, Time, and wing thy feet
Life, not in length, but use, is sweet
Come, Death (the body brought abed o[f] th[e] soul), come, fleet! 240

LXXXI

'Be pulse, my passing-bell, be skin, my hearse
Night's sable curtains that disperse
The rays of day, be shroud dews, weep my funeral verse!

LXXXII

'Pity me, love-sick virgins!' Then, she swoon'd,
O'ercome with zeal, she sunk to th' ground
Darts of intolerable sweets her soul did wound

LXXXIII

She lay with flaming Love impierc d to th' heart
Wak'd, as she bled, she kist the dart,
Then sigh'd 'Take all I am, or have! All, All Thou art!'

LXXXIV

Then, sunk again Reviv'd, Love's bow she bent, 250
And married string to shaft, and sent
Ejaculations, which the skies, like lightning, rent

LXXXV

Piercing them through (feather'd with sighs) to show
She little paid, yet much did owe
The feathers sung, and fir'd, as they did upward go

LXXXVI

No ice fring'd cloud may quench Love's soaring flame
Love is more strong than death, or shame

Grown up all soul the flesh sinks in
a triple qualm

LXXXVII

I charge ye Sion Virgins let her still
Enjoy her disencloistered fill 260
In these high ecstasies of Union and
Will.

LXXXVIII

'Do not with claps of hands or noise
of feet,
Awake her from what is more sweet
Till the bright rising day star light her
to Heaven's street

LXXXIX

Yield her what her unfettered
rapture gives
Since she's more where she loves
than lives
Transanimations scaling Heaven,
break carnal gyves

XC

In Love's triumphant chariot placed
she is,
Concentric are her joys with his
Enchariotedin fire her spirit Heaven
ripe for bliss 270

XCI

They're only found who thus are lost
in trance
Transported to the highest advance
With him who was in spirit rapt to
expressless glance

XCII

Returned she cried Oh slay me
thus again!
Ne'er lives she who thus ne'er is
slain!
How sweet the wounds of Love! No
pleasure to Love's pain!

XCIII

'In furnaced heat Pyrausta like I
fry!
To live is faith! 'tis gain to die!
One life's enough for two! Thou
liv'st in me not I!

XCIV

'How midst regalias of Love's ban-
quet I 280
Dissolve in Sweet's extremity!
O languors! Thus to live is in pure
flames to die!

XCV

Three kings three gifts to th' King
of kings did bring
Myrrh incense gold to Man God's
King
For myrrh tears incense prayers
gold take Love's offering!'

XCVI

Oh take Love's hecatomb! Then
through her eyes
Did Love enamouring passions rise
Highest Glory crowns Theophila's
love sacrifice

XCVII

Not she Mortality alone did die
Death's but translation to the
sky 290
All virtues fired in her pure breast
their spicery

XCVIII

As when Arabia's wonder spices
brings
Which fanned to flames by her own
wings
She from the glowing holocaust in
triumph springs

XCIX

So Virtue's pattern (priestess altar
fire
Incense and victim) up did spire
Victoria Victoria sung all Heaven's
quire

C

She echoing (echo which does all
surpass!
God's sight is Glory's looking
glass!) 299
Magnificats Hosannas Hallelujahs!

277 Pyrausta] πύραυστα a moth that is singed in a flame and thus a sort of salamander

87 Love] So in orig Love enamouring making Love Himself love seems very like Benlowes

300 Hallelujahs] Five syllable

Pars Cursûs emensa mei, Pars restat aranda
Ex æquo Metam Vesper & Ortus habent

Ergo per immensos properent cava Lintea Fluctus
Jactatam capiant Littora sancta Ratem!

AMANS ANIMÂ SATIATUR AMANTIS

Canto V. The Representation

THE ARGUMENT

Mundus Opes, Animam Cœlum, Terramque resumpsit
Terra Deus, Vitam cum tulit, Ipse dedit
Solus Amor facit esse Deum, Quem, Mente capaci,
Si Quis conciperet, posset et esse Deus

The Author's vision, her ascent, Heav'n's place
Descried, where reigns all glorious Grace,
Where's all-sufficient Good, the sum of Bliss she has

STANZA I

I'm vile, a thing impure, Corruption's son,
Earth-crawling worm, by sin undone,
Whose suppliant dust doth own its shame, and t' Heav'n doth run

II

Grace, intervene 'twixt sin and shame, and tie
A hopeful bliss to misery!
Lord, pardon dust and ashes both, yea worse, am I!

III

Though dust, Thy work though clay, Thy Hand did turn
This vessel, and, though ashes, th' Urn
Thou art, them to restore when sky and earth shall burn

IV

Whilst that my Heav'n-allied soul does stay 10
Wholly on Thee, not Europe's sway
Can elevate my wish, like one grace-darted ray

V

Meet, meet my prison'd Soul's address! oh, might
She view, through mould'ring earth, Thy Sight!
Grace perfects Nature's want say here, 'Let there be light!'

VI

Then, though in flesh my spirit prison'd be,
She may by Faith ascend to Thee,
And up be rais'd, till she shall mount to liberty

VII

Clear-sighted Faith, point out the way, I will
Neglect curl'd Phrase's frizzled skill 20
Humble Devotion, lift thou up my flagging quill,

VIII

Which faints at first approach, my faith's too light
To move this mountain, reach this height
Can squeaking reeds sound forth the organ's full delight?

IX

I'm mute, for only light can light declare,
A diamond must a diamond square,
Yet, where I dare not speak, there yet adore I dare

X

Ear has not heard, nor eye has seen, nor can

Man's heart conceive (vast heart of man)
The riches treasur'd up in Glory's ocean!

XI

Tomes full of mystic characters enfense
Those seas of bliss! To write to sense
Heav'n's chronicle would ask a Heav'n'd intelligence

XII

How then from flood of tears may an ark'd dove try
Its vent'rous pinions to descry
That land unknown to Nature? Vast Eternity!

XIII

Fear gulfs unfathomable nor desire
Ere of God's court thou art t'aspire
To be of s'council, pry not but with awe admire

XIV

Dwarf words do limp do derogate do scan
Nor height, nor depth Since Time began
What constitutes a gnat was ne'er found out by man

XV

Dares mortals shine with ruder tongue express
What ev'n Celestials do confess
Is inexpressible? Thou clod of earth first guess

XVI

In like degrees from equinoctial track
Why men are tawny white and black?
Why Bactria's camel two? Arab's one bunch on's back?

XVII

Canst lead Leviathan with a silken string?
Canst cover with a hornet's wing
Behemoth? Canst thou seas into a nutshell bring?

XVIII

Canst motion fix? count sands? recall past day?
Show height, breadth length o'th spreading ray?
Discardinate the spheres? and rapid whirlwinds stay?

XIX

Tell tell how pond'rous Earth's huge propless ball
Hangs poisèd in the fluent hall
Of fleeting air? how clouds sustainèd are from fall?

XX

How burnt the Bush when verdure cloth'd its fire?
How from the rock rod struck in ire
Did cataracts gush out? How did the sea retire?

XXI

Canst thou take post horse with the coursing sun
And with him through the zodiac run?
How many stages be there ere the race be done?

XXII

Then tell how once he shot his beams down right
From the same zenith while for night
Mortals stood gazing at a doubled noonday's light?

XXIII

Tell how that planet did in after days
Turn Cancer shooting Parthian rays
Ten whole degrees revers'd which did the world amaze

XXIV

Poor thingling man! Propitious Heav'n assign
Some angel for this high design!
Heav'n's history requires at least a Seraphin

XXV

Oh might some glorious Spirit then retire
And warble to a sacred lyre

The Song of Moses and the Lamb in
Heav'n's full quire!

XXVI

'Twas at Night's noon, when sleep th' oppress'd had drown'd,
But sleepless were oppressors found,
'Twas when Sky's spangled head in sable veil was bound

XXVII

For thievish Night had stole, and clos'd up quite,
In her dark lantern, starry light
No planet seen to sail in that dead ebb of Night 81

XXVIII

When, lo, all-spreading rays the room surround!
Like such reflections, as rebound,
Shooting their beams to th' sun, from rocks of diamond

XXIX

This, to a wonder, summonèd my sight,
Which dazzled was at so pure light!
A Form angelic there appear'd divinely bright!

XXX

I wish'd myself more eyes to view this gleam,
I was awake, I did not dream,
Too exquisite delight makes true things feignèd seem 90

XXXI

Model of Heav'n it was, I floated long
'Twixt joy and wonder, passion strong,
Wanting due vent, made sight my speech, and eyes my tongue!

XXXII

Oft, my rapt soul, ascending to the eye,
Peep'd through upon Angelity,
Whose blaze did burnish'd plate of sparkling Sol outvie!

XXXIII

If gracious silence shin'd forth anywhere
With sweet aspect, 'twas in this sphere,
The soul of sweetness, and the spirit of joys mix'd here

XXXIV

From out Love's wing he must a pencil frame, 100
Who, on Time's cloth, would paint this flame
None can portray this glorious draft but who's the same

XXXV

Veil then, Timanthes-like, this guess'd at face,
(The curtain of that inward grace),
Whose forehead with diaphanous gold impaled was

XXXVI

For, starry knobs, like diamonds, did attire
That front with glory, and conspire
To lavish out their beams, to radiate that fire

XXXVII

Whose amber-curling tresses were unbound,
And, like a glittering veil, spread round, 110
And so about the snowy shoulders sweetly wound

XXXVIII

Whose robe shot forth a tissue-waving shine,
Which seem'd loose-flowing, far more fine
Than any interwoven silk with silver twine

XXXIX

With gracious smile, approaching nearer, sat
This glorious thing oh, humble state!
Yet, on the Vision inexpressive rays did wait

XL

'Twas glorified Theophila sat there
I, mute, as if I tongueless were,

103 Timanthes] Orig 'Timantes' The story of the picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is well known

Till her voice music drew my soul
into mine ear 120

XLI

'Twas bove lute's sweetest touch,
or richest air!
I bring thee things (says she)
are rare
All subcelestial streams drops to
this ocean are.

XLII

Hear first my progress Loos'd
from Nature's chain
And quit from clay I did attain
Swift as a glancing meteor to
th aerial plain

XLIII

Where passing through I did
perfume the air
With sacred spice and incens'd
pray'r
While grateful clouds their liquid
pearl as gift prepare

XLIV

I spare't unlock those treasuries of
snow 130
Or tell what paints the rainy bow
Or what cause thunders lightnings
rains or whence winds flow

XLV

Those regions pass'd where beard
ed comets light
The world to fatal woes a bright
Large orb of harmless fire enflam'd
my heav'nward flight

XLVI

To azure archèd sky ascends my soul
(Thence view I North and South
ern Pole)
Where globes in serpentine yet
order'd motions roll

XLVII

Thence by the changing Moon's
alternate Face
Up through unweari'd Phosphor's
place 140
I mount to Sol's diurnal and his
annual race

XLVIII

By whose propitious influence things
are
Quicken'd below this monarch
star
Making his progress through the
signs, unclouds the air

XLIX

And eight score times outbulks the
earth, whose rice
In four and twenty hours space
Bove fifty millions of Germanic
leagues does pace

L

This giant with as many tongues as
rays
Speaks out so oft as he displays
His beams which gild the world
that man his LORD should praise

LI

Through spheres I pass'd to stars
that rail Heav'n's court 151
(My stay was with sky wonders
short)
Which by first Mover's force are
whirl'd about their fort

LII

Through the blue spangled *frame*
my psalming tongue
Made th orbs suspend their usual
song
To hear celestial hymns the glist'ring
quires did throng

LIII

Chime out *ye* crystal spheres and
tune your poles
Skies sound your bass ere ye to
coals
Dissolve and tumble on the bonfire
world in shoals

LIV

The *Primum Mobile* does seem
immense 160
And doth transfusèd influence
Through all inferior orbs as swift as
thought dispense

LV

Suppose a millstone should from
thence be hurl'd
Unto the centre of this world
Twould make up sixscore years ere
it could down be whirl'd

LVI

Now, enter'd I Heav'n's suburbs, pav'd with gems,
No orient jewels cast such beams,
(Oh, might this verse be wreath'd but with such diadems!)

LVII

'Sol's radiant fulgence in meridian skies 169
Seem'd shade unto those clarities,
Where Beauty's self might beautify her fairest eyes

LVIII

''Tis 'bove high'st verge, where reason dares be bold,
That Heav'n of GOD is of such mould,
That eyes, till glorified, cannot the same behold

LIX

''Tis purely spirit'al, and so must be,
Above compare in all degree,
With aught that draws its line from th' six days' pedigree

LX

''Tis immaterial, 'bove the highest sphere,
Doth brighter than the rest appear,
Than orbs of fire, moon, sun, or crystalline more clear 180

LXI

''Tis space immense, from whence apostates driv'n,
Their rooms might so to men be giv'n
With those confirmèd sons, th' indigenae of Heav'n

LXII

'Absurdly some philosophers did dream,
That Heav'n's an uncreated beam
Which forth eternally from GOD HIMSELF did stream

LXIII

''Tis but a creature, though its essence be
To change unsubject, standing free
On never-shaken pillars of Infinity

LXIV

'Ocean of Joys! Who can thee fully state? 190
For clearer knowledge man must wait,
First shoot Death's Gulf, thy soul may then arrive thereat

LXV

'For no one enters there, till he hath trod
Death's path, then, from that period
Elected souls ascend to Heav'n, to bliss, to GOD!'

LXVI

(Zeal through me fires its way to speak, that I
Would thither, like wing'd lightning, fly,
Were my flesh curtain drawn that clouds my spirit's eye!

LXVII

What heights would souls affect, could they undress
Themselves of rags, that them depress! 200
How beautiful's the form of naked Holiness!

LXVIII

New light, life, love, joy, bliss there boundless flow!
There shall my soul thy glory know,
When she her robe of clay shall to earth's wardrobe throw!

LXIX

Fond that I am to speak Pass on to bliss,
That with an individual kiss
Greets thee for ever! Pardon this parenthesis)

LXX

'Faith's the Soul's eye, as nothing were between,
They that believe, see things unseen
Close then thy carnal, thy spiritual eyes unscreen 210

LXXI

'For, my transplanted spirit shall emblaze

Words may make wonder stand at gaze
Unboundless bliss doth even the separate spirit amaze

LXXII

Oh fleet of intellectuals glory fraught,
(Inestimable arras wrought
With heart overcoming colours) how ye pass all thought!

LXXIII

Thou All-comprising uncomprised Who art
Ever yet never made impart
Thou (Love's abyss without or ebb or shore) a heart

LXXIV

Of Wisdom to attempt, proceed and end 220
What never was is can be penn'd!
May spots in maps (dumb teachers) empires comprehend?

LXXV

The sky-enchased diamonds lesser show
Than July's hairy worms that glow,
Sampled with those rebounds unbounded glories throw

LXXVI

That Vessel of Election rapt to th' soil
Of highest bliss did here recoil
I'th' same attempt 'tis honour to confess a foil

LXXVII

Sense knows not 'bove court triumphs thrones or kings
Gems music beauties banquetings 230
Without such tropes it can't unfold spiritual things

LXXVIII

Oh how that most unutterable blaze
Of Heaven's all luminating rays
Does souls (disrob'd of flesh) both brighten and amaze!

LXXIX

That boundless solstice with transparent beams
Through Heaven's triumphant arches streams
And gliding through each spirit with intrinsic gleams

LXXX

Pierceth to th' little world and doth dispel
The gloomy clouds of sin that swell
The soul decoying it to ever burning Hell! 240

LXXXI

By glory how are spirits made divine!
How super radiantly they shine
From th' ever flowing spring of the refulgent DEITY!

LXXXII

Beyond report of highest discourse they dart
Their radiations bove all art!
This earthly bliss o'erflows the most capacious heart!

LXXXIII

Conceive a court where all joys domineer
Where seas of sweets o'erflow and where
Glory's exhaustless mines sport's endless springs appear

LXXXIV

Where infinite excess of sweets ne'er cloys! 250
Where still fruition's feast employs
Desire! where who enjoy the least can't count their joys!

LXXXV

One may't a glimpse none to't half can rise
Had he more tongues than heaven has eyes!
Such nothing see as would in words this sight comprise!

213 Unboundless] So in my copy but corrected to unbounded, which is of course obvious

LXXXVI

'Can measures such Unmeasurables hold?
Can time Infinity unfold?
Superlative Delights may be admired, not told

LXXXVII

'When Glory's Heav'n is all one sunny blaze,
That flowing radiance doth amaze,
While on that inconceivable result we gaze! 261

LXXXVIII

'What king would not court martyrdom, to hold
In capite a city of gold,
Where, look how many gates, so many pearls are told!

LXXXIX

'The structure's square, a firm foundation, [stone,
Twelvefold, for each a precious
The LAMB's Apostles' names engraven thereupon

XC

'There sparkles forth the verdant emerald,
The blue-ey'd sapphire therein wall'd,
The topaz too, with that stone which from gold is call'd 270

XCI

'There, jasper, chalcedon, chrysoprase shine,
There sardonyx, and sardius join,
There beryl, hyacinth, and amethyst combine

XCII

'No sympathizing turkise there, to tell
By paleness th' owner is not well,
For, grief's exil'd to earth, and anguish groans in hell!

XCIII

'The streets with gold perspicuous are array'd,
With blazing carbuncles inlaid,
Yet, all seem night, to glories from the LAMB display'd

XCIV

'For, thousand suns make an eclipse to those! 280
The diamond there for pavement grows,
As on its glitt'ring stock, and all its sparkles throws

XCV

'And there, on every angel-trodden way
Loose pearls, instead of pebbles, play,
Like dusky atoms in the sun's embright'ning ray

XCVI

'Had I a quill sent from a Seraph's wing,
And skill to tune 't! I could not sing
The moiety of that wealth, which that all-glorious King

XCVII

'Of Heav'n enstates those in, who follow good,
And prize 't above their vital blood!
Heav'n may be gain'd on earth, but never understood! 291

XCVIII

'As, when the sun shakes off the veil of night,
And scatters on the dawn his light,
He soon takes pris'ner to himself th' engagèd sight

XCIX

'So, when I view those indeficient beams,
Oh, they in overfulgent gleams,
Like diamonds, thaw'd to air, embubble forth in streams!

C

'Ev'n spirits, who have disrob'd their rags of clay,
Laid up in wardrobe till that day,
O'ercome, they dazzled are by each imperious ray!' 300

271] Read 'chrysoprase, chalcedon'?

286] Note this

Sextu repercussi Pars antepenultima Ponti
Imparibus restat perficienda Modis,
Quam (si præstiterit Mentem DEUS OPTIMUS) addam
Flammiferos Phœbus cum jugat ortus Equos

EX OBSCURO SPECTABILE CŒLUM

Canto VI The Association

THE ARGUMENT

Panduntur Cœli juvat hinc inv sere Divûm
Atri mortali non adeunda Pede
Hic Animæ pennis advecta THEOPHILA cernit
Agmina Cœlicolum ducere sancta Choros

Hea n s order beauty glory is descried
Here read the state o th Glorified,
Which THEOPHIL i th heraldry of Heav'n had eyed

STANZA I

THOSE happy mansions glorious Saint discover
Where the bright Host of Spirits hover!
Bring down all Heav n before the eyes o th Heav nly Lover

II

Frail man with zeal and wonder here behold
Clay cast into a heav nly mould
Faith did now Vision does Beatitude *unfold*

III

The tenants in this splendid frame are they
Whose grosser and unpolish d clay
Calcin d in graves now robes of glory do array

IV

Here martyrs sit enthron d who late did bleed
Sap from their fertile wounds to feed
With oil the Church s lamps and with red dew her seed

V

These ovant souls Knights of Saint Vincent are
For high achievements gain d each scar
To make a golden constellation seems a star

VI

Not by inflicting but receiving blows
By suff'ring they o ercame their foes
How long LORD ere Thou dost avenge their blood on those?

VII

These own their bliss sprung from the word and will
O th LAMB by whom they con quer d still
Themselves and that revolted band that Hell does fill

VIII

Therefore each prostrate casts with th elders down
At the LAMB s feet their palm and crown
Beholding round all eminences but their own

8 unpolish d] Orig unp lish an obvious o ersight
13 Kn ghts of St Vincent] i e conquerors

IX

Th' Apostles here, with him, in whose sweet tongue
The lute of high-tun'd Love was strung,
When through so many regions he the Gospel sung

X

The loving, lov'd Evangelist here lives
On Love's pure influence, and gives
No bounds to 's flaming love, but how to heighten 't strives 30

XI

Love was his only theme She, here is crown'd,
Who near Death's tomb, Life risen found,
Whose eye-bowl was tear-brimm'd, whose towel hair unbound

XII

Parch'd Afric's glory, born in 's mother's eyes
(A happier offspring of her cries,
Than of her womb), here to ecstatic Love does rise

XIII

The bounds are boundless of divine Amour,
Love hopes, and yet hath all things, for,
In Heav'n's eternal heraldry, true Love is *Or*

XIV

Fruition Love enfires, thence Zeal's renew'd, 40
Love hath the SPIRIT's plenitude,
Burning with flames in splendour of Beatitude!

XV

Love caus'd the SON of GOD from 's throne dismount,
And make Himself of no account,
Become a Man of Sorrows, who of Joy 's the fount!

XVI

This Love, by quire of Heav'n scarce understood!
Could so much ill cause so much good,
For man's redemption that GOD'S SON should shed His blood?

XVII

Thou, Love, when as my guilty soul did dwell
In nest of ruin, didst unshell 50
My spirit (fledg'd with Grace) from that disorder'd cell

XVIII

And, having crush'd the outward film of earth,
Gav'st her, new form'd with Glory, birth
That she might sty to th' Seat of Beatific Mirth!

XIX

And praise Thee, with those virgin-souls, who in
The cloisters of their flesh have been
Wash'd in their SAVIOUR'S bath of blood from spots of sin

XX

Flow'rs on our heads, as on their stems, do grow,
Which into fadeless colours flow,
Nor cold to blast, nor heat to scorch, nor age they know 60

XXI

Scenting 'bove thousand precious ointments, shed
On consecrated Aaron's head,
Above pearl'd dew on Hermon's ever-fragrant bed

XXII

How far, immaculate flames, do you excel
All that in thought's high turret dwell!
What then can optics see? What then can volumes tell?

XXIII

If Beauty's self we could incarnate see

34 The promotion of St Augustine to special company with St John and St Mary Magdalene is noteworthy

54 sty] Benlowes probably took this rare but good word (= 'rise') from Spenser.

Teeming with youth and joy yet she
Would not so beauteous as the Virgin Mother be

XXIV

Who like a full orb'd moon our stars outshin'd 70
In glorious fulgurance of mind!
For whose surpassing splendour I this Ode design'd

XXV

Hail blessed Virgin Spouse, who dídst bequeath
Breath unto HIM who made thee breathe!
And gav'st a life to HIM who gave thee life from death!

XXVI

Who bor'st HIM in thy womb whose hands did stack
The studded orbs with stars and tack
The glowing constellations to the Zodiac!

XXVII

And what improves the mystery begun 79
New mysteries from thee were spun
He did at once become thy Father Spouse and Son!

XXVIII

Conceiving HIM as by the womb so th'ear!
By th' Angels tongue Heav'n cast seed there!
Thou heard'st believ'dst and thence didst breed and thence didst bear!

XXIX

Thou only may'st (so it be humbly) boast
To have brought forth the Eternal Host
By mystic obumbration of the HOLY GHOST!

XXX

By thee did GOD and man embrace each other!
Thus Heav'n to Earth became a brother!
Thus, thou a Virgin to thy MAKER wast a Mother! 90

XXXI

Thy fleece was wet when all the ground lay dry!
Dry when all moist about did lie!
As Aaron's rootless rod so didst thou fructify!

XXXII

'Thou art from whence Faith's burgeon sprang the ground!
Before in after birth was found
Pureness untouch'd with Virgin Mother's Honour crowned!

XXXIII

'Thou shrine of Glory ark of Bliss thou high
Fair Temple of Divinity
In thee the masterpiece of Nature I descry!

XXXIV

My ravish'd Soul said she extols HIS Name 100
Who rules the Heav'n's expansèd frame
Whose mercy rais'd me up to magnify the same

XXXV

Who can anatomize the glorious list
Of heirs to GOD coheirs with CHRIST
Who royalize it there by Grace's high acquist?

XXXVI

Whose several glories admirable are!
And yet as infinite as fair!
Where all's enjoyed at full where everything is rare!

XXXVII

The joy of each one is the joy of all!
Beatitude's reciprocal! 110
They drink CHRIST's cup of flowing wine who pledg'd HIS gall!

XXXVIII

Silence most rhetric hath, and glories best
Do portray forth that royal feast
At which each blessed saint is an eternal guest!

XXXIX

Nor can a thought of earthly friend's annoys
Extenuate one grain of joys,
While Mercy saves the wise, while Justice fools destroys!

XL

Strangely their intellects enlighten'd be!
Nature's compendium did not see
One half, yea, ere he tasted the Forbidden Tree! 120

XLI

If, that sea-parting Prince, from cleft rocks' space
Viewing GOD's back-parts, thought it grace,
What honour is it then to see HIM face to face!

XLII

Who doth inspirit th' indeficient ray,
Not dimm'd with a minute allay,
Where, though no sun e'er rose, yet 'tis eternal day!

XLIII

Where all are fill'd, yet all from food abstain!
Where all are subjects, yet all reign!
All rich, yet have no bags that stifled wealth contain!

XLIV

Where each saint does a glorious kingdom own, 130
Where each king hath a starry crown,
Each crown a kingdom, free from the rude people's frown

XLV

Where each hath all, yet, more than all, they owe,
All subjects, yet no kings they know,
Save King of kings, and Lord of lords, who quell'd their Foe

XLVI

Where highest joy is their perpetual fare,
Their exercise Hosannas are,
Spirits the choristers, the subject Praise and Prayer

XLVII

The laureate King his Psalming voice doth raise,
And sings to 's solemn harp high lays, 140
Being himself the organ to his MAKER's praise

XLVIII

Enflam'd with holy zeal, and high desire,
Encircled with the cnthean quire,
Warbles this epinician canzon to his lyre

XLIX

'Thou, Crown of Bliss, whose footstool 's Earth, whose throne
Outshines ten thousand suns in one,
Who art the radical life of all true joy alone!

I

'Royal PROTECTOR! when in THEE, Light's sun,
Mortals would deem the last hour run,
We find no wane of day, but a solstitial noon! 150

LI

'When we Time's volumes of past thousands scan,
Thy origin with time to span,
We find no track in infant age when it began!

LII

'Ancient of Days! to whom all times are now,
Before whom, Seraphims do bow,
Though highest creatures, yet to their CREATOR, low!

LIII

'Who art by light-surrounded powers obey'd
(Heav'n's host Thy minist'ring spirits made),
Cloth'd with UBIQUITY, to whom all light is shade!

LIV

'Whose thunder-clasping Hand does grasp the shoal 160
Of total Nature, and unroll

The spangled canopy of Heav n from
pole to pole !

LV

'Who on the clouds and winds Thy
chariot rid st
And bridling wildest storms them
guid st
Who moveless all dost move, who
changing all abid st !

LVI

The ocean Thou begirt st with misty
shrouds
That monster wrap st in swathing
clouds
And with Thy mighty Word controll st
tempestuous floods !

LVII

Earth circling oceans Thy displeas
ure flee
Mountains dismounted are by
Thee 170
Those airy giants smoke if Thou
incensèd be !

LVIII

Innumerable troops of Joys do
stand
Before Thy boundless Presence and
Uncessantly attend Thy ever blissful
Hand !

LIX

Thou LORD good without quality
dost send
Bliss to all Thine great without
end
Whose magnitude no quantity can
comprehend !

LX

What s worthless man? what his
earth crawling race?
That Thou shouldst such a shadow
grace
And in unspeakable triumphant glory
place ! 180

LXI

Who may thy Mercy s height depth
breadth extend?
In height it does to Heav n ascend
Confirms the Angels and in depth
doth low descend

LXII

Lessening the pains o th damnèd
ev n in Hell
In breadth from East to West does
swell
And over all the world and all Thy
works excel !

LXIII

'Immense EXISTENCE ! Heav n s
amaz d at Thy
INCOMPREHENSIBILITY !
Intelligences dread Thine all com
manding Eye !

LXIV

'Ye wingèd heroes whom all bliss
embow rs 190
To HIM in anthems strain your
pow rs
Whose sea of goodness has no shore
whose age no hours !

LXV

Then o er the trembling cords his
swift hand strays
And clos d all with full diapaze
As in a sounding quire the well
struck concert plays

LXVI

Victorious jubilees when echo d clear
From the Church Militant are
dear
To Heav'n s triumphing quire, such
no gross ear can hear

LXVII

Music s first martyr Strada s night
ingale 199
Might ever wish (poor bird) to fall
On that excelling harp and joy i th
funeral !

LXVIII

Had it but heard those airs where
Music meets
With raptures of voice warbled
sweets
Flowing with ravishing excess in
Sion s streets

LXIX

All what symphonious breaths
spire all what

194 diapaze] The *z* is a little interesting

Quick fingers touch, compar'd, sound flat
Could I but coin a word beyond all sweets! Twere that

LXX

What orders in New-Salem's Hierarchy,
In what degrees they enstated be,
Are wings that mount my thoughts to high discovery 210

LXXI

Blest sight to see Heav'n's order'd Host to move
In legions glist'ring all above
Whose armour is true Zeal, whose banner is pure Love!

LXXII

Bright-harnessed Intelligences! Who Enucleate can your Essence so
As men may both your mighty pow'r and nature know!

LXXIII

Invisible, impassive happy, fair,
High incorporeal, active, rare,
Pure, scientific and illustrious spirits you are.

LXXIV

Guess at their strength by One: was not almost 220
Two hundred thousand of an host
By an Angel slain, when Assur's chief gainst Heav'n did boast?

LXXV

In brightness they the morning star outvie
In nimbleness the Winds outfly:
And far surpass the sunbeams in subtility.

LXXVI

Archangels, those superior Spirits, are
GOD's legates when He will declare
His mind to's chosen: Gabriel did thus prepare

LXXVII

GOD's embassy when His Belov'd did tie
Our flesh to His Divinity; 230
Grace was the kiss, the Union was the ring from high

LXXVIII

Angels the posy sung: this, made our clay
O'er empyrean courtiers sway,
Whenas the SPOUSE His mystic nuptials did display

LXXIX

No sooner shall that great Archangel sound
His wakeful trump of doom to th' ground,
And echo shall, as banded ball make quick rebound,

LXXX

But, pamper'd graves, with all their jaws, shall yawn:
And seas, floods' nurse, strange shoals shall spawn
Of men to wait o'th' dreadful Judge at's judgement's dawn 240

LXXXI

To incorruption then corruption's night
Shall turned be; for that strange sight
Inebriates souls with deepest woes or high'st delight!

LXXXII

Then shall my ear, my nose, my hand tongue eye,
Always hear smell feel taste, espy,
Hosannas incense, off'rings, feasts felicity!

LXXXIII

To act GOD's will, o'er sublunary things,
The Dominations sway, as kings:
He curbs aerian potentates, by th' Pow'rs He wings;

LXXXIV

The Principates, of princes take the care, 250
T' enlarge their realms, or to impair,
Virtues in acting of His will have their full share:

209 they'] So in orig.: the apostrophe evidently indicating a slur.
237 banded] = bandied.

LXXXV

Thrones HIM contemplate nor from s presence move
To Cherubs HE reveals above
Hid things He Seraphins inflames with ardent love

LXXXVI

Precelling Seraphs show GOD s ardour still
Wise Cherubs His abyss of skill
In governing of all beatious Thrones instil

LXXXVII

To us His steadiness in s blessed throne
Ever unalterably ONE 260
Pow'rs virtues principates to His commands are prone

LXXXVIII

Dominions own His regal sway and so
Archangels Angels swiftly show
Agility that from the DEITY does flow

LXXXIX

Their number s numberless not half so few
As orient pearls of early dew
Like aromatic lamps they in Heav'n s Temple show

XC

And yet of them though vast the number be
The thing that most does glorify
Their MAKER s this they differ specifically 270

XCI

Of the first machine they the parcels are
Yet if we them with GOD compare
Then with their wings they screen themselves though else most fair

XCII

Lawless Desire does never pierce their breast,
Th Almighty s face is still their feast
Their bliss in service lies in messages their rest

XCIII

They speak with thought achieve without a fee,
Silence they hear Ideas see
Still magnifying HIM who cannot greater be!

XCIV

Thus they with one fleet glance in finit e 280
Into each other s knowledge dive
And by consent thoughts else in scrutable unrive

XCV

Each one in Psalms Eternity employs
Where use nor tires nor fullness cloys
Enjoying GOD their end without an end of joys!

XCVI

Each ravishing voice each instrument each face
Compos d such music that I was
In doubt, each so in tune which did precede in grace

XCVII

The spritely instruments did sweetly smile
The faces play d their parts mean while 290
The voices with both graces did them both beguile

XCVIII

The Ninefold Quire such heav nly accents there
In sweets Extension still do rear
As overpow r the windings of a mortal ear

XCIX

Who Music hate in barb rous discord roll
In Heav n there is not such a soul
For there s all harmony Saints sing the damnèd howl

258 beat ous] This though an ugly word, no doubt intentio ally connects with beatific and beatitude

XC ii XCIV] *Cf* Dante *De V lg Eloq* I ii.

C

Celestial sweets did this discourse excite,
Firm joy, fast love, fix'd life, fair sight!
But may a creature, its CREATOR'S glory write? 300

Nunc alti Plumbum scrutatur Viscera Ponti,
Viscera Navarchæ non repetenda Manu!
Hinc procul optatam divino Lumine Terram
Cernimus, optatum perficiamus Iter!

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Canto VII The Contemplation

THE ARGUMENT

Pango nec humanis Opus enarrabile Verbis,
Quæ melius possem Mira silendo loqui!
Da, DEUS, Illa canam, quæ Vox non personet ulla,
Metiar ut minimis Maxima Mira modis!

She launcheth into shoreless Seas of Light,
Inexplicable, infinite!
Whose beams both strike her blind, and renovate her sight!

STANZA I

WERE all men Maros, were those Maros all
Evangelists, met in Earth's Hall
For grand-inquest of that which we Eternal call

II

Draw Time from 's cradle (Innocence) could they,
And pilèd heaps of ages lay
Amassèd in one scale, those would they find to weigh,

III

Balanc'd with THEE, no more (when all is done)
Than, if they vainly had begun
To poise minutest atoms with the mighty sun

IV

Could they Earth's ball with numbers quilted see, 10
Yet, those throng'd figures sum not THEE,
They were but ciphers to immense ETERNITY!

V

Should every sand for thousand ages run,
When emptied shores of sands were done,
That glass no more THEE measures, than if now begun!

VI

Had tongues Heav'n's mint, to coin each Angel-grace
In dialect, they'd fail o'th' space,
Where all to come is one with all that ever was!

VII

Faith, stretch thy line, yet that 's too short, to sound
Sea without bottom, without bound, 20
As circular, as infinite, O shoreless round!

VIII

Immense ETERNITY! What mystic art
Of THEE may copy any part,
Since THOU an indeterminable CIRCLE art!

IX

Whose very centre so diffus'd is found
That not Heav'n's circuit can it bound
Then what what may the whole circumference surround?

X

Heav'n's heroes can ye find for th' ENDLESS end?
Can pow'r's IMMENSITY extend?
UBIQUITY enclose? The BOUNDLES comprehend? 30

XI

JEHOVAH's zone to this uncentred BALL
Ecliptic and meridional
Who was before is with, and shall be after all!

XII

But now behold its height above all height!
Plac'd beyond place! Above light's light!
Rapt were the three Apostles by a glimpse o' th' sight!

XIII

Oh thou all splendent all transcending Throne!
Compact of high'st Dominion!
That bove the super-eminence of lustre shone!

XIV

From each of thine ineffably bright sides 40
Diffusion of such splendour glides
As rolls bove thousand seas of joys in flaming tides

XV

With such refulgence that if Cherubs might
With face unveil'd gaze on that sight
Straight their spiritual natures would be nothing'd quite

XVI

Nature put on thy most coruscant vest
Thy grieties show brought to this test
As a crude jelly dropt from dusky clouds at best

XVII

Couldst thou impov'rish every Indian mine
And from each golden cell un shrine 50
Those beams that with their blaze outface day's emulous shine

XVIII

Couldst find out secret engines to unlock
The treasuring casket of each rock,
And reap the glowing harvest of that sparkling shock

XIX

Couldst thread the stars (fix'd and erratic) here
That stud the luminated sphere
That all those orbs of light one constellation were

XX

Couldst join mines gems sky tapers all in one
Whose near immense reflection
Might both outrival and outvie the glorious sun 60

XXI

Could all thy stones be gems seas liquid gold
Air crystal dust to pearl enroll'd
Each star a sun that sun more bright a thousandfold

XXII

Yet would those gems seem flints those seas a plash
Those stars a spark that sun a flash
Pearl'd islands diamond rocks gold mines all sullied trash

XXIII

Yea were all eyes of earth sky Heav'n combin'd
And to one optic point confin'd

59 near] Orig 'neer

This super-radiant object would ev'n strike that blind!

XXIV

Blind, as the sable veil of gloomy night 70
(The Gospel's self but hints this SIGHT)
All seem obscurer shades to this non-pareil LIGHT!

XXV

Amazing! Most inexplicably rare!
Oh, if, but those who worthy are,
None may this light declare—none may this light declare!

XXVI

Best eloquence is languid, high'st thoughts vail,
To think, to speak, wit, language fail,
'Tis an abyss, through which no Spirit's eye can sail!

XXVII

Here Glory dwells, with lustres so surrounded,
That brightest rays are quite confounded, 80
When they approach this radiant eminence unbounded!

XXVIII

Forth from this fulgurance such splendours fly,
As shall draw up frail dust on high,
Which, else, would in its lumpish urn still bedrid lie

XXIX

Before the ALMIGHTY'S throne my soul I throw,
Whence all, that 's good and great, does flow
LORD, I that grace implore, which may this glory show!

XXX

Great GOD! Thou all-beginning, unbegun!
Whose hand the web of Nature spun!
At once the plenitude of all, and yet but ONE! 90

XXXI

Parent of beings, Entity's sole stud!
Spirit's eternal spring and flood!
Sprung of Thyself, or rather no way sprung! Chief Good!

XXXII

Abstract of joys, whose Wisdom an abyss!
Whose Pow'r Omnipotency is!
Whose soul-enlivening sight's the universal bliss!

XXXIII

Thou dost descend on wings of air display'd,
'Bove majesty itself array'd,
Curtain'd with clouds, the Host of Heav'n attendants made! 99

XXXIV

Essence of glory, Summity of praise!
Abash'd at Thy all-piercing rays,
Heav'n's quire does chaunt uncessant Alleluiahs!

XXXV

Diamonds than glass, than diamonds stars more bright,
Than stars the sun, than sun Heav'n's light,
But infinitely purer than Heav'n's self 's Thy Sight!

XXXVI

Great is the earth, more large the air's extent
Planets exceed, the firmament
Of stars outvies, unlimited 's the Heav'nly Tent

XXXVII

But, as my tenter'd mind its spirits still
Strains forth, from less to more (LORD, fill 110
My outspent raptures by Thy all-repairing skill!)

XXXVIII

When I above air, stars, Heav'n, on would press
Rack'd thoughts to spheres beyond excess,
Myriads of spheres seem motes to Thy Immense ONENESS!

XXXIX

Eternity is but Thine hour glass!
Immensity but fills Thy space!
Whole Nature's six days' work took up but six words' place!

XL

One word did th' all surrounding sky roof frame
With all its starry sparkling flame!
Not all created wisdom can spell out THY NAME! 120

XLI

Supreme COMMANDER of the rolling stars!
Thy law sets to their progress bars
Does epicycle their obliquely gliding cars!

XLII

No lines, poles, tropics, zones can Thee enthrall
First MOVER of the spheric ball
Above, beneath, without, within, beyond them all!

XLIII

What could but thy all potent Hand sustain
Those magazines of hail, snow, rain
Lest they should fall at once and deluge all again?

XLIV

By them Thou plenty dost to earth distil, 130
And man's dependent heart dost fill
Winds are van couriers and postilions to Thy Will!

XLV

Tis that the ominous cause of earthquakes binds
In subterranean grots, that finds
Strange ruptures to enfranchise th' ever struggling winds!

XLVI

Thy sandy cord does proudest surges bound
And seas unfathom'd bottoms sound
Thy semi-circling bow i'th' clouds thy covenant crown'd!

XLVII

Earth's hinges hang upon thy fiat set
Midst air surrounding waters yet
Stand fix'd on that like which what is so firm, so great? 141

XLVIII

Yet earth's fast columns at Thy frown do quake,
And oceans dreadful horrors make
Flints melt, the rocks do roll, the airy mountains shake!

XLIX

Yea, Heav'n's self trembled, and the centre shook
With Thy amazing Presence strook
When Power of pow'rs on Sina's Mount His station took!

L

Each Ens (as link'd to Providence Thy chain)
Is govern'd by Thy fingers rein!
Thou seeing us, we grace, we Thee, do glory gain! 150

LI

Who hast no eyes to see, nor ears to hear
Yet see'st and hear'st all eye, all ear!
Who nowhere art contain'd, yet art Thou everywhere!

LII

The optic glass we of Thy prescience may
Call th' Ark, where all ideas lay
By which each entity Thou dost at first portray!

LIII

Future events are pre-existent here
As if they lately acted were
Than any new dissect anatomy more clear!

LIV

Each where at once Thou totally art still 160

132 couriers] Orig. curriers
160 Each where] So in orig. but the word, wh ch is Spenserian, should be revi ed as one i e. eachwhere for everywhere is not synonymous

The same unchang'd, yet, at Thy will,
Thou changest all, who, though Thou art unmov'd, dost fill

LV

Things that are most remote, in whose forecast
Contingencies do crowd so fast,
As if past things were now, and things to come were past!

LVI

Though acts on earth cross to Thy will are done,
Besides Thy will yet acteth none,
Preceding and succeeding will, in Thee are one!

LVII

Of whose vast Manor all the Earth's domains!
Though Earth, nor air, nor Heav'n contains, 170
Yet each obscurer grot Thy OMNIPRESENCE gains!

LVIII

Though nought accrues to Thy unbounded state
From spirits, which Thou didst create,
Yet they Thy goodness and Thy love shall still dilate!

LIX

Thou, who mad'st all, mad'st neither sin, nor death,
Man's folly first gave them their breath,
That did abase whole Nature with itself beneath

LX

But sin to cure, Thou in a crib gav'st man
EMANUEL! Divine-humane!
Who diff'ring natures join'd, whose reign no ages scan! 180

LXI

And Thou, O MEDIATOR! Thou, whose praise,
Like morning dews, to first of days
Was sung by heav'nly choristers in seraph lays!

LXII

GOD, by the Holy Ghost, begat Thee, Lord!
Flesh took by the Eternal Word!
Whose self-eternal EMANATION none record!

LXIII

As Thy eternal EMANATION's past,
So to Eternity shalt last!
In the beginning was the Word, shows still THOU wast,

LXIV

There God in Essence, one in Persons Three! 190
Here Natures two in One agree!
Thou, sitting in the midst of TRINAL-UNITY

LXV

At Heav'n's high council-table, dart'st such rays,
As strike ev'n cherubs with amaze!
Of which the school, disputing all, it nothing says

LXVI

Search we the ages past so long ago,
None, none this Mystery could show,
Till in that maiden-birth, 'twas acted here below!

LXVII

A Dove hatch'd in that nest Thyself did build!
A Lamb that Thine own flock does shield! 200
A winter Flow'r that fram'd, from whence it sprung, the field!

LXVIII

The Jewish shepherds all affrighted are,
When heralds THEE proclaim'd i' th' air!
Yea, Magi came t' adore, led by a new-born star!

LXIX

Yet, though thus wond'rously begot, thus born,
Sponsor for us, fall'n race, forlorn,
T' ingratiate us with GOD, becam'st to man a scorn!

LXX

The Grace Self wast th Honour t evangelize!
The sacred Function as a prize
Thou tookst yet that not on till call d in Aaron s guise! 210

LXXI

Which GOD t apostolize did bring to pass
By th HOLY GHOST's descent at face
Of Jordan s then blest streams of which John witness was!

LXXII

Thence led by th HOLY GHOST to th wilderness
There tempted by the Fiends address
Him overcam st by *Scriptum est*, hence our release!
Then forth Thou wentst —

LXXIII

Thy sermons oracles acts wonders were!
Those Faith begot these others Fear!
By both thus wrought in us to THEE ourselves we rear! 220

LXXIV

Thou gavst the lame swift legs the blind clear eyes!
Thou healdst all human maladies!
Thou madst the dumb to speak! Thou madst the dead to rise!

LXXV

And art to dead men Life to sick men Health!
Sight to the blind to th needy Wealth!
A Pleasure without pain! a Treasure without stealth!

LXXVI

LORD in not of this world Thy Kingdom is
Thy chos n Apostles preach d Thy bliss
That none of all Thy creatures might salvation miss

LXXVII

Abraham long dead before, yet saw Thy day 2 0
In Isaac born and vows did pay!
Type first, then antitype and quick nest every way!

LXXVIII

Thy Gospel Wisdom s Academy show d,
Thy Mercy Justice calm d, Life view d
Is Temperance Thy Death the flag of Fortitude!

LXXIX

Thou altar sanctuary sacrifice
Priest bread of life dost all suffice!
Ne er cloying feast where appetite by food doth rise!

LXXX

And Son of Man dost sin of man forgive! 23)
To be Thy victims hearts do strive
Who livdst that life might die and didst that death might live!

LXXXI

Yet didst Thou not but that (Spirit quicken d) free
Thou might st saints paradised see
Rejoic d assurance give to them rejoic d in Thee!

LXXXII

And that from thence to Satan s gloomy shades
Made prison for the damnèd Hades
Thou might st Thy conquest show Thy glory that ne er fades!

LXXXIII

Thence loos d Death s chains from body up to rear it

217] This extra hemistich is pr nted in orig level with the number LXXIII of the next st n a as a kind of as de a parenthetic ejaculation

232 qu ck nest] This which is without apostrophe in orig is rather hard to adjust even to B nlowes s ngular stenography I should like to read thou for and

246 Hades] Rhyme noted in Introd

That, when rais'd state THOU dost inherit,
THOU might'st become to us an ever-quick'ning SPIRIT! 250

LXXXIV

The FATHER to reveal gives to His SON
Thee, HOLY GHOST (thus Three in One)
Of all peculiar Sanctifier, yet not alone!

LXXXV

The Father's love, and Son's, Adoption's seal,
The Spring of sanctity, the Weal
O' th' Church Thyself in light of fiery tongues reveal!

LXXXVI

O Light unscann'd! Of wisdom every glance
Beams only from Thy countenance,
Whose store, when emptied most itself doth most advance!

LXXXVII

Whose fruits are Gentleness, Peace, Love, and Joy, 260
All crown'd with bliss, freed from annoy,
Which neither Time, World, Death, Hell, Devil can destroy!

LXXXVIII

Thou art a feast, fram'd of that fruitful fare,
Which hungers waste not, but repair!
A rich perfume, no winds can winnow into air!

LXXXIX

A light unseen, yet in each place dost shine!
A sound no art can e'er define!
A pure embrace, that Time's assault can ne'er untwine!

XC

Floods of unebbing joys from Thee do roll!
Which, to each sin-disdaining soul
Thou dost exhibit in an unexhausted bowl! 271

XCI

This Wine of Ecstasy, by th' SPIRIT giv'n,
Doth raise the ravish'd souls to Heav'n!
Affording them those comforts are of Earth's bereav'n!

XCII

Thy union is as strict, as large thy merit!
No Heav'n but THEE, which Saints inherit
Through grace, divinest sap, deriv'd by th' Holy Spirit!

XCIII

When souls enflamèd by that highest light,
Fix on Thy glorifying sight,
All glories else, compar'd to that, are dusky night! 280

XCIV

When high'st infusions pass our highest sense,
Amazement is high eloquence,
'Bove all hyperboles which fall to exigence

XCV

Blest TRINITY, Th' art all, above all, Good!
Beatitude's Beatitude!
Which swallows us, yet swim we in this Living Flood!

XCVI

TH' art King of kings, of lords Lord! None like THEE!
Who, for Thy style hast Majesty!
And for Thy royal robes hast Immortality

XCVII

Mercy for throne! for sceptre Justice hast! 290
Immensity's for kingdom plac'd!
And for Thy crown such glory as doth ever last!

XCVIII

For peace, what passeth understanding's eye!
Pow'r, irresistibility!
For holiness, all what's most sacred, pure, and high!

XCIX

For truth Thy Word! Wisdom for counsellor!
Omnipotence does guard Thy tow r!
Thou minist ring angels hast to act Thy sovereign pow r!

C

Omniscience Thine intelligencer is!
For treasure Thou hast endless bliss! 300
For date eternity! Oh swallow me ABYSS!

Ite pii Cantus Cantus quibus arduus Æther
Est Portus Portus quem videt alma Fides
Visuram Littus Navem sacra Serta coronent
Serta per innumeros non peritura Dies!

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

Canto VIII The Admiration

THE ARGUMENT

Cœli trina MONAS TRIAS una faveto precanti!
PERSONAS una Tres DEITATE colo!
Su t tria sunt et idem, Fons Flumen Gurges aquarum
Sic tria sunt unum Sol Jubar atque Calor

Th El xir centuplies itself But oh
Myri ds of myriads must she so
T express GOD s Essence which no intellect can show!

STANZA I

PROJECTION to my soul! Thy sight s a wreath
Of glory thou dost virtue breathe
Thy words like sacred incense fuel and flame bequeath

II

Thou Maid of Honour in Heav n s Court! to break
Thy gold twist lines shows judge ment weak
Yet deign to hear my suit of GOD s hid Nature speak!

III

Can counters sum up infinite? Fond man
Couldst grasp whole oceans in thy span
And Phœbus couldst outface in his meridian,

IV

Tear rocks of adamant and scale the wall 10
O th glorious empyrean hall
And worms to super eminence of Seraphs call!

V

Yet this ev'n then thou couldst nor learn nor teach
The World unravell d cannot stretch
To sound th Abyss Itself alone it self can reach

VI

Of all intelligences not all Light
Muster'd into one optic sight
Can speak what each where is yet no where seen to th height!

VII

Who out of nothing all things did compact
Whose will s His work whose word His act 20
Of whom who says the most must from His worth detract?

VIII

How from the Essence the Creator flows!
Or how the Word, what creature knows!
How th' Spirit, all in 't, all from 't, does Heav'n's assembly pose!

IX

Here they, who leave the Church's ship, are tost
Till irrecoverably lost!
Whose rudder is GOD'S Word, steersman, th' HOLY GHOST

X

Archessence! Thou, self-full! self-infinite!
Residing in approachless light!
In the Incomprehensibilities of Height! 30

XI

Thy peerless uncreated NATURE is
The super-excellence of BLISS!
Where Holiness and Pow'r, where Truth and Goodness kiss!

XII

Who only in THYSELF subsists, without
Or form, or matter! yet, no doubt,
Inform'st the matter of the universe throughout!

XIII

No need compels THEE, no disasters sad
Disturb thy state, no mirth makes glad,
Oblivion takes not from THEE, nor can mem'ry add!

XIV

With prudent rev'rence, thus What-e'er's in GOD, 40
His Essence is, there's His abode,
Whose will His rule, whose Heav'n His court, whose hell His rod

XV

He exists an active ENS, upholding both
Itself, and everything that doth
Exist, without distinction or of parts, or growth!

XVI

Not made by nothing (nothing nothing makes),
Nor birth from anything HE takes,
For, what gives birth, precedes springs usher in their lakes

XVII

Were HE material, then HE local were,
All matter being in place, so, there
Th' Incircumscriptible would circumscrib'd appear 51

XVIII

HE's so diffusive, that HE's all in all!
All in the universal ball!
All out of it! The only WAS, the IS, the SHALL

XIX

To help thy reason, think of air, there see
Ubiquity unseen, and free
From touch, inviolable, though it pierced be

XX

Mere air corrupts not, though convey'd unto
All lungs, for, thither it does go
To cool them, quick'neth all, as the world's soul doth show 60

XXI

Moisture and heat, its qualities, are cause
Of all production yet, because
This element's a creature, GOD Creator, pause

XXII

Self-life the attribute of's Being is!
His Will, of governing! and His
Command of execution! and His love of bliss!

XXIII

All's tied in this love-knot JEHOVAH'S love
Time's birth the Trinity does prove
Creator made, Word spake, and Spirit of GOD did move 69

27 th'] So in orig if correctly, Benlowes must have made 'steërsman' trisyllabic
63 Creator,] No comma in orig, but required 'Pause' corresponds to 'think' in 55

XXIV

Let us in our own image man create
Which Solomon does explicate
Remember the Creators in thy youth
ful state

XXV

The Father spake the Son i th
stream did move
At His baptizing from above
The Holy Ghost descended in the
form o th Dove

XXVI

Of Him to Him and through Him
all things be
Of through and to declare the
Three
And in the HIM the Unity of GOD we
see

XXVII

Thus Holy Holy, Holy s nam d to
show
A Ternion we in Union know 80
The notions issuing from the Trine
int One do flow

XXVIII

Whilst that I think on THREE, I am
confin d
To One! while I have One in mind
I am let forth to Three! Yet Three
in One combin d!

XXIX

Oh inconceivable IDENTITY!
In One how may a Plural be!
Coequal both in attributes and
majesty!

XXX

The FATHER is true GOD i th Ternion
The WORD unborn yet after Son
The SPIRIT GOD coessential Three
cause Three from One! 90

XXXI

The Father and Word are One!
One shows their power
Are distinct Persons *One* does
show r
On Tritheists vengeance *Are*, does
Arians devour

XXXII

One yet not one! The Father and
the Son
In Persons two from Father one
By th SPIRIT Son is one by resigna
tion!

XXXIII

The Word is what He was yet once
was not
What now He is! for He hath got
A Nature more than once He had
to cleanse our spot!

XXXIV

For ne er had man from earth to
Heav n attain d 100
Had GOD from Heav n to earth
not deign d
His Son! now unto GOD man s way
by Man is gain d!

XXXV

EQUAL and Son the form of servant
takes!
The world, unmade by sin new
makes!
EQUAL Son servant! All are mys
teries not mistakes!

XXXVI

Thus by free grace is man s defection
heal d
Behold the mystery reveal d
WORD equal shadowing Son
Unction is servant seal d!

XXXVII

Because GOD S EQUAL serpent s
tempts are quell d
Yet He as Son to death must
yield 110
For us by resurrection to regain the
field

XXXVIII

The SPIRIT is true GOD, from ever He
Did reign with Both! The TRINITY
Coequal Coeternal Coessential be!

XXXIX

The FATHER s full though th SON
hath all engross d!
Nor yet is aught of this all lost

90 cause] So in orig and possible Benlowes often havi g comma between noun and v rb But it may s often also be cause = because
93 Tritheists] Orig Tritheists'

Though th' FATHER give Himself to th' SON by th' HOLY GHOST!

XL

For, though He freely thus give all His store,
Yet hath He Infinite, as before!
Conceive for glimpse some endless spring, or mine of ore! 120

XLI

What soul will have this TRIAD for his book,
With faith must on the back-parts look,
For, with His glorious FACE, blind are ev'n Seraphs strook!

XLII

By speculation from Sol's substance, we
The FATHER, from its splendour see
The SON, from's heat the HOLY GHOST Here, One is Three

XLIII

The intellect, the memory, the will
Resemblance make o' th' TRINE, these fill
One soul, yet are distinct in outward workings still!

XLIV

Thus, to restore from fall, we may descry 130
THE TRINITY in UNITY!
Inscrutable ABYSS rebates our weaker eye!

XLV

Be ever-ever-ever blest, O TRINE!
Ever Unitedness divine!
Who dost as well in ants as in Archangels shine!

XLVI

The Principats, Thrones, Dominations, all
Archangels, Pow'rs celestial
Are ministers attending on thy sovereign call!

XLVII

The government 'bove star-embroider'd hall,
Thus truly is monarchical, 140
Where all are kings, and yet one King does rule them all!

XLVIII

Less than the thousand part I have express'd,
Man's weakness cannot bear the rest
For Thy expressless Nature, LORD, be ever blest!

XLIX

Soul of all sweets! my love, life, joy and bliss!
To enjoy Thee 's Heav'n! Hell Thee to miss!
What 's Earth's? Ev'n Heav'n hath its beatitude from this!

L

Remove the needle from the pole-star, and
'Tis still with trembling motion fann'd,
Till it returns No fixture but in GOD does stand 150

LI

To saints all other objects prizeless be,
In GOD, the All of All, we see
Feast to the taste, all beauty to the sight is He!

LII

Music to th' ear, and those whom He unites,
Partake with Him in high'st delights!
Springtides of pleasures overwhelm their ravish'd sprites!

LIII

But, contraries, when opposite, best show
(As foils set diamonds off, we know),
See Hell, where caitives pine, yet still their tortures grow!

LIV

As metals fiery waves in furnace swell, 160
That founders run, to cast each bell,

139] Allusions to the Star-chamber (see note, p 356) are not uncommon at this time the special play of thought here is pretty obvious

This not endur'd more rage ten thousand times is Hell!

LV

Where souls still rave adust with horrid pain!
They tug they tear but all in vain
For them from raging smart Hope never shall unchain!

LVI

Oh that for trash these Esaus sold their bliss!
For sin that worse than nothing is!
This desperates their rage! How they blaspheme at this!

LVII

This viper clings corrodes gainst which no ward!
GOD's beatific sight debarr'd
Renders their case bove all the pains of sense more hard!

LVIII

Oh never sated worm! unpitied woes!
Unintermitted! what Sin owes
Hell pays! The damn'd are anvils to relentless blows!

LIX

Fiends forfeit not their energy There Cain
Fries but for one lamb by him slain!
Oh what flames then shall butchers of Christ's flock sustain?

LX

Earth's fatal mischief prosp'rous thief that thunder
Which tore the nations all asunder
Whom just Fate slew in th' world's revenge that conqu'ring wonder

LXI

That ghost of Philip's shot brain'd son may tell
Heart breaking stories of his Hell!
Too late he finds one soul did his whole world excel!

LXII

There curs'd oppressors dreadful rackings feel!
Whose hearts were rocks and bowels steel!
Oh, scorching fire! (cries Dives) for one drop I kneel!

LXIII

Oblig'd is man GOD's steward to supply
Brethren, in CHRIST coheirs who lie
Gasping in stiff'ning frosts no covering but the sky

LXIV

Whose wither'd skins sear as the sapless wood
Cleave to their bones for want of food
Seem Nature's monsters thrown ashore by Mis'ry's flood

LXV

Though all their physic's but a diet spare,
Have no more earth than what they are
Nor more o'th' world than graves yet in Heav'n's love they share

LXVI

Inestimable Love from none be reav'n!
Heav'n sunk to earth earth mounts to Heav'n!
Just Judge! to Dives Hell to Laz'rus Heav'n is giv'n!

LXVII

Love disengage us of ourselves! Love has
Nor bit nor reins! Rich bove earth's mass!
Fix'd in ideas of Love's soul enliv'ning grace!

LXVIII

O Love! O Height, above all height to Thine!
Thy favour did to foes incline!
Unmeasurable Measure! endless End of line!

LXIX

Love darts all thoughts to its Belov'd doth place
All bliss in waiting on His grace
It languisheth with Hope to view Him face to face!

194 Have] Apparently short for *th'ough they* have

LXX

And ushers in that Beatific Love,
Which so divinely flames above,
And doth to vision, union, and fruition move! 210

LXXI

Ice is a thing distinct from th' ocean wide,
But, melted by the sun, does glide
Into 't, becomes one with 't, and so shall e'er abide

LXXII

Desire 's a tree, whose fruit is love, the show'rs
That ripen it are tears, the flow'rs
Are languors, leaves afflictions, blossoms pray'r-spent hours

LXXIII

O mental Pray'r, thy joys are high! Resort
By thee 's to GOD! Thou art the port
Of inward peace from storms! The path to Sion's Court!

LXXIV

By pray'r GOD 's serv'd betimes, remember who 220
The blessing got by wrestling so,
Who early pray, they healthy, holy, happy grow

LXXV

Then pray, before Light's rosy blush displays
I' th' Orient Sol's encheering rays,
When he from 's opal East to West obliquely strays

LXXVI

Before the cock, Light's herald, day-break sings
To 's feath'ry dames, ere roost-lark springs,
Morn's usher, when the dawn its mongrel hour forth brings

LXXVII

Pray'r, thou art life's best act, soul's silent speech,
The gate of Grace, saints GOD beseech 230
By prayer, but join'd with alms and fasts they HIM besiege!

LXXVIII

Fasting, the soul's delicious banquet, can
Add strength to pray'r, feast th' inner man,
And throw up to Eternity the body's span!

LXXIX

Fasts, sackcloth, ashes, grovelling on the ground
Saints studied have with pain, and found
With joy, that what degrades the sense, in Heav'n is crown'd!

LXXX

Prize Faith, the shield of martyrs, Joy's confection,
Soul's light, the Prophet's sure direction,
Hope's guide, Salvation's path, the pledge of all perfection! 240

LXXXI

In Faith's mysterious Eden make abode,
With Jacob's staff, and Aaron's rod
Frequent its grove, where none are but the lov'd of GOD!

LXXXII

The radiations of Faith's lamp excite
Such a Colosse of sparkling light,
That saints through worldly waves may steer life's course aright

LXXXIII

Being in, not of this world, they comforts rear
Above the pitch of servile fear
Terrestrial blossoms first must die, ere fruit they bear

LXXXIV

No clogging fetters of impris'ning clay,
No wry-mouth squint-ey'd scoff can stay 251
Their swift progression, soaring in their heav'nly way!

LXXXV

Thoughts on the endless weight of glory shall

238 confection] Used, it would seem, in the sense of 'completion,' familiar in *conficere*

Render ev n crowns as dung and all
Afflictions light as chaff chas d on Earth s empty ball

LXXXVI

The torch that shines in night as eye of noon
Is but as darkness to the sun
Run after shades they fly fly after shades they run

LXXXVII

All worldly gays are reeds without support
Fitly with rainbow gleams they sort 260
Want solidness when gain d they are as false as short

LXXXVIII

While fools like silly larks with feathers play
And stoop to th glass are twitch d away
Amidst their pleasing madness to Hell s dismal bay!

LXXXIX

Oh could embodied souls sin s bane view well
Rather in flames they d choose to dwell!
Not so much ill as sin have all the pains of Hell!

XC

A smiling conscience (wrong'd) does sweetly rest
Though starv d abroad within doth feast,
Has Heav'n itself for cates has GOD Himself for Guest! 2 o

XCI

May call Him FATHER, His Vice gerent be!
An atom of DIVINITY!
Redeem d by s SON by the SPIRIT inspir d blest by ALL THREE!

XCII

His judge becomes His advocate! hath care
To plead for Him! The Angels are
His guardians! from his GOD him heights nor depths may scare

XCIII

Oh blest who in His courts their days do spend!
And on that Sovereign Good de pend!
His Word their rule His Spirit their light Himself their end!

XCIV

While pride of life and lust o th eye do quite 280
Dazzle the world saints out of sight
Retire to view their bliss on which some cantos write

XCV

For souls sincerely good in humble cell
Encloister'd near Devotion s bell
By Contemplation s groves and springs near Heav n do dwell

XCVI

Bright gifted soaring minds (though fortune trod)
Are careless of dull Earth s dark clod
Enrich d with higher donatives their prize is GOD!

XCVII

Farewell As vanish d lightning then she flies
Oh how in me did burnings rise!
The only discord was Farewell Hearts outreach eyes 291

XCVIII

The air respires those quintessential sweets
From whence she breath d and whoso meets
With such the tuneful orbs he in that zenith greets

XCIX

Dwell on this joy my thoughts react her part
Such raptures on thy shuddering heart
Make thee all ecstasy by spirit seizing art!

C

Chewing upon those Heav'n-enchanting strains,
My soul Earth's giddy mirth disdains,
Fleet Joy runs races in my blood through thousand veins! 300

Contingit gratam victrix Industria Metam,
Et mea nunc Portu fessa potire Ratis
Est Opus exactum, Cujus non pœnitet Acti
Me juvat at Cæpti Summa videre mei

OMNIA IN UNO, ET IN OMNIBUS UNUS

MIRA mihi inter Authorem & Opus occurrit Symphonia Ille Cælebs, Hoc Virgineum, Ille Philomusicus, Hoc, ipsum Melos, Ille Dilectus, Hoc ipsa Dilectio Quis enim ad Vim Amoris explicandum vel copiosiùs dixit, vel impensiùs Opere perfecit, quàm Autor hîc in sua THEOPHILA? quæ tantâ Florum Varietate conspersa est, ut quid prius legam, aut laudem, vix mihi post repetitam Lectionem constare possit Quid etiam Jucundiùs Animi Oculis, quàm sitientem tam cœlesti Nectare Animam adimplere? Sine me Deliciis igitur istis inebriari, & me Epulis, hisce, Mel & Amorem spirantibus, jugiter accumbere Modus amandi DEUM non habet modum, nullus planè in hoc Genere Excessus datur Scripserunt De Arte Amandi Varii, sed imperfectè admodum, & impurè, ac si, non tam Amandi quàm Peccandi Artem edocere professi essent Quia hujusmodi illecebræ, dum sensim sine sensu Venenum hauriunt, Morbo sine Medelâ afficiunt Hîc autem sunt Dictu honesta, Lectu jucunda, Scitu utilia, Observatu digna, & Factu præstantissima Eximium ergo hoc felicis Ingenii Specimen, propter Multiplices Aculeos in Legentium Animos suavitèr penetrantes, & penitiorem æternæ Veritatis Cognitionem instillatam, Auresque harmonicè demulcentem, in Lucem emitti, non possum non lætari

M G STD

Jam satis expertus Britticum Mare, contraho Vela,
Naviget Ausonio Musa Latina Salo
Fallor, an externo venit Aura secundior Orbe?
Portus in Latios versa Triremis eat

Ad piæ Poesios Cultum Invitatio

VOS, Eruditionis Candidati, quibus Crux DOMINI Gloriæ, Religio Cordi, Integritas Honori, Doctrina Ornamento, Poesis sacra Oblectamento, qui Cupiditates Rationi, Rationem Religioni, ut Christiani, subjugâstis, cum Musis convivamini devotioribus, ut perpetuâ Posterorum vigeatis Memoriâ Non ad Mundi deliria, vos, Animæ piè anhelantes, sed, fulguris more, ad Sublimia nascimini Credite Vosmetipsos DEI Filios, respondete Generi, vivite Cœlo, PATREM Similitudine referte, Quid enim evidentius cœlestis Originis Indicium, quàm humano Corpore Mentem Angelicam circumferre? Vosmetipsos ergo erigite, Dictatores, Magna loquimini, Magna vivite, Cæteros, ad inferiora depressos, Quadrupedes non esse natos, pœniteat O, quàm divina Res est Mens variis ornata Disciplinis! Acquisitio Sapientiæ Carbunculos, & pretiosissimas Orientis Gazas antecellit Nihil, Vobis o Animæ, DEI insignitæ Imagine, desponsatæ Fide, dotatæ Spiritu, redemptæ Sanguine, deputatæ cum Angelis, capaces Beatitudinis, æquè sit Curæ, quám ut omnes altiores Animi vestri Vires in summum Illius Honorem, qui primum Illum Vobis inspiravit Æstum exeratis. Tanti enim est Quisque quanti Mens, quæ, præter DEUM, nihil excelsius in Terris Seipsâ complecti potest Ad Se igitur revocetur, Secum versetur, in Se abeat, Sibi tota intendat, deque sua Sublimitate, & Autore semper adorando, cogitet Hoc autem præstare non possit, nisi Vitia Corporis ableget, nisi Avaritiæ & Ambitioni renuntiet, nisi sui Juris sit, nisi Se denique a Sensibus separata, penitius

perfruatur tunc enim ad DEUM Objectum suum libera assurgat Hæc autem ipsius in Seipsam Conversio ac Defixio tantæ est Voluptatis ut ex cogitari nulla in hac Vita possit quæ vel ad aliquam ejus particulam accedat Ut igitur ad summum hoc Bonum, summis Ingeniis Propositum per veniatis Votis & Vocibus cohortamur Imo DEUS in Vobis & velle & perficere operetur Ipse Autor Ipse Remunerator Ipse Causa effectiva & finalis Cursoli Nobilissimi incumbite & Unum Hoc agite ut vos DEO & Davidicæ Pietati consecratos Sedes in GLORIÆ Templo æternæ excipiant Sed quia Heroes alloquimur heroico nostram hanc Parænesin Carmine substringemus

Vos sacra Progenies CŒLI celsique capaces
Pectoris HEROES salvete Poemata Mundo
Sancta triumphato diffundite Versibus Orbis
Ultimus applaudat Spargant Præconia Musæ
Frivola Vesani Crepitacula spernite Seeli
Excelsos Excelsa decent Mens una Beatos
Reddit præ Sanctis sordescant Cuncta Triumphis
Davidicæ Decon Vos inspirate Camœnæ
Felix Vena sacros potius prorumpat in Hymnos
Quàm micet eois Caput aspectabile Gemmis
Sic celebretur Opus donec Formica Profundum
Ebibat & vastum Testudo perambulet Orbem

I G Sculp

Hecatombe IX

Recápitulatio

ANIMÆ PIÉ ANHELANTIS DESCRIPTIO

Beato THEOPHILÆ Virginis Incendio
Quisquis flagrare gestis
In quo felicior Salamandrâ triumphes
Et instar Pyraustæ nascaris instar Phœnicis moriaris
Ut ÆVITERNITATI resurgas
Non tam vitam deferens quam conferens
Sanctioris Ovidii Carmina
Cordis Oculis & Oculorum Corde perlustres
Debuissent Incendia dia Adamantino Stylo
In Tabula IMMORTALITATIS incidi 10
Sed quoniam pennæ ductibus scribenda fuere

Canto IX

The Recapitulation

AND PORTRAIT OF A HEAV'NLY BREATHING SOUL

Whoso delights to burn in holy fire
Of Virgin fair THEOPHILA
Joy Salamander in that flame
Thou so Pyrausta born, may'st like the Phoenix burn
That to Eternity thou rise
Not losing life but sowing well the same
A holier Ovid's smoothed verse
With eyes of heart with heart all eyes behold
Such sacred flames by adamantine hand
Ought to be placed in lasting urns 10
But cause these writings needed aid of pens

3 Pyrausta] See note *sup* p 367
5 Æviternitati] It is very like Benlowes to show his knowledge of the uncontracted form

Pennas porrigat Scribenti Pietas pennatior Ave,
Et centum Oculos Legenti oculatior Argo

PORTICUS

Amor erga Magistrum, & Sodalem
Languidiùs se movet, & quodamodo vegetat,
Erga Parentem & Conjugem
Expansiùs se exerit, & quasi sentit,
Erga Patriam, & Patriæ Patrem
Elatiùs se erigit, & Rationem induit
At erga DEUM
Totus Ecstasin patitur, Sese transcendit,
Nec Modi, nec Limitis capax,
Sed, separatarum instar Animarum,
Cupit, æstuat, ebullit, anhelat!
Finitus INFINITATEM ambit, ac suspirat! 12

ARGUMENTUM

Musa sacrata struens Aras, ut NUMEN honoret,
Calcat, & odit haras, Musa pelligna, tuas
Est Hæc, ut Clytie, studiosa Pedissequa Solis,
Sol DEUS est, Solis Lumen AMANTIS amat

DISTICHON I

Musa, silere potes, vaga dum Citharistria Sylvæ
Crispillat tremulo gutture mille Sonos?

II

Ars acuit Concepta, Poesis acuminat Artem,
Spicula jactet Epos, jacta coronet Eros

Virtue, than birds more swift, unto the scribe lend wing,
And let the reader's care more eyes than Argus bring

THE PORTICO

Love to the master, and the mate
Stirs itself feebly in Life's lowest sphere,
That to our parent, and the bed
More large extends, and breathes a life of sense,
That to our country, and its sire
Self raises loftier in Reason's air
But, that to GOD,
Ravish'd with ecstasy, itself transcends,
Nor bounds, nor limits would it own,
But, narrow'd that (like lovers, kept apart) 10
Warms, heats, yea boils, boils up and over!
Longs for th' Eternal, sighs for HIM, beyond that lover!

THE ARGUMENT

Blest Muse the Altar builds, where Love's ador'd,
And throweth down, loose wit, thy nest abhorr'd
She, Clytie-like, to th' Sun of Glory turns,
GOD is her Sun, with light of Zeal she burns

DISTICH I

Muse, canst be silent, when each charmèd grove
Harbours a thousand warbling notes of Love?

II

Art whets the mind, and hymns set edge on art
Dart up an epod, Zeal, crown thou the dart

Arg 2] It is rather odd that Benlowes in his Englishing softens *haras*, 'styes,' to 'nest', and omits the direct reference (*Pelligna*) to Ovid altogether

4] Here one has to choose between 'Epos' for 'Epode' in the Latin, and 'Epod' for 'Epic' in the English

III

Spes Arcus sit Amor tibi Dextra Fidesque Sagitta
A Spe missa Fides, NUMEN Amore petit

IV

Est sacrum quod conor Opus DEUS annue Cœptis!
Seminat Ista Fides Spes alit, auget Amor

V

Mundus Ager Semen Verbum DEUS Ipse Colonus
Latro Satan Lolium Gens mala Sancta Seges 10

VI

Da mihi Cœlipetæ Fastigia, NUMEN Alitude
Mens ut Avis penna remige sulcet Iter!

VII

Nosse DEUM bene posse Bonum sunt Vota Piorum
Da mihi nosse Bonum da mihi posse DEUS!

VIII

Notio non Cœli sed habet Dilectio Palmam
Tu mihi nosse dabas Cœlica velle dabis

IX

Quod volo quod possum quod sum Tibi debeo CHRISTE
Quod sum quod possum quod volo CHRISTE, cape

X

Nil video sine Te sapio nil nil queo Solus
Sol meus es meus es Sal mea sola Salus 20

XI

Lux Via Vita pio DEUS hac Face Tramite Corde
Qui videt it vivit non cadit errat obit

XII

Da cumulem tua centenis ALTARIA Donis!
Victima sint Versus Ara Cor Ignis Amor

III

Hope be thy bow thy hand Love Faith the shaft
Let Hope shoot Faith to GOD with Love's strong draft

IV

Sacred's my theme may my first fruits Him please!
Faith plants Hope nourishes Love ripens these

V

This world's the field GOD sows His Word the seed
Satan the thief the good corn th ill the weed 10

VI

LORD mount me to the pitch of larks on high
That I as birds wing'd oars may cut the sky!

VII

Saints would know GOD so as they good may do
Let me both know this good and act it too!

VIII

Heav'n's love not knowledge doth the palm acquire
Who heav'nly knowledge gave will give desire

IX

That aught I will can am is CHRIST from thee
CHRIST what I am can will accept from me!

X

No light taste strength without Thee Thou alone
Art health unto my soul my salt my sun 20

XI

Thou Light Way Life who sees walks liveth by
That flame path, strength does not fall fail nor die

XII

Upon Thy altars let my verses prove
The victim heart the altar, the fire love!

XIII

Thura Preces, Lachrymæ Myrrhæ, Pietasque sit Aurum
Mentis Opus, Clysmus Cordis, Amoris Opes

XIV

Hoc Hecatombæi Tibi Carminis offero Libum
Ut tu millenos, Nate Davide, Boves

XV

Vult pia Musa DEUM! Quoties volat altiùs, Alas
Flagitat assiduè, SANCTA COLUMBA, Tuas! 30

XVI

Ferre per Æthereas volitante Vigore Phalanges,
Fulgida Chrysolithûm Lux ubi stellat Iter

XVII

Carmine ducat Amor, quos terret Concio, Mentes
Elevet in Cœlum, quò nequit ire Fides!

XVIII

Grata repercussi referant Modulamina Nervi,
Unica nec nostræ sit Synalæpha Lyræ

XIX

Umbra mihi DEUS I, patulæ, Maro, tegmine fagi,
Tu, Siloame, veni, Castalis Unda, vale

XX

Vana profanorum calcando crepundia Vatum,
Spirituale pius parturit Author Opus 40

XXI

Vita quid est? Fumus Quid Forma? Favilla Quid Aurum?
Idolum Quid Honos? Bulla Quid Orbis? Onus

XXII

Vita repentè fugit, citò Forma polita recedit,
Aurum fallit, Honor deficit, Orbis hebet

XIII

Pray'r frankincense, tears myrrh, be gold, soul's health
The mind's best work, heart's laver, and love's wealth

XIV

I this verse-hecatomb to Thee do bring,
As Solomon his numerous offering

XV

The pious Muse courts Heav'n, when highest things
She soars for, still she craves, BLESS Dovr, Thy wings! 30

XVI

With active plumes fly up to th' angel-quire,
Where chrysolites to gild thy way conspire

XVII

Love may them lead by verse, whom sermons fright,
Bring them, where Faith comes not, into Heav'n's light

XVIII

Oh, may our numbers in sweet music flow,
Nor the least harshness of elisions know!

XIX

Shade me, O LORD! I seek not Virgil's tree,
Hence, springs profane, glide, Siloam, by me!

XX

Trampling vain labours, with loose wits defil'd,
The hallow'd brain brings forth a spritely child 40

XXI

What's life? a vapour, beauty? ashes, gain?
An idol, honour? bubble, the world? vain

XXII

Life flits away, and beauty wanes at full,
Gold cheats, and honour fades, the world is dull

XXIII

Vita Voluptatis brevis est Vitæque Voluptas,
Non capit illa DEO quid sit Amante capi

XXIV

Illa maritali quæ Tæda parata Leandro
Illa Sepulturæ Tæda parata fuit

XXV

Mille Viæ Morti proh mille! sed unica Vitæ
Crimina qui non hic eluet ille luet 50

XXVI

Bellica fedifragos pessundabit Ira Tyrannos
Non Vobis Sceleri vincitis, Ultor adest

XXVII

Peccantûm Limen Peccati linquite Semen
Contagem ducit Proximitate Pecus

XXVIII

Hinc Josephe fugis fugis hinc sine Veste Johannes
Proh Dolor! Ipse manes Petre manendo negas!

XXIX

Conscia Mens Noctesque Diesque Domique Forisque
Pungitur In Sese Verbera Tortor agit!

XXX

Jussa decem bis sex Credenda Sacratio Cænæ
Heu nimis in Templis Lege loquente silent! 60

XXXI

Grex perit hinc! Veniet qua non speratur in horâ
Judex Terribilis Sontibus Ultor adest!

XXXII

Nec Prece nec Pretio nec Fraude nec Arte nec Ira
Vincitur! In Pænas Flamma perennis erit!

XXIII

Life's pleasure's short and pleasure's life is vain
It knows not highest bliss GOD's love to gain

XXIV

That torch which flam'd so bright in Hero's room
Did light her lov'd Leander to his tomb

XXV

To death a thousand ways to life but one
For sin who groans not he for sin shall groan 50

XXVI

Arm'd wrath perfidious tyrants throws from high
They conquer Right Sin them, th Avenger's nigh

XXVII

Sinner's first steps sin's seed and fruit avoid
Many by near infection are destroy'd

XXVIII

Kill vice i th egg John Joseph robeless fly
Peter thou stay'st and stay'st but to deny!

XXIX

By night and day at home and when abroad
Guilt stings the soul and thereon lays its load!

XXX

Of Decalogue Creed Supper of the LORD
Though laws speak loud our Church hath scarce a word! 60

XXXI

Hence flocks are pin'd The JUDGE in time will come
Unthought of near to guilt's the Avenger's doom!

XXXII

Nor pray'r nor price nor fraud nor rage nor art
Can help ah fear then flames eternal smart!

XXXIII

Imbre rigante Genas, quoties Tibi CHRISTE, querebar,
Nocte vigil, nullo Teste, Medela, veni!

XXXIV

Aspicis, & Pateris? Scelus omne repelle, Colonus
Nec gerat Arma suâ quâ serit Arva Manu!

XXXV

Vis, Amor, est exorsa DEO, data Gratia gratis,
Hanc Vim THEIOPHILÆ Nomine Musa vocat 70

XXXVI

Ureris igniflui confossa THEOPHILA Telis!
Sacra beatificans si cremet Ossa Calor,

XXXVII

Quo magis ardescis, magis, hoc, sis Follis ad Ignes,
Omnibus exundet, qui calet intus, Amor

XXXVIII

Ure Tepescentes, Viresque Calentibus adde,
Igne crema, recrea Lumine, Mente bea

XXXIX

Et Mare tentanti Pharos esto, Benigna, Poetæ,
Dum pandit Vento Lintea plena sacro!

XL

Vela pius Genius, Tu Sidus, Acumina Remi,
Vates Nauta, Salum Vena, Poema Ratis 80

XLI

Consecro Fræna tuæ moderanda Poetica Dextræ,
Sunt Donantis Honor, sed Capientis Amor

XLII

Stringe soluta, recude proterva, revelle prophana,

XXXIII

Wet check'd, how oft I've moan'd to Thee, my Dear,
All night awake, alone, O cure, appear!

XXXIV

See'st Thou, and suff'rest? Stop sin's course, and birth,
Let not that hand bear arms, that sows the earth

XXXV

Love's pow'r's infus'd from GOD, a free giv'n grace,
THEOPHILA from Love takes name and race 70

XXXVI

Thou burn'st, pierc'd THEOPHIL, with fiery dart,
If blessed heat enflames thy vigorous heart

XXXVII

The more thou burn'st, the more be bellows still,
As thy flames grow, let those flames others fill!

XXXVIII

Heat the luke-warm, to those, more hot, give fire,
Bless GOD, refresh with grace, enflame desire

XXXIX

The poet's Pharos be that sets forth sail,
While he steers sheet-fill'd with a holy gale

XL

Pure wit's the sails, quick judgement oars, thou th' star,
Pilot the scribe, sea vein, the ship hymns are 80

XLI

I give wit's tackling to thy guiding hands
Honour in giving, love in taking stands

XLII

Bind up what's loose, what's rash new-mould, refell

70 Theiophilæ] Benlowes takes the liberty of this form, to get the long syllable, after the analogy of θειολόγος, &c. In next line Theophila is more daring

Supple manca poli scabra superba preme

XLIII

Irrita sulphurei rides Crepitacula Mundi
Regnaque pro Nidis quæ fabri cantur habes

XLIV

Despicis Orbis Opes opulentior Orbe minorque
Orbis majori pulchrior Orbe micas

XLV

Congestas effundis Opes releventur ut Ægri
Sic ab Amante tuo semper amere DEO 90

XLVI

Scisque DEUM notumque doces doctumque vereris
Praxis habet Cultum Quæ canis illa facis

XLVII

Osa Malis pretiosa Piis Lyra viva Poetis
Casta Fide, Genio candida, chara DEO

XLVIII

Sylva Smaragdicomas quæ ventilat invidet Auro
Crinis & ad Cirros Gratia trina rubet

XLIX

Gaudia tot spargunt splendentia Sidera Vultus
Quot fovet Attis Apes quot gerit Æthra Faces

L

Invidet igniparis Adamantinus Ardor Ocellis
Vibrat abinde sacras Pupula casta Faces 100

LI

Emula puniceis Tinctura Corallina Labris,
Livet ad Ambrosias pensilis Uva Genas

LII

Mirarer Labrique Rosas & Lilia Malæ

What still lame help smooth rough depress what swell

XLIII

Thou slightst earth's rattling squibs with sulphur fill'd
Kingdoms such nests are as the birds do build

XLIV

Above all worldly wealth thy riches rise
Thy microcosm the macrocosm outvies

XLV

Thou layst out hoarded gold the poor to aid
So with GOD's love thy love to GOD's repaid 90

XLVI

Thy sacred skill imparted reverence breeds
Thy worship's practice and thy words are deeds

XLVII

Fiends hate saints prize whence lyric strings sound clear
Of spotless faith pure mind to th' Highest dear

XLVIII

The emerald grove envies thy golden hair
Whose curls make Graces blush themselves more fair

XLIX

As many joys thy starry beauties shed
As bees in Attis' gems in skies are spread

L

The diamond sparkleth rage at thine eyebeams
Whose chaste orbs brandish thence their sacred gleams 100

LI

The coral die is blank'd at lips so red
And livid grapes at rosy cheeks hang head

LII

I'd gaze o'th' lilied cheek and the lips rose,

Mala sed exuperat Lilia, Labra Rosas

LIII

Suavia mellifluo dimanant Verba Palato,
Verbula Nectareis limpidiora Cadis

LIV

Quas non Delicias, radiantibus ebria Guttis,
Psaltria dia, creas! Ore Mel, Aure Melos

LV

Spiras Tota Crocos, Violas, Opobalsama, Myrrhas,
Bdellia, Thura, Cedros, Cinnama, Narda, Rosas 110

LVI

Ruris Aroma Rosas Quot Cantica sacra profundis,
Tot paris Ore Favos, tot jacis Ore Faces

LVII

Dum jaciuntur ab Ore Favi, superæque Favillæ,
Pascor, ut incendar, Flamma dat ipsa Dapes!

LVIII

Languet Olor dum spectat Ebur Cervicis Ad Agnum
Hæc Via susceptum Lactea monstrat Iter

LIX

Ningit in Alpinis mansura Pruina Papillis,
Anser es His Cornix, Nix nigra, sordet Olor

LX

Vellera cana Nivis, Manibus collata, lutescunt,
Figis ubi Gressum pressa resultat Humus 120

LXI

Lilia Lacte lavet, Violas depurpuret Uva,
Ære Crocos tingat, Murice, Flora, Rosas,

LXII

Nec potis est meritam Tibi texere Flora Corollam,

But oh, thy cheek, thy lip surpasseth those!

LIII

Grace pours sweet-flowing words from charming lips,
Sparkling 'bove nectar which i' th' crystal skips

LIV

Rare Psaltress, with Heav'n-drops inebriate,
What sweets to mouth, and ear dost thou create?

LV

Sweet violets, saffron, balm, myrrh from thee flows,
Bdell, incense, cedar, cinnamon, nard, the rose 110

LVI

The rose, swain's spice such heav'n-dew'd verse dost frame,
As sweet as honeycomb, as bright as flame

LVII

While combs, and flames divine from thee are cast,
I'm fed, as fir'd, ev'n flames do nurse my taste!

LVIII

The swan pines at thy neck, this Milky Way
Doth steps, begun to th' Holy LAMB, display

LIX

There falls on thine Alp-breasts a lasting snow,
To which snow's black, swans foul, the goose a crow

LX

The hoary frost turns dirt, vied with thy hand,
And, where thy foot does tread, it prides the land 120

LXI

On lilies milk, on violets purple throw,
On saffron gold, scarlet o' th' rose bestow,

LXII

Wreaths, worthy thee, fair Flora ne'er can weave,

Te nec hyperbolicus dum cano Cantor ero

LXIII

Floribus omnigenis Gemmisque nitentibus ardens
Tu Paradisiaci Præda videris Agri

LXIV

Quælibet in Vita Virtus sic æqua relucet,
Ut dubitetur an hæc illa vel ista præit

LXV

Desuper extat Amor, Tibi Mens contermina Cœlo
Regnat Honor radiat Forma triumphat Amor 130

LXVI

Illud es Elixir Chymica quod protinus Arte
Mutet in auratas me rude Pondus Opes

LXVII

Igne Cinis fit agente Vitrum micat Igne Metallum
Corpus & hoc fieri Spiritus Igne potest

LXVIII

Magneti salit e Ferro celer Ignis Amoris,
Imo Silex faculas quis putet? intus alit

LXIX

Durius at Saxo nil est nil mollius Igne
Dura sed ignitus Saxa resolvit Amor

LXX

Hæc meditans quis non Facibus solvatur Amoris?
Tu Charis es Studiis Tu Cynosura meis 140

LXXI

Gemmula Mentis Ocella Sinûs pia Flammula Cordis
Incepi Duce Te Te Duce cœpta sequar

LXXII

Sponsa creata DEO Virtutum fulgida Cœtu

Nor can our highest strains thee higher heave

LXIII

With all bred flowrs and glittring buds thou beamst,
As if t have cropt all Paradise thou seemst

LXIV

Each virtue s in thy life so poisd so fine
What s first? This? That? or T other? since all shine

LXV

Love to thy soul derivd is from above
Where Honour reigns sparks beauty triumphs Love 130

LXVI

In chemic art thou my elixir be,
Convert to gold the worthless dross in me

LXVII

Fire makes of ashes glass makes metals shine,
This fire my body may to spirit calcine

LXVIII

Enamourd iron does to the magnet fly
Yea sparks in hardest flints concealed lie

LXIX

Nothing more hard than stone more soft than fire
Yet stones are melted by inflamd desire

LXX

Is t so? Who d not dissolve in flames of Love?
Be thou the grace thou my thoughts loadstar prove 140

LXXI

Mind s gem eye s apple heart s intenser flame,
Thou showdst the way I ll prosecute the same

LXXII

For GOD created bright in Virtues train,

Jus colis, Affectus supprimis, Acta regis

LXXIII

Est Tibi Vita DEUS, Pietas Lex, Gloria CHRISTUS,
Expetis Hunc, Tibi Qui semper Amore præit

LXXIV

Quid Te, CHRISTE, Crucem perferre coegit? Amoris
Ardor! Amaroris Pignus Amoris erat!

LXXV

Factus Amans, fit & Esca DEUS! Te nutrit IESUS
O Bonitas! Quales Hoc in Amante Dapes! 150

LXXVI

Est mihi Christus (ais) Laus, Splendor, Aroma, Triumphus,
Musica, Vina, Dapes, Fama, Corona, DEUS

LXXVII

Omnia Tu JESUS! præ TE, nihil Omnia! Coelum
Exploraturæ, quàm mihi sordet Humus!

LXXVIII

Orbis es Exilium, Mors Janua, Patria Coelum,
Dux sit Amor, Baculus Spes, Comes alma Fides

LXXIX

Diffluat in Gemmas Oriens, in Carmina Coelum,
Nec Meritis Oriens, nec Polus æqua ferat

LXXX

Fac timeam, fac amem, Quæ Te timet, acriùs ardet,
Nempe tui Cultûs Fons Timor, Amnis Amor 160

LXXXI

Vox tua Norma mihi, Tibi Palmes adhæreo Viti,
Totus es Ipse mihi, sim tua tota DEUS!

Weigh'st right, quell'st passions, and o'er deeds dost reign

LXXIII

GOD is thy life, Law virtue, Glory CHRIST,
Him, who leads thee by love, thou lov'st Him high'st

LXXIV

CHRIST, to endure the cross, what did Thee move?
The pledge of bitterness was pledge of Love!

LXXV

Is GOD both meat and lover? CHRIST thy food?
What banquet is this Lover! As sweet, as good! 150

LXXVI

CHRIST's spice (thou say'st) light, triumph, praise to me,
Music, wine, feast, fame, crown, GOD, all to thee

LXXVII

LORD, Thou art all in all! Thou lost, all's nought,
How base seems muddy earth, where Heav'n is sought!

LXXVIII

Earth's exile, Death the gate, my home's above,
My staff's *Hope*, *Faith* companion, leader *Love*

LXXIX

Turn Indie into jewels, Heav'n to verse,
Nor Indie can Thy worth, nor Heav'n rehearse

LXXX

Let me Thee fear, and love, fear Love's heat blows,
Fear is Devotion's fount, whence love o'erflows. 160

LXXXI

Thy word's my rule, I cleave to Thee, my Vine,
LORD, Thou are all to me, I'm wholly Thine

157 Indie] As we have kept the plural why not the singular?

LXXXII

Comprecor exaudi patior succurre, molestor
Auxiliare premor protege flagro fave!

LXXXIII

Te voco laudo rogo colo diligo, quæro Redemptor
Affectu Prece, Re Spe Pietate Fide!

LXXXIV

Si Te contueor liquefio perusta Favillis
Ni Te contueor sum glaciata Gelu!

LXXXV

O Facibus superadde Faces ut Tota liquescam!
Sim vel Mortis Odor sim vel Amantis Amor 170

LXXXVI

Grata Procella jugum mihi gratum gratus & Ignis
Me quibus immergit deprimit, urit Amor!

LXXXVII

Non mea sum sed Amore DEI languesco! Sorores
Me stipate Rosis languet Amore Sinus!

LXXXVIII

Nil Animantis habet, quæ Pectore vivit Amantis
Hoc in Amore mihi sit mora nulla mori!

LXXXIX

Unio sit Nobis Animamque liquamur in unam!
Unaque Vita Duos stringat Amor que Duos!

XC

Tu super Omne places! Tua sum Tu noster & Ambos
Mutuus Ardor agit, possidet unus Amor 180

XCI

Uror Io, Redamatur Amor! Voto que fruiscor!
Dum quod Amans redamor dum quod Amante fruor

LXXXII

Oh hear my pray r, my suff'rings bear, my task
Take off redress my wrongs, grant what I ask!

LXXXIII

With pray r, desire faith zeal, hope deed I call
Laud, seek, love pray worship Thee all in all

LXXXIV

If I behold Thee I m all flaming spice,
If not behold Thee, I m congeal d to ice!

LXXXV

Add flames to flames that I may melt away!
Be I belov d of Thee or else Death s prey! 170

LXXXVI

Sweet seas light yoke a friendly flame I find
Which me with love doth drown and burn and bind

LXXXVII

I m not mine own but faint for GOD above!
Rose deck me Virgins for I m sick of Love!

LXXXVIII

Nought of a liver hath a lover's heart!
Or live belov'd or life-bereft depart!

LXXXIX

Let us be one! In one two melted flow!
Let one life as one love inform us two!

XC

My only joy I m Thine, Thou mine and both
The like flame burns, th one loves as t other doth 180

XCI

Fire! Fire! Love is beloved! My Maker s mine!
Loving I m lov d! while with my Spouse I twine!

XCII

O, quid Amare! Quid est Redamari!
Gaudia nacta
Tanta, stupendo tacet! Tanta, tacendo stupet!

XCIII

Vivo DEO, morior Mundo, moriendo resurgo,
Inde, catenato Dite, triumphat Amor

XCIV

Sic amet omnis Amans, sic immoriatur Amanti
Ut Lyra Lusciniæ Vitaque Morsque fuit

XCV

Si mea Lumen habent, si Nomen Carmina, Lumen
Ex Oculo Sponsi, Nomen ab Ore venit 190

XCVI

Argus eat, qui Talpa venit, radiatus Amore,
Vates Sperati fidus Amoris ero

XCVII

Cingant Theiophilæ potius mea Tempora Lauri,
Quam gemmans Capiti sit Diadema meo

XCVIII

Nam, quid erunt, animæ Damno, Diademata Mundi?
Celsa ruunt, fugiunt blandula, prava necant

XCIX

Ut præsens novit, sic postera noverit Ætas,
Sive premamus Humum, Sive premamur Humo

C

Finis Fine caret, nec Terminus ullus Amantem
Terminat, Hîc Modus est non habuisse Modum 200

XCII

O Love, belov'd! Her, who such joys partakes,
Silence makes wonder, wonder silence makes!

XCIII

To Heav'n I live, to Earth I die, dying rise!
So, Hell being chain'd, Love takes the victor's prize

XCIV

Lovers so love, as for the lov'd to die!
As Strada's lute was life and destiny

XCV

If these my lays have either light, or name,
Name from thy word, light from thy grace doth flame 190

XCVI

Who came a mole, goes Argus hence by Love,
I shall Faith's priest to hopeful Charis prove

XCVII

Theophila's bays to me more honour brings
Than gems that blaze on the proud heads of kings

XCVIII

For what boot worldly crowns with soul's loss bought,
Heights fall, spruce courtship fades, vice brings to nought

XCIX

We may hereafter, as we now have found
The voice of Fame above, so, under ground

C

The last shall last, Term can't Vacation lend
To th' Lover, here 'tis end to have no END

188 Strada's lute] Benlowes merely alludes to what Ford and Crashaw had elaborately handled And the piecing together of the allusion by the Latin and English is noteworthy

Imus in Albionis Freta per Latialia, Littus
Siste Britannales, Hac Vice Musa, Pedes
Anglica num præstent Latius Britisve Latina
Scire velim Placeant quæ magis, Illa dabo

To see, not know, is not to see
Then let our English reader be
Warn'd not on Latian Alps to roam,
The next vale's path will lead him home

PRÆLIBATIO
AD THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIAM

QUÆ UNICA CANTIO A DOMINO ALEX. ROSSÆO IN CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA EST[1]

Cantio I

ARGUMENTUM

Exigiles surgas divini Rector Amoris
Delicium prius explores quàm Gaudia tentes
Ad Cœlos Cursum tandèm pia Vota gubernent

TRISTICHON I

MUTUA si Mentes agerent Commercia Secum
Angelicum in Morem terrena Mole solutæ,
Intuitu quales possent effundere Cantus!

II

Spiritus ut subitô si sublimetur abibit
In Fumum nimium chymicus nisi temperet Æstum
Haud alitèr perit omne nimis subtile Noema

III

Aurum Sole satum Terræ inter Viscera clausum
Non pretio cessit quamvis non splenduit æque
Qualiter excoctum flagranti fulgurat Igne

IV

Mens age nunc Famæ Sphæram conscende per Orbes 10
Errat enim quisquis non Cursum dirigit illuc
Virtutis Comites Aures adhibete Docenti

V

Ergò ne Veneris lasciva Prælia Cornu
Vocali accensa aut Oculis flammantibus Igne
(Formæ Armis) cedant inopinis Pectora Plagis

VI

Quarum pestiferis Oculis jaculantibus Ignem
Virginitatis Honos purus maculatur & ipsa
Mens capitur Laqueis fictarum in cauta Comarum

[1] The 'English reader' after the broad hint given to him not to read Alexander Ross over in the last stanza above may be emboldened to ask why this Latin duplication is even given here? But the original of *Theophila* is too rare for the reproduction to be mutilated

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Et tinctæ Baccho Buccæ mihi sæpè videntur
Tediferæ quoties Gemmis micat undique Nasus 60

XXI

Cantibus alternis Homines sese esse negantes
Exleges fiunt Titubant seseque volutant
Atque Pedes sinuant potant Circæa Venena

XXII

O tumulatæ Animæ vivæ putrescitis! usque
Ad Fæces Vester liquefit Sal Quisque coercet
Naturam & Mortem accelerat Spernitque Salutem

XXIII

Insontes Pecudes vestros odere Liquores
Cum Nugas Vomitu & Punctis distinguitis Aci,
In Vino & Somno Proceres nisi Fumus & Umbra

XXIV

Mallem condiri Muria quàm Nectare dulci 70
Lutrere Invitat miseros nunc Alea Mensæ
Illaqueant nunquam felix datur Exitus illis

XXV

Sed sine Mente uno jactu Patrimonia perdunt
Obscurant Noctem cum decipit Alea Diris
Vincitur en Victor num Victus vincere posset?

XXVI

Denis & septem Cubitis si Nilus inundat
Fertilis Egypti Campos miseranda sequetur
Esuries Tabes sequitur sic sæva Nepotes

XXVII

Dicite vos pictæ vos dicite Papiliones
Gaudia quæ Veris pensatis falsa quid estis 80
Lucratæ ex infrugiferis Nugisque caducis?

XXVIII

Stulti qui propter Nugas divenditis Aurum
Dicite num caleat quæ Flamma est picta? Voluptas
Num stimulans juvat? o angustum Cœlum, inferiusque!

XXIX

Ite & Deliciis (fruitur queis Bestia sola)
Gaudia mutetis vera at Gens impia turget
Deliciis CHRISTUS flevit Gens optima luget

XXX

Nil nisi terrenum cupiunt Animalia Bruta
Cœlestes Animæ cœlestia Gaudia quærunt
Ast Homines mediæ Naturæ Dona requirunt 90

XXXI

Gens humana foret si moles Corporis expers
Angelicæ Naturæ esset si Mente careret
Brutiginæ Caro Brutorum est Mens Angelicorum

XXXII

Principio Deus Hos univit subjiciendo
Sensum Judicio Rationis tum moderando
Affectum Arbitrio Mentis verum inficiendo

XXXIII

Libertatem Animæ Crimen concussit ut Ipsæ
Jam nequeunt habitare simul, nisi Lucta sequatur
Nec sine Tristitia divelli posse videmus

XXXIV

Jam valeat Mundus fallax spinosa Voluptas 100

Cui Cordi est, quod perdit amat, quod Nobile spernit
I, Cole nunc Vitium, ride Virtutis Amantes

XXXV

Mellito Cyatho, at Felle Aspidis haud meliore,
Inficis incautas Animas ad Tartara, semper
Mortales Magico & fallaci decipis Ore

XXXVI

Dum Tempus fallis, Tempus te fallit, & aufert
Prædam, dum Tempus perdis, Cœlestia perdis,
Sed, cum Fure bono, pauci furantur Olympum

XXXVII

Projiciunt Stulti pretiosum Temporis Aurum
Qui Vitæ Gemmam generosam prodigit, ille 110
Ad Barathrum graditur, Stimulisque agitatur Averni

XXXVIII

Cui Terram amplecti vastam furiosa Cupido est,
Viique Doloque simul, Muscis hic Retia tendit,
Ut foribus laxos suspendit Aranea Casses

XXXIX

Cum Mors præscindet Nimrodi Vulturis ungues,
Nomina cernemus subito mutata Domorum
Bethesda his fiet tandem Bethania tristis

XL

Arbitrio subdi pejus, quàm Lege perire,
Pharmaca quæ curare valent, si Balsama perdunt?
Namque Bono quod degenerat, nil pejus habetur 120

XLI

Sique Tyrannorum arbitrio non traderet ullos
Omnipotens Sanctos, crudeli Morte premendos,
Nullum Martyrium foret, aut Salvator Jesus

XLII

Stulti durescunt, sed Sancti, ut Cera, liquescunt
Corporis ad gemitum morientis, jamque jacentis
Nudo Dente, Genis macris, Oculisque cavatis

XLIII

Vitæ Author Vitam præbet, largire Miseris,
Dissectis Venis præclusa est Janua Lethi
Sit Deus Exemplar, te cura, pasce Famentes

XLIV

Ut Cœlum obtineas, heu, quantula Portio Vitæ 130
Hic peregrinantis superest! namque excipit Ortum
Occasus subito, Finisque ab Origine pendet

XLV

Cum Vitiis cui Bella foris, Pax permanet intùs
Cessat Judicium, quùm sese judicat ullus
Extrà vestiri Zelo est augere Dolores

XLVI

Magnates, Vos magna manent Tormenta, Tyranni
Si sitis Infernus Medicinam haud exhibet ullam
Securus nè sis, securus si cupis esse

XLVII

Robora franguntur quæ Cœli Murmura temnunt,
Ardentem in Cineres Prunam considere cernes, 140
Nec non in fumos clarum vanescere Lychnum

XLVIII

Exue rugosam Sagam, jam Tempus, & aufer
Peccati Achanis velamina nigra, Magarum

Leprosis pannis superabunt Ulcera fœda

XLIX

Insontem hoc Naboth Ferro superavit idemque
Jezabelis pinxit Faciem Centroque removit
Tot Regna, atque novum dimovit Cardine Mundum

L

Felices hujus qui spargent Saxa Cerebro
Quique ea loturi maledicto Sanguine, sternetque
Osse Vias Cujus Gemitus sunt Gaudia nostra 150

LI

Non debet Salicâ regnare Hæc Lege Procellas
Excitat Halcyonumque Dies dispellit in Aula
Mentis nil habitat Bonitatis si regit Illa

LII

Luxuries ejus quot Morbos edidit? Astra
Inficit, Esuriemque auget Vivisque molesta est
Dum crapulantur humum Tumulis civilia Bella.

LIII

Mens mea Mæstitiæ Labyrinthis septa quot Annis
In sacco Lachrymis baccato transige Vitam!
Clàm nigris in Speluncis ambito Timores!

LIV

Cumque Heraclito pacatum transige Tempus 160
A Turbis procul & procul à Discordibus Armis
Quæ Mundum insanum turbato in Pegmate versant

LV

Illic Religio dulcis vel Pectine pulsat
Vel Digitis Cytharam vel Cantu personat Antra,

Divinæ inspirat vel Dorica Carmina Musæ

LVI

Proque Tubis resonabit Amor Testudine solvens
Obsidione Urbes quassatas Marte vocansque
In Cœlum Imperii Sedem mortalia Corda.

LVII

Nostra hinc Lætitia, hinc Hymni Solatia nostra
Præcipuè Angelici Summo sit Gloria Patri, 170
Pax Terris Hominum succedat prompta Voluntas!

LVIII

Pennæ quas Veneris Volucres dant Dedecus addunt
Ergò Vulcano Versus committite tollet
Ille pedes Melis liber sed claudicat Ille

LIX

Tollitur en Nihil ast Aliquid cadit! ô ubi Merces
Antiquæ Virtutis Honos! Sapientia quondam
Virtutem evexit, coluisti Plutc Minervam

LX

Cos fuit Oxonii Lambeth! tamen Ille Volatu
Exuperat longè Pinnacula Divitiarum
Qui Virtutem ambit puro Virtutis Amore 180

LXI

Virtutis Radiis accenditur Illius Ardor
Et Pestes omnes Modulis fugat ille canoris
Fulminaque extinguit per Cœli Expansa trisulca

LXII

An matutinæ Volucres cantando citabunt
Solem ex nocturnis Tenebris, tecto que Cubili?

Atque Animæ vivæ in Tenebris & Morte jacebunt?

LXIII

Evigilate ergò de Somno, & Nocte soporâ,
Increpat ecce Moras nostras Auriga Diei,
Sol dum cæruleos moderatur in Æthere Currus

LXIV

Jamque experiecti, Textrices mille Laborum 190
Conspicite aerias, quæ fingunt Arte stupendâ
Mæandros, texuntque suis per inania Telis

LXV

Surgite, Sol Aurum per summa Cacumina spargit,
Condit Aromatibus Lucem, dum spargit Odores,
Cuncta sagittiferis Radiis Dulcedine replet

LXVI

Erigit in Cœlum Mentes Lux aurea Phœbi
Pulpita qui fugiunt, Hymnis capiuntur In Aurum
Vertit Amor Plumbum, Chymico præstantior omni

LXVII

Utque Opifex Naturæ Apis est, Tragemata fingens
Mellea, dum sugens chymicè transformat in Aurum 200
Floies, ditatur sic plumbea Carmine Prosa

LXVIII

Nullus Rex Vatem, sed Regem Carmine Vates
Evehit, Ille Animas languentes excitat, Ille
Ad Mare Pacificum Curas transmittit edaces

LXIX

Ut Gemmæ radiant, atque æmula Lumina Stellis,
Per Loca transmittunt tenebrosa ita docta Poesis
Et Lucem, ac Animam, Vitamque dat Artibus ipsam

LXX

O dives, ridens, radiansque Poetica Gemmis,
Nobilitas Splendore tuo Diademata Regum!
Tu Gentilitium Clypeum depingis Honoris 210

LXXI

Te, (quæ circundas Artes velut Aere) Teque
Rerum inventarum Portam, Scenam Ingeniorum,
Tam dives, quàm pauper amat, Regesque procando

LXXII

Vates & Reges Tumulo conduntur eodem,
Ruminat Ars quodcunque accenditur Igne Poetæ,
Sensibus ut nostris divinum exhalet Odorem

LXXIII

Prudentes reddit Speculatio, non meliores
Littera solum Ars est, sed Praxis Spiritus, Usus
Arte valet, sic Ars usu, qui seperat, aufert

LXXIV

Languida Facta quidem Dictis stimulantur acutis, 220
Verba ut Femellis, Maribus sic Facta probantur
Sit Vita Exemplar, fac, Leges præveniantur

LXXV

Maxima Cognitio nostra est servire Tonanti,
Tunc nos morigeros Mandatis æstimat, Actus
Excipiunt quandò quædam Interludia nostros

LXXVI

Illorum Mentes sola ad Sublimia tendunt,
Quorum non quovis agitantur Pectora Vento,

Utque Aulæ instabiles sedin Æquore nant Sapientis

LXXVII

Non alia his Cynosura nitet quàm Gratia quamque
Portat Apostolicus collustrans Sig nifer Orbem 230
Hâc Evangelici Cursum rexere Magistri

LXXVIII

Hicque Theanthropos Sermo tum mystica Vitra
Oris fatidici nec non Oracula tanta,
Fomentumque Precum tum Murus Aheneus hic est,

LXXIX

Cœli Sculptura hic, Pietatis Clavis & ipsa
Gaza, Instrumentum Spesque An chora Charta fidelis,
Atque Voluptatis Gurges sic Navis Amoris

LXXX

Nunquam sic refluit Sanctorum Fluctus ut ipsos
Urgeat in Syrtes Errorum cuncta vorantes
Peccati Clades fugiunt ut naufraga saxa 240

LXXXI

Ut Casus Mortis, Noctis Septentrio Non tam
Obscuri aut Tenebræ triduanæ quas super omnem
Egyptum induxit qui Lucem & Sydera fecit

LXXXII

Tempestati hujus collata Tonitrua languent
Si Stimulos spectes Aspis fert Bal sama Mors est
Vel Pietas hujus cùm Carmina fæda videbis

LXXXIII

Hujus cum laqueos mea Musa eva seris illuc
Tende Alis ubi Lux Mentes quæ luminat ardet,
Et Nebulas abigit, tenebrasque Nitore resolvit

LXXXIV

Sit tibi Religio curæ quam discute meque 250
Errantem cohibe DEUS alme & percute Carnis
Ignavæ (si quando salit vel rudet) asellum

LXXXV

Mens minor es minimo Cœli indul gentis Amore
Peccatum haud linquunt Terror Pudor atque Reatus
Quatuor hi Comites Cœtum glome rantur in unum

LXXXVI

Peccato defectus ego nunc perditus erro
Namque oriri mihi vesana Sup rbia visa est
Luctantem DEUS alme leva sub Pondere Terræ

LXXXVII

Nemo merere potest meruit tamen Unus & horum
Qui jactant Sese Zelum frigescere cernis 260
His stannum Argentum est æs Aurum sæpè videtur

LXXXVIII

Cor renova Linguam mihi dirige porrige Dexiram
Inspiresque Fidem Spem velo detege tectam
Erige collapsum crescat Vis semper Amoris

LXXXIX

Lingua Decus nostrum Menti ser vire memento
Spiritus ille tuus Bezaliel illustravit
Mors Fide me salvat Cæcis das Lumina sputo

XC

Spiritus ex sensu fiat, nam Gratia sola
Naturam vertit chymichus Lapis ecce repertus
Et Verbum omnipotens sola est Projectio pura 270

XCI

Verbum, Cos veri, nec Regula certior ulla
Rejicimus Mappam tenebrosam Traditionum
Non urit me Charta, tamen Mens ignibus ardet

XCII

Dum lego, Mens intùs magno Splendore coruscat,
Et novus ecce Vigor penetrat Præcordia, namque
Omnia describit Placitorum Arcana tuorum

XCIII

Hujus Carminibus tecum versantur Enochi,
Avertit Mortem, transfert nos ante Senectam
Dat Vaticanus Scoriam, purum hîc nitet Aurum

XCIV

Sic cùm pigra gelu Gens Tartara, splendida Gemmis 280
Tecta subit Sophiæ, subito Fervore refecta,
Quæ nive semianimis fuerat, se vivere sentit

XCV

Infundis mihi Tu Meditamina sancta, meoque
Effundis pia Verba Ore, & laudando per Orbem
Diffundis mea Facta, tuo quæ Munere vivunt

XCVI

Musa, mihi Chordas tendens, cane Facta Bonorum
Hymnis, sed pravos taceas, Artesque Tributum
Dent tibi, tu Cordi Linguam, Pennamque ligabis

XCVII

Degener at Soboles Evæ, pollutaque Culpis,
An Te Mensurâ tenui comprêndere posset, 290
Omnipotens quum sis, nec mensurabilis unquam?

XCVIII

Arbustum Cedros, Aquilam non regulus effert
Laudibus, aut cernit Phœbeas noctua Flammas,
Gutta quid Oceano? Radiis Jubar infinitis?

XCIX

Languentem sed Spes & Amor per inane volatum
Ferre valent, in Te noctem Fiducia lustrat,
Grandis Amor, suppleto Fidem, Spêi scribimus Alis

C

Spiritus, alme DEUS, Mens, Corpus, & omnia Facta,
Et Verba, & Mentis Meditamina, postea discent
Et Laudes celebrare tuas, & Crimina flere 300
O, quantum JESU me diligis! Ergo Beatum
Me tua jam reddat Dilectio, suscipiatque
Erectum rursus Dilectio MAXIME JESU!
Hæc ara est, atque hæc mea victima dulcis amoris
Cor, Oculus, Lingua, atque Manus, Poplesque reflexus
A te sunt Cuncta hæc, ad te sint Cuncta vicissim[1]

Post Homerum Iliada, post Vossæum Grammaticen, post Rossæum, celeberrimum illum Virgilii Evangelizantis Autorem, Carmen Heroicum conscribere audax planè videatur Facinus Tenuitatis quippe meæ, & imparis longè in Poesi venæ conscius, cùm non possum quod vellem, volo tamen quod possum effundere

Est aliquid prodire tenus si non datur ultra

[1] This is again, in the original, arranged and framed altar-wise.

THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

Cantio III Latino Carmine donata Restauratio

ARGUMENTUM

Authoris Raptus laudatur Gratia fusæ
Sunt Lachrymæ charo Britonum pro Sanguine fuso
Obscure petitur Pax ictis prisca Michaus

TRISTICHON I

SOLLICITES mea Musa Lyram, digitoque pererra
Argutæ Chelyos Chordas & Cantica psallas
Quæ rapiant Terras & scandant Astra Triumphis

II

Ecstatico raptus Motu Bartæius Heros
Lecto subsiliens alacres ducensque Choræas
Dixit In hunc Morem saltabunt Gallica Regna

III

Seu Meteora Soli viscoso Semine facta
Quæ motu succensa suo super ardua tendunt
Nubila Stellarum nec non de More coruscis

IV

Effulgent Flammis Duntaxat at illa relucent
Ut Sese absumant & nos per Compita ducant,
Nec pro se Venti sed Nobis Flamina spirant

V

Enthea sic superas mea Mens ascendit ad Arces
Sese dispendens Stolidos ut reddat Acutos
Qui Tædam præfert Aliis Se Lumine privat

VI

Qualitèr Inferno sudat vesana Libido
Sic Cœlo aspirat divini Zelus Amoris
Scrutari Hoc Mentis contendit tota Facultas

VII

Cardinibus subnixa Fides convertitur altis
Purior haud ullis præclusa Scientia Metis
Flamma Cor accendens non Ignis Signa relinquit

VIII

Horti florentis blandum Po[i]mæria sancta
Visorum Tellus Sapientum grata Cohorti
Auratis Asini Phaleris Ludibria prostas

IX

Huic Mare fit rabidum Mundus Discordia major
Est ubi Ventorum quam Pyxis nautica norit
Incumbit Sanctus Velis tenet Anchora Cœlum

X

Appulit hic Pietas ubi non confracta Dolore
Conscia Mens fremitat Rabie aut consumpta maligna
Lumina lascivæ Veneris nec Fulgure tacta

XI

Non Nugæ Hic Pueri Juvenis non fervidus Æstus
Ambitus Ætatis maturæ nullus Avari
Grandævi haud Vitium, non Otia pigra coluntur

12 Po mæria] *S e in orig*

XII

Non Gula, lascivi aut Pruritus turpis Amoris,
Turgidus haud Fastus, non invidiosa Rubigo,
Ira nec ardescens, aut Obduratio Cordis

XIII

Non Amor invadit propius, vel Pectora Curæ
Scindentes, Schisma aut Doctrinæ mobile flatu,
Non cæci pungunt Stimuli, nec Pœna Latebris

XIV

Hinc macula apparet Tellus obscura, ubi certant 40
Pro vanis Homines, puerilis more tumultûs,
Formicæ, veluti peterent, munimina, scloppis

XV

Est ubi Luxuries satiata, Libidoque spumat,
Sanguis ubi Irato, petiturque ubi Pignus Avaro,
Turget ubi Ambitio, Livor fremit, Otia torpent

XVI

Imperio Martis remanent quàm Regna revulsa,
Dispersis Aulis! sub nostro Lumine quæ sunt
Pulvis ut exiguus Ventorum Flatibus actus

XVII

Hic stat formosi polydædala Machina Mundi,
Sustentata Manu Veri, summique JEHOVÆ 50
Apparent instar Nanorum exindè Gigantes

XVIII

Quàm vilis Mundus! pia Musa, innitere Pennis
Firmis, (terreno fueras detenta Tumultu,
Jactatâ & Turbâ) demùm transcende Monarchas

XIX

Raptus in hunc morem divino concitus Igne,
Æthieris in Camerâ stellatâ percute Chordas
Aspirare tui nequeunt huc, Roma, Regentes

XX

Sese dilatans Animus fit latior usquè
Sicut Helix, Hominis status at Nativus, ut Orbis,
Quem subitò à Zenith deturbant Fata superno 60

XXI

Perspiciens Ratione Fides oculatior Aulam
Sideream, Mentes rapiunt sua Visa serenas,
Veri accensa Pharos per Amorem Gaudia pandit

XXII

Hæc Lux quæ Radiis conuestit singula claris,
Theiophilam, inclusit Prægnanti Mente decoram,
Excipit occiduum Naturæ, Gratia, Solem

XXIII

Fundat Aroma Calyx, Rosa quam dulcissima, Virtus
Illustris matura siet tua Tempore justo,
Explicet ac Radius divinus Floris Honorem

XXIV

Anni Procursu duodeni sic sua Forma 70
Enituit, Formam Dominæ stupuêre potentes,
Spectantes Animæ Lucem per Corporis Umbram

XXV

Ardet Crystallo veluti Lucerna polito,
Cujus transparens decoratur Fabrica Flammis,
Hæc ita divino splendescit Virgo Nitore

XXVI

Mens Gemmam superat, superat sua Concha pruinam,

Flumina vel Lactis manantia ab Ubere pleno
Venæ Saphiros præcellunt Labra Rubinos

XXVII

Circùm Labra volant Charites sua mille venustæ
Suavia Puniceis labuntur Aromata Portis 80
Inde fluunt cunctos medicantia Balsama Morbos

XXVIII

Emittunt tales Altaria Sancta Vapores
Tales Blanditias halant Fragrantia Gummi
Sic Rosa coccineâ spirat præflorida Veste

XXIX

Attonitos reddunt Spectantûm Lumina Vultus
Afficiunt quamvis Præcordia fervida castis
Attamen Ardoris sunt ipsa immunia Flammis

XXX

Lampadas hasce volet quisquis depingere quisquis
Exprimeret clarâ radiantes Luce Fenestras
Pingeret Aspectum fugientem ponderet Austrum 90

XXXI

Suave videremus Pectus micat Eden Amoris
Illis Monticulis nascuntur Mala decoris
Quæ Mala de vetitâ sanarent Arbore nata.

XXXII

Mollities Candorque Manûs transcendit Oloris
Plumas est talis cujus moderatior Ardor
Qualis cum coeunt Radius Phœbeus & Aurum

XXXIII

Jucundæ Nemoris Syrenes Musica turba
Gutturibus quarum dimanat dulcior Aer
Illam quid petitis cunabula vestra perosæ?

XXXIV

Ecce Latus claudunt Argentea Lilia castum 100
Calthæ fulgentes Auri flammantis amictu
Ignes evibrat cum Lauro Primula Veris

XXXV

Margaron excellunt Dentes Tegmen Caput Auri
Vox præit Argento de Te Natura Vigorem
Sumit Panniculis est præ Te squalida Flora

XXXVI

O Formosa Pudica tamen seu Chava, priusquàm
Candida purpureo suffuderat Ora Rubore
A Te Virtutes Artes Charitesque profectæ

XXXVII

Ad vivum depicta manet non Pulchrior Icon
Quàm pia Mens pulchro quæ splendet Corpore clausa 110
Hujus Cœlesti cedit Pandora Decori

XXXVIII

Aulæ Sideribus pictæ sic Cynthia Præses
Apparet Phœbi Splendoribus aucta refractis
Fulgida Stellarum dum stipant Castra Phalanges

XXXIX

(Astra Pruina refert) subitò Telluris at Umbra
Objecta Lucem retrahit cui Conus opacus
Falcatam supra Lunam sub Lumine Solis

XL

Qui Cœlum Nubes Terras Mare Saxaque lustrat,
Qui penetrat Gemmas Fructus Stellas Adamantas,

Mundi Oculus, claræ Promus Condusque Diei 120

XLI

Cujus gliscentes imitatur Flamma Pyropos,
Purpureas Aurora Fores dum pandit Eoo,
Noctis lucentem Dominam, Famulasque repellens

XLII

Theiophilam radians Lumen Te appello Diei,
Palpebra quippè Fides tua fit, seu Pupula Fervor,
Vultus Angelico speciosos More venustans

XLIII

Ætheris illa potens, casta & Regina, reclusi,
Plurima vestalis quam cingit Virgo propinqua,
Disparet, dia hæc si Constellatio splendet

XLIV

Nobilitas vera est Virtus, Cognatio Sancti, 130
Tutela Angelicus Chorus est, Cœlumque Brabium,
Cujus demissus, dum surgit Gratia, Vultus

XLV

Eugenia Ingenium, Paidia ministrat Acumen,
Thesauros Veri charos Eusebia præbet
(Cudendi Voces Vati concessa Potestas)

XLVI

Aula Cor est formosa sibi, divinius Ejus
Pectus, Sacrati Penetralia candida Amoris,
Hîc Sibi Delicio est, Sanctos reficitque Poetas

XLVII

Illustres Domini, quos Laurea Serta coronant,
Artes qui eruitis, qui cultas redditis Artes, 140
Estis & infirmi qui Sustentacula Mundi,

XLVIII

Qui struitis Famæ Monumenta perinclyta Templo,
Mellea de Vobis Modulamina talia manent,
Qualia divino mulcerent Pectora Succo

XLIX

Dum succedit Hyems Autumno, Ver premit Æstas,
Dum recitat Modulis Tempus Pœana vetustis,
Vestris Vos Famæ Plumis reparabitis Alas

I

Illud quod præbent sublimia Tænera Vinum,
Insanè Vires poterit reparare fugatas,
Sic Citharæ, atque Tubæ, sic Organa, Tympana, Sistra 150

LI

Conciliat quamvis reboantia Murmura Basso
Ars, torquens Nervos graviores usque, sonoro
Fulmine dum complent Aulam Diapasona totam,

LII

Ista parùm valeant, Dominæ Testudine tensâ
Hujus, Chordarum Pulsum tentaverit Omnem,
Dum Mens Harmoniæ pertracta est Pollice docto

LIII

Gratia inest Verbis, O, terque quaterque beati,
Queîs Cœlum Terris, æterno Codice scripti!
Qui, Sensu amoti, cupiunt Commercia Mentis!

LIV

Inter Eos qui divino de Semine creti, 160
Non obscurati Sensu nec Corporis Umbrâ,

Seraphicè exardent vivacis Origine Flammæ

LV

Gaudia dat Gustus non exequanda Loquelis !
Ritu Cimmerioque Scholis pal panda superna
In quorum Solis Frontem sunt Nubila densa

LVI

Callis inaccessus nimio fit Lumine Cœli
Splendidior Radius teneros per stringit Ocellos
Ephata fare Lutum Visu me reddet acuto

LVII

Hoc Raptu emotus divino fac mihi talis
Contingat Finis, Stagaritæ qualis, in illo 170
Euripo quem non ullus comprendere posset !

LVIII

Mystica præbeat hæc (o sit protensa !) Catena
Nexus qui stringat vel quavis fortius Arte !
Talia lenitos rapiant Modulamina Sensus

LIX

Musica pervadit Mentes cum per citus Oestro
Insano Saulus Genio fremuitque maligno
Gemmea præ Plectris sordebant Sceptra Tyranni

LX

Hujus inardescens Hymni me Flamma repurgat
Fœcibus à Terræ Cantus Pene tralia Cœli
Divini reserant deducunt Agmina pura 180

LXI

Agmina pura Dei celebrant Natalia læta
Hymnos vel Christus modulatur Sancta Columba
Cœli, summa petens Numerorum deligit Alas

LXII

Ni Versus non sit Textus quin quelibet Hymni
Incantant actis famuletur Concio Psalmis
Antè Diem summum per Vos demortua surgunt !

LXIII

Ast ubi grassatur Furiis Bellona tremendis
Stragibus heu lassato sed haud satiata recedens,
Prædatrice Lupa truculentior, Organa pulset ?

LXIV

Est equidèm non Mota Solo pacata Tumultu 190
Degeneres trepidant manet illa invicta Catervis
Displosi metuit nec rauca Tonitrua Scloppi

LXV

Insunt Virtuti sua Balsama, sollicitavit
Intensè Numen Gladii mollire Rigorem
Ætatis Terrosæ Aurea Virgo profatur

LXVI

Ingruit O Numen Venerandum ! dira Procellæ
Coccina purpureæ cum velant Crimina Vestes
Effuso tinctæ pretioso Sanguine Vitæ !

LXVII

Orbis Aquis cinctus fortunatissimus olim
O, deplorandum ! quantum mutatus ab illo ! 200
Pax ubi floruerat pia Mors ibi prodigi regnat !

LXVIII

Rubrum deprompsit Vinum Mavortius Ardor !
Conserves Arcam, Deus in Torrente Timorum,

170 Stagaritæ] *Sic in orig*

Aut tua subsidat Lachrymis, tum Sanguine, Sponsa!

LXIX

Est Panem Lachrymata suum, Gemitusque resorbet
Lumina pro Potu sua sunt in Flumina versa!
Ipsa, immersa Malis, ad Te Se languida confert

LXX

Ad Modulos Compone graves, Pater Orbis, acutos
Hybernæ Chelios! quævis Discordia Concors
Esto, Scoti fuerit super, aut Insignibus Angli! 210

LXXI

Non inter Socios sævo Formido Leoni,
Vel prædabundis inter se convenit Ursis,
Mutua Pernicies, lacerat, Vir, Corpus Iesu!

LXXII

Si modò fert Animus, pugnetis Fulmina Martis,
Turcico & invisam Labaro deducite Lunam,
Sacra relinquentes Fidei Confinia rectæ

LXXIII

Agminibus Thracum densis contendite, quamvis
Sclopporum seu Truncus iners, Caro vestra deorsùm
Tendat, summa petent Animæ de more Globorum

LXXIV

Numinis in mediis si sit Præsentia Castris, 220
In Templo residet multò magis Ille sacrato,
Hæresin ut pellat, perversaque Schismata purget

LXXV

Hæc Tunicam rupêre Tuam, Dolor undè Bonorum!
Zelotæ quamvis raucâ Te Voce fatigant,
Voto indignaris civili Sanguine mixto

LXXVI

Fallaces potuere Bonum suadere fusse
Præcones, per Diluvium vadare Cruoris?
Præstigiis uti, Summosque resolvere Nexus?

LXXVII

Inde Catechismi neglecti, & sicra Synaxis!
Herbæ hinc sylvestres, seu Ranæ Vere Palustres! 230
Athea Schismatici Corruptio pessima Cleri

LXXVIII

Prætextus fugiant speciosos, sunto fideles,
Cultu divino repetantque Precamen Iesu,
Fœderis aut valeant Mysteria dira trisexti

LXXIX

Sic seduxerunt illos Insomnia vana,
Vilescant illis adeo ut Natalia Christi!
(Nemo tenet Nodis mutantem Protea Vultum)

LXXX

Festum Festorum, supremæ dulce Cohorti,
Inclinat Cœlum hic Terris, hinc Gaudia Sanctis,
Judice Relligione Dies primarius Anni 240

LXXXI

Factus Homo bonus est primum, tum degener, Ipse
Sermo Caro Factus, nostra haud Commercia vitans,
Pejor ut is nihilo, meliori Sorte fruatur

LXXXII

Audetis Verum profiteri? Pabula pascunt
Fuci aliena, merum Pigmentum Papiliones,
Tettix deperdit, redemit sibi Tempora Myrmex

LXXXIII

Mellea dum repetunt Vespæ Spelæa rapaces,

Illis Insidiis structis merguntur in Olla
Corporis haud tanti sint ac Munimina Mentis

LXXXIV

Kirk Interest kenimus, Leges revocate Draconis 250
Instaurate vetus Templum, Sunt Mœnia Sancti
Seu Tubus est Pastor Fons Gratia Gluten Amorque.

LXXXV

Vobis præteritos ignoscat Musa Furores
Singula propitio condant Oblivia Velo
De Rebus moveat si Vos Metanœa peractis

LXXXVI

Veri Cultores balantes pascite Christi
Agnos, quippè Merum Sanguis Caro dapsilis Esca
Illos pascentes semper spectate Coronam

LXXXVII

Dispensatores Sponso Sponsæque fideles
Nos sacra divini ducant Oracula Veri, 60
Religione Status floret, data Gloria Fidis

LXXXVIII

Cum Judex veniet Merces erit ampla Labori
Pro Lachrymis Vobis manabunt Gaudia Rivis
Auratæ surgunt Spicæ sementibus udis

LXXXIX

Læsis Omnipotens Vindex! certò æqua rependes
Illis qui sese fœdo maculare Reatu
Sanguinis innocui cum sit Detectio fusi!

XC

Aurea Pax aures Verumque appellat amicum!
Lumina non Phœbi latebris tam grata Borusso
Urbibus eversis Homines vel Littora Fractis 270

XCI

O, si cœlestis vel tandem Turma secunda
Nobis Bellorum diris Cruciatibus haustis
Grata salutifere resonaret Cantica Pacis!

XCII

Pax Domus est fessis Pax ad Natalia Christi
Cantio prima fuit Terris suprema Voluntas
Pax Bonitatis amans, Pax Sanctis vera Voluptas

XCIII

Martyribus fulcimen Amor ceu stramen Achates
Attrahit ad nostrum sic nos perducis Amantem
Elixir Auriverum Compendia Legis!

XCIV

Ullanè Divinum narret Facundia Amorem? 280
Quippè redemptus Homo Naturas nobiliores
Angelicas superat, Tanti sit Passio Christi!

XCV

Hic demum tacuit, Lachrimarum Flumina manant
Ex oculis illi Mundus Cadus esse videtur
Gaudia falsa Merum Stultorum portio Fæces

XCVI

Et nunc Lætitiæ vive de Fonte micanti
Pura ubi perpetuo Chrystalla fluentia Cursu
Mens erit æthereas conscendere Raptibus Oras

XCVII

Hinc Documenta sibi Zelus male sanus habebit
Ardores Cujus tradunt in Prælia sævi 290

50 kenimus] Cf Introd on Butler's wrath at Benlowes macaronics

Hinc fera depositis mitescant Sæcula Bellis

XCVIII

Auribus exhibeas Epulum, selecta Venustas!
Dum sic cantat Amor, Reges dulcedine capti
Gratia Naturæ Nervos intendit Amore

XCIX

Horrisonas Amor ipse potes sedare Procellas,
Cantibus & placare tuis immania Cete,
Quæ Dominatrici diverrunt Marmora Cauda

C

Si tua, Vivo, neque [illegible]
Proxima Mu[illegible]
Incumbe[illegible] Tuo [illegible] nostro,
Pro Scripta Lachrymae, Nec[illegible] et dona Furori

Proventu, tandem [illegible] tuus Or[illegible],
Te petiant Patrata, Le[illegible] tanna, Solera
Hic ubi Nervorum [illegible] tu, Orbis
Ignes [illegible] Lati

Upon the Vanity of the World

LONG have I sought the wish of all
To find, and what it is men call
True Happiness but cannot see
The world hath it, which it can be,
Or with it hold a sympathy

He that enjoys what here below
Frail elements have to bestow,
Shall find most sweet bare hopes at first,
Fruition by fruition's burst,
Sea-water so allays the thirst 10

Whoever would be happy then,
Must be so to himself, for, when
Judges are taken from without,
To judge what we are, fenc'd about,
They do not judge, but guess, and doubt

He [illegible]
For, th[illegible]
But Innocence, where the [illegible]
Plants [illegible] Peace, [illegible]
Lv'n then be h[illegible], when I[illegible] worst

God-built he must be in [illegible]
That is, Divine, whose faith [illegible]
Constable, when firmly he [illegible]
Upon the ATTRIBUTES, he out[illegible]
Low chance, and fate of de[illegible]

As fountains rest not till they [illegible]
Meand'ring high, as their first [illegible]
So, man rests not till he hath [illegible]
Death's height then, by that [illegible]
He rests too, rais'd in soul to [illegible]

OWEN FELT

POTESTAS Culminis est Tempestas Mentis, Splendorem habet Titulo, cruciatum Animo, desuntque Inopiæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia. Ne petas igitur, devota Anima, esse qualis in Angliâ Dux Buckingamiæ, & in Aulâ Cæsariâ Princeps ab Eggenberg, & in Hispaniâ Comes D'Olivares, & in Imperio Ottomanico Mustapha Bassa fuere, nec tibi magis arrideant cerussatæ Laudes, & calamistrata Encomia, quàm sincera & sacrosanctæ Anhelationes. Sæculi delectationes devita, & Colorum Jubilo recreare delicatula nimis es, si vehis gaudeas Mundo, & postea regnare cum Christo. Amarescat Mundus, ut dulcescat. Quamdiu est in te Ægypti Manna cœleste non gustabis. DUM cum Libido Sæculi Nausea Exinanitio nostra plenitudinis capaces reddit. Si vis frui Sol

Owen Feltham] Not the worst verses of the author of the *Resolves*

dorsum Umbræ nec amaris à Mundo nisi à CHRISTO repulsa nec à CHRISTO nisi à Mundo spreta Dejicit se de Culmine Majestatis qui à DEO ad Consolatiunculas Creaturulæ confugit O quâm contempta recula[1] est homo nisi supra humana se erexerit! Beatum nil facit Hominem nisi qui fecit Hominem minimum enim Dei omnis Orbis Magnitudine est magnificentius Paucis nec tibi ignominiosum sit pati quod passus est CHRISTUS nec gloriosum facere quod fecit Judas Morere Mundo ut vivas Deo Quicunque cum DEO habet Amicitiam, Felicitatis tenet Fastigium Hæc unica Laus hic Apex Sapientiæ est ea viventem appetere quæ morienti forent appetenda Mortis ergò Meditationi & Æternitatis Contemplationi Lucernulæ tuæ Oleum impendas Vale

STORMS on the mind from Honour s hill descend
Titles external beams add not to bliss
The poor wants much the covetous all My soul
No painted praise nor flow r'd encomiums prize
Equal to pious breathings of pure love
Eschew the petty pleasures of the time
And Heav n s refreshments make thy jubilee
Imagine not to swim in worldly pomp
And afterwards to reign with Christ in bliss
Earth must be gall, that God may honey prove 10
He the best relish hath of Heav n who most
Disdains the base licentiousness o th' age
We must be emptied of ourselves before
We can have entrance into th heav nly court
If we desire fruition of the sun
Then must our backs upon the shade be turn d,
Di claim d by Christ are those the world doth love
And those whom Christ does love the world contemns
He of his greatness doth himself divest
Who goes from God and creature comforts seeks 20
Oh what a mean despised thing is man
Unless he raise himself above the earth
Since nought but his Creator makes him high!
Let s think t no shame t endure what Christ endur d
Nor glory to do that which Judas did
Dead to the world let s be alive to God
Who gain His favour are supremely blest
This is the height of wisdom to desire
Those things in life which thou wouldst dying crave
Then on the thoughts of death thy lamp s oil spend 30
And muse upon that state which ne er shall end[2]

Mundo immundo

NON possum non Arte loqui Furor addit Acumen
Crimina taxantur Nomina salva latent
Munde quid hoc sibi vult? tantò longinquius erras
Quantò plus graderis Te Cacoethes habet
In quos Schismaticas torsisti sævius Hastas
Quàm quos Virtutis cœlitus Umbo tegit
Protege me Cœlum! Quis adest? Oppressor avarus
Cui prior est Nummus Numine Libra Libro
Numme potens Deus es! Sic undique supplicat Auro
Omnipotens veluti Numen inesset Ei 10

[1] *cula*] For *th* d m nutive ('thinglet 'trifle) B m ght quote Plautus and Apuleius *creaturula* and *consolat uncula* m st be eccles astical if he did not coin them

[2] This blank verse translation (with couplet tip) of the precedi g Latin prose para graph is curious and it might at the time have been much worse.

Aurum Nequitiæ Pater est, & Filius Orci,
Os promit Nectar, Mens Aconita vomit
Hic volat, utque rapax ruit in novi fiusta Molossus,
Vasta Sitim parunt Æquora, Terra Famem,
Tota nec explerent Pellæas Æquora Fauces,
Terraque sat tanta non erit una Fami
Perfida quisquis amat, se perdit, & odit amando
Plus habet Ille Dei, qui minus Orbis habet
Dum captat, capitur, Dæmon licet Omnia spondet,
Dat Mundus, magnum præter inane, nihil 20
Plena Flames, mellita Lues, Persuasio falla,
Gloria Flos, Pulvis Gaza, Fiara cinis
Tenducilis, Pigmenta, Dolor, Crepitacula, Fumo,
Has raucо Merces Gutture laudet Anus
Insatiata Flames rapto superimbber Auro,
Porcus & aggestas grunniat inter Opes
Littera Hebraica, pelasga, Latina notabunt
Quod, malus, cor-poris mi mist, Mundus habet[1]

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

Canto X. The Abnegation

THE ARGUMENT

What 's potent Opulency? What 's remiss
Voluptuousness? World, what 's all this,
To that the Soul s created for, Eternal Bliss?

STANZA I

VARIOUS are poets' flames, some, eclogues write,
Others describe a horrid fight,
Some lyric strains, and some the epic do delight

II

But, here my sharpen'd Muse shall entertain
The scourges of satiric vein,
To lash the world, in which such store of vices reign

III

No grandee patron court I, nor entice
Love-glances from enchanting eyes,
Nor blandishments from lisping wanton's vocal spice

IV

No such trite themes our fired genius fit, 10
Of which so many pens have writ
Prudential souls affect sound Reason, not slight wit

V

Blest talents which the Gospel's Pearl do buy
Frail hopes that on the world rely,
Where none are sav'd by faith, but by' infidelity

VI

The way to gain more ground, is to retreat,
Our flight will be our foe's defeat,
Minds conqu'ring great delights, triumph in joys more great

VII

Pull me not, *World*, nor can, nor will I stay,
Juggler, I know what thou canst say 20
Thy magic spells charm easy sense but to betray

[1] Observe the most Benlowesian eccentricity of the subscribed *h* to get the Hebrew *resh* 15 by'] Cf note on 'they' *supra*, p 380

VIII

Wits toil to please thee sables yield their skins
The silkworm to thy wardrobe spins
Rocks send their gems seas pearls to purvey for thy sins

IX

Thou brightnest cupboards with throng'd massy plate
Heap'st ermin'd mantles of estate
Shew'st rich caparison'd champing coursers at thy gate

X

Thou cull'st of Nature's spoil from air earth seas
The wing'd hoof'd finny droves to please
Gluttons who make themselves spittles of each disease 30

XI

And shall like Dives a sad reckoning pay
Feasts hasten'd on his funeral day
Death brought the voider and the Devil took away

XII

Tell me no more th'art sweet as spicy air
Or as the blooming Virgin fair
And canst with jovial mirth resuscitate from care

XIII

Boast not of ruby lips and diamond eyes
Rose cheeks and lily fronts made prize
With dimpled chins the trap-pits where a fondling lies

XIV

Death's serjeant soon thy courted Helens must 40
Attach whose eyes now orbs of lust
The worms shall feed on till they crumble into dust

XV

Boast *World* who unto revels dost decoy
Thy favorites that they're bath'd in joy
Disdaining saints who precious time in pray'r employ

XVI

Who where they come, with purer rays of light
Dazzle thy bat'ey'd legions quite
Rage Impudence and *Ignorance* the imps of Night

XVII

Fool thy attractives in no limits pent
Indulge to surfeits not content 50
And but illude the mind not give it ornament

XVIII

Gild o'er thy bitter pills with guileful arts
Sweet potions brew for frolic hearts
When most thou smil'st thou actest most perfidious parts

XIX

With thee dwells fawning *Craft* and glozing *Hate*
Th'allurements of imperious state
Which barks like calms invite unto a shipwreck'd fate

XX

Guile, rule the world that doth in madness roll
Great things the better oft control
Where *Pride* is coach'd *Fraud* shopp'd and taverns drown the soul 60

XXI

Folly in ruffling storms with *Frenzy* meets
Ebbing and flowing o'er the streets
O'th'care fill'd pompous city which exiles true sweets

30 spittles] Of course = spitals

XXII

Oh, fretting broils in populous bustle pent,
Where still more noise than sense they vent,
And, now as much to gold, as late to battles bent!

XXIII

World, reason if thou canst Thy sports leave stings,
Thy scenes, like thee, prove empty things,
Thou glorious seem'st in paint, from whence all falsehood springs

XXIV

So, rainbow colours on doves' necks have shone 70
In hue so diverse, yet so one,
That fools have thought them all, the wiser knew them none

XXV

I'll countercharm thy spells, that souls, ere thee,
May trust wild Irish seas, who flee
Distress'd to thy relief, thou say'st, 'What's that to me?'

XXVI

Fawn, and betray, and Treason's self outdare,
T' o'erthrow by raising is thy care,
But I'll ungull thy minions, undisguise thy ware

XXVII

Thy gold's dross, glitt'ring troubles are thy bliss,
By pomp thou cheat'st, thy all's amiss 80
Thou art Sin's stage, the Devil prompts, Flesh actor is

XXVIII

Spectator *Sense* applauds each witching gin,
But, unto *Reason's* eye within,
Thou seem'st Hell's broker, and the servile pimp of Sin

XXIX

Thus peaches do rough stones in velvet tire,
Thus rotten sticks mock starry fire,
Thus quagmires with green emeralds crown their cheating mire

XXX

So, Mermaids lovely seem in beauty's guise,
With voice, and smiles, draw ears, and eyes,
But whom they win, they sink, those never more shall rise 90

XXXI

Thy shop's but an exchange of apish fashion,
Thy wealth, sports, honours are vexation,
Thy favours glist'ring cares, sweet surfeits, woo'd damnation

XXXII

Base proverbs are thy counsels to enthral
'Each for himself, and God for All'
'Young saints' (I dread to speak it) 'to old devils fall'

XXXIII

Rain on thy darling's head a Danaen shower,
Let him be drench'd in wealth, and power,
What then? Th' hast storm'd, and seiz'd on all in one short hour

XXXIV

Oh, thou Pride's restless sea! swoln fancies blow 100
Thee up, dost blue with envy grow,
Brinish with blood, like the Red Sea, with lust dost flow

XXXV

Remorseless *Rage*! thou in thy fifth act's breath,
When blood does freeze to ice of death,
And life's jail'd up for Nature's debt, where art? Beneath

XXXVI

World, ev'n thy name a whirling storm implies,

102 blood—lust] The suggestion to transpose these is obvious and is supported by a minute [2] and [1] over the words in my copy

Where men in generations rise,
Like bubbles dropsied bladders of the rainy skies

XXXVII

Some straight sink down whom waters sheet does hide,
Some floating up and down abide 110
The longest are so circumvolv'd as rest's denied

XXXVIII

So have we rid out storms when Eol's rave
Plough'd up the ocean whose each wave
Might waken Death with noise and make its paunch a grave

XXXIX

The sick ship groan'd fierce winds her tacklings rent
The proud sea scorn'd to be shore pent
We seem'd to knock at Hell, and bounce the firmament

XL

Clouds then ungilt the skies when lightning's light
Flash'd thousand glimmering days t our sight
But thunder's cannons soon turn'd those flash'd days to night 120

XLI

Thus art thou *World* life's storm at death distress
Starving's the bottom of excess
Thyself a piteous creature how can'st me redress?

XLII

No hadst less cruel been th hadst been less kind
Oil's in thy gall to heal my mind
Thus Hell may help to Heav'n Satan a soul befriend

XLIII

A good cause with good means some use yet fare
But ill when others of thy care
Whose cause is bad and means ill us'd successful are

XLIV

No wonder Sin's career uncheck'd runs on 130
Since here life's joy it hath alone
Which though thou bragg'st is giv'n no sooner's giv'n than gone

XLV

Pomp Pleasure Pelf idolatriz'd by fools
Dispute we now in Wisdom's schools
Ambition's quenchless fire i th spring of judgement cools

XLVI

Pride bladders tymp'nous hearts till prick'd by fear
Soon they subside by venting there
Unsafe ascents to pow'r do watching dangers rear

XLVII

Fearful and fear'd is Pomp Ambition steep
Does Envy get and Hatred keep, 140
High state wants station honour thirsting minds can't sleep

XLVIII

Summon Aspiro with his looms of state
To weave Pride's web in spite of fate
Who once got up throws down the steps did elevate

XLIX

He hates superiors cause superiors and
Inferiors lest they's equals stand
And on his fellows squints that are in joint command

L

Th ambitious treach'rous are and hoodwink'd quite
Their giddy heads have dazzled sight
For Jealousy clothes Truth in double mists of spite 150

LI

His eye must see and wink, his tongue must brave

And flatter too, his ear must have
Audience, yet careless be thus acts he king and slave

LII

So, brightest angel blackest devil hides,
High'st rise to lowest downfall slides,
A mathematic point thus East and West divides

LIII

Bright Wisdom sends dark Policy to school,
Proves the contriver but a fool,
Who builds his maxims on a precipice, or pool

LIV

Great ones, keep realms from want, they'll you from hate 160
Life's not so dear as wealth, for, that
Holds single bodies, this the body of the State

LV

Who bad desires conceive, they soon wax great
With mischief, then bring forth deceit,
So, brood they desolation, till it grows complete

LVI

Let such as sail 'gainst Virtue's wind, use skill
To tack about, for, what's first ill,
Grows worse by use, and worst by prosecution still

LVII

Ev'n that to which Pride's tow'ring project flies,
When grasp'd, soon by fruition dies 170
Great fears, great hopes, great plots, great men make tragedies!

LVIII

Achitophel and Absalom prov'd this,
Whose brains of their designs did miss,
Teaching deep Machavels, 'Fraud worst to th' Plotter is'

LIX

Fallacious they, and fallible have been,
Who made Religion cloak their sin
Man's greatest good, or greatest ill is from within

LX

Those policies that hunt for shadows so,
As let at last the substance go,
Which ever lasts, make wretched end in endless woe 180

LXI

Hadst for thy household stuff the spoil of realms,
Couldst thou engross Cathaiah's gems,
And more then triplicate Rome's triple diadems,

LXII

Couldst with thy feet toss empires into air,
And sit i' th universal chair
Of State, were pageants made for thee, the whole world's Mayor,

LXIII

Yet those but pageants were, thou, slave to sense,
To him, not's own, all things dispense
But storms, thou happier wast i' th' preterperfect tense

LXIV

Steward, give up th' account, the audit's near 190
To reckon how, and when, and where,
Where much is lent, there's much requir'd Doomsday's severe

LXV

Thus, proud Ambition is by Conscience peal'd,
Vapours sent up, awhile conceal'd,

169 tow'ring] Orig 'touring'
174 Machavels] The *t* is often missed at this time in various forms 'Matchavil,' &c

In thund ring storms pour down at length when all s reveal d

LXVI

Though Pride s high head doth brush the stars yet shall
Its carcass like a sulphur ball
Plunge into Flames abyss Pride concav'd Satan s hall

LXVII

The mighti st are but worms pale cowards they
Abash d shall stand at that Great Day 200
When Conscience King of Terrors, shall their crimes display

LXVIII

Giants of earth avisos may you tell
That though with envied state you swell
Yet soon within Corruption scharnel house you ll dwell

LXIX

Sceptres are frail, as reeds who had no bound
Are clasp d within six foot of ground,
Whose epitaphs next age will be oblivion found

LXX

Such yesterday as would have been their slave
To-day may tread upon their grave
That flats the nose best lectures dust seal d pulpits have 210

LXXI

Who toss d the ball of Earth in dark vaults rest
All what that gen ral once possest
Was but a shirt in s tomb who van quish d all the East

LXXII

Invading Cyrus in a tub of gore,
Might quaff his fill who evermore
Had thirsted blood him timeless Fate midst triumphs tore

LXXIII

Weigh things, Life s frail Pomp vain remember Paul
(The way to rise will be to fall)
In s high commission low in s low conversion tall

LXXIV

Soul, wou dst aspire to th High st? clip Tumor's wing 220
To th test of Heav'n thy axioms bring
Best politic David was Who con quers Sin 's the King

LXXV

Let raisèd thoughts Elijah like aspire
To be enchariot ed in fire
Faith Love Joy Peace the wheels to saints sublime desire

LXXVI

Avaro cite as void of grace as stor'd
With gold the GOD his soul ador d
Wealth twins with fear why start st? Unlock thy unsunn d hoard

LXXVII

I ll treble t by the philosophic stone
This makes thee stare Why, thus tis done 230
To passives actives join in due proportion

LXXVIII

Behold vast sums unown d! Thou hutch cramm d chink
Art made as nothing with a wink
Thou bred from Hell with Hell deeds souls to Hell dost sink

LXXIX

Gold is the fautress of all civil jars
Treason s reward the nerve of wars
Nurse of profaneness suckling rage that kingdoms mars

202 av s s] In the abstract sense of the original Spanish which we have more gener ally En l shed into adv ce *boat*

220 Tumor] So in orig Th context supports Timur or Tamerlane But 'tumour (= swelling pride) or rumour' would make sense

LXXX

Thou potent Devil, how dost thou bewitch
The dreggy soul, spot'st it with itch!
This slave to thee, his slave, was never poor, till rich 240

LXXXI

Now chest th' all worshipp'd ore with rev'rend awe,
Sol's gold, and Luna's silver draw
(Should Hell have these, 'twould plunder'd be) to sate thy maw

LXXXII

While gripes of famine mutiny within,
And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd skin
O' th' poor, whose pining want can not thy pity win

LXXXIII

Having their gravestones underneath their feet,
Breathe out their woes to all they meet,
While thou to them are flintier than their bed, the street

LXXXIV

Blinded with tears, with crying hoarse, forlorn 250
They seem to be of all, but scorn
Death than delay (Want's bloodless wound) is easier borne

LXXXV

Thy dropsy breeds consumption in thine heir,
Who thus t' himself 'I'll ease your care,
Measure not grounds, but your own earth Die now to spare

LXXXVI

'What's rak'd by wrong, and kept by fear, when mine,
Shall spread, as I'm—then brood the shine,
Penurious wretch, till thou by empty fullness pine

LXXXVII

'Thy care's to lessen cost, how slow thy pays!
How quick receipts! Lov'st fasting-days, 260
But 'tis to save, thus starv'st in store, thee plenty slays

LXXXVIII

'When shall I rifle every trunk and shelf
Of this old mucky wretched elf,
Who turns, as chemists do, all that he scrapes, to pelf?'

LXXXIX

Oh, sordid frenzy! Anxious maze of care!
Oh, gripple covetize to spare,
And dream of gold! The miser's heav'n, the Indian's snare

XC

Oppression is the bloodshot in their eyes,
Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies
Fool, read, this night Death may thy dunghill soul surprise 270

XCI

Think not for whom thou dost thy soul deceive,
And injur'd Nature so bereave,
But still thy knotty brain with wedge-like anguish cleave

XCII

Struck blind with gold, brood on thy rapines, till
Thou hatch up stinging cares to th' fill
The heaviest curse on this side Hell's to thrive in ill

XCIII

Go, venture for 't with sharks, haste, miser old
To th' hook, because the bait is gold:
Pawn thy soul for 't, as Judas did, when 's LORD he sold

XCIV

Possessors are, as Saul, possess'd, who cross 280

257 I'm—shine] This is one of several places where B 's oddities leave almost any room for conjecture We may *suppose* that 'I'm' is the familiar half-completed oath and 'shine' has the slang sense of 'shiner'.='money.'

Heav'ns law gain got by guile, proves loss
Getting begets more itch, Lust's specious ore is dross

XCV

Who sow to sin shall reap to judgement train
To Hell is idolized gain
Canst death or vengeance bribe? If not, dread ceaseless pain

XCVI

Why so fast posted by thy struggling cares
And self slaying fraud with all their snares?
Stay view thyself Destruction her crack'd glass prepares

XCVII

His pursy conscience opens now I've run
On rocks (he howls) 'too late to shun 290
Lost use and principal! Gold I'm by thee undone!

XCVIII

If to exhort be not too late attend
The wholesome counsel of a friend
Renounce thy idol, and prevent thy wretched end

XCIX

Sound for Faith's bottom with Hope's anchoring cord
Repent restore large alms afford
The dismal fraught of sinking sins cast overboard

C

He who returns to 's avarice left his sore
Grows desperate deadlier than before,
His hopes of Heav'n much less his fears of Hell much more 300

Oceani Monstrum natat infrænabile Lingua
Naves sæpè pias hæc Echeneis habet,
Cui paro Naumachiam, Freta conturbata pererrans
Sit Remoque meo Lis Remoræque tuæ

SPES REBUS AFFIXA FUGACIBUS UNO
FRANGITUR AFFLATU

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

Canto XI The Disincantation

THE ARGUMENT

Crispulus hic nulli Nugarum Laude secundus
Cui Mens Lucis inops Stulta Ruina Domûs
Qui Cereri Bromioque litat Luxuque liquescit
Huic ne putrescat pro Sale Vita datur

Voluptuous crown'd with bliss of fools is bent
To wine feasts gauds loose merriment
Runs on in Lust's career till Grace stops with Repent

STANZA I

O headless hedy age! O giddy toys!
As humble cots yield quiet joys
So prouder palaces are drums of restless noise

II

Twas in the blooming verdure of the year
When through the twins Sol's course did steer,

That a spruce gallant did, on summons, straight appear

III

Glitt'ring in brav'ry, like the Knight o' th' Sun,
Whose nags in Hyde-park races run
This ev'n 'Tis sure Volupto, old Avaro's son

IV

Hot shows the day, by th' dust upon his head, 10
And all his clothes so loosely spread,
He's so untruss'd, as if it were not long to bed

V

His hands keep time to th' tune of's feet, his pace
Is dancèd measures, and 'tis grace
Enough, o'er's shoulder to afford a quarter-face

VI

Act, 'bove French monkeys, antimasks he might
Before the apes (spectators' right)
Such dops, shrugs, puppet-plays show best by candle-light

VII

How mimic hum'rous garbs in various kind
Do chequer whimsies in the mind! 20
As diff'ring flow'rs on Peru's Wonder gard'ners find

VIII

Hast thou black patches too? for shame forbear,
Smooth chins should not have spots, but hair
But thou art modish, and canst vapour, drink, and swear

IX

How blazing tapers waste Life's blink away
In socket of their mould'ring clay!
How powder'd curls do sin-polluted dust bewray!

X

As Prudence fram'd Art to be Nature's ape,
So Pride forms Nature to Art's shape
Corrupted wine is worst that's press'd from richest grape 30

XI

Wilt Reason's sense dissolve in senseless wine?
And sing, while Youth's frail gem does shine,
'Come, Laughter, stretch our spleen, come sack in crystal shrine!

XII

'First, wine shall set, next shall a wanton dame
Our blood on fire, then quench our flame'
But, brute, Repentance shall, or Hell thy wildfire tame

XIII

Now, with the gallon ere thou try'st a fall,
Think o' th' handwriting on the wall
If Bacchus th' inturn gets, down Conscience goes and All

XIV

Shouldst thou but once the swinish drunkard view, 40
Presented in a mirror true,
Quite sous'd in tavern juice, in him, thyself thou'dst rue

XV

A nobler birth, with an ignoble breast,
Rich corpse without a mind's a beast
He's raz'd from Honour's stem, who, Riot, is thy guest,

XVI

Thy guests swoln dropsies, and dull surfeits are
The gluttons' teeth their graves prepare,
They're sick in health, and living dead, whose maw's their care

18 dops] Low bows or courtesies

XVII

Go, corm rants go with your luxu rious flock
Rap d from three elements we mock 50
Your musky jelly pheasant, candid apricock

XVIII

To Arabs that they send their Phœ nix write
In s spice nest be cook d it might
Far fetch d dear bought best suits the Apician appetite

XIX

Go with thy stags embalm d en tomb d in paste
On tenants sweat feeds rampant waste
We prize bove wild intemp rance a Carthusian fast

XX

Excess enhanceth rates thou on this score
Grind st twixt thy teeth the starving poor
Who beg dry crumbs which they with tears would moisten o er 60

XXI

Laz rus thy skin s Death s sheet, twixt that and bone
There s no parenthesis! be moan
Dives CHRIST s members now, or thou shalt ever groan

XXII

Prance pamper d stallions to the grave y are driv'n
Nought satisfies the soul but Heav n
Th art empty World from morn through noon to doting ev n

XXIII

In twice-dyed Tyrian purple thou dost nest
Restless with heaving fumes op prest
Which cause tumultuous dreams foes to indulgent rest.

XXIV

From hence the Spark (what pity tis!) is ill 70
Grown crop-sick Post for phy sic s skill
Phlebotomize he must and take the vomit pill

XXV

Doctor the cause of this distemper state us
'His cachexy results from flatus
Hypocondrunkieus ex crapulâ crea tus

XXVI

School him whose Heav n is sense whose reason dim
Who wastes his time as Time wastes him
Give o er his soul Divine Tailor make s body trim

XXVII

Now sheath d in rustling silks new suits display
Thy Clothes outworth thee wise men say 80
Hedge creeping glow worms never mount to starry ray

XXVIII

Yet who s born under Jupiter shall move
I th sphere of Honour Riches Love
Say wizards Under Jove w are all born none above

XXIX

Still to be pounc d, perfum d still quaintly drest
Still to be guarded to a feast
By fawning looks and squinting hearts like an arrest

51 candid] *s c* in orig
53 sp ce] The metre wants spicy'
75 Hypocondrunkieus] See Introd Some timid person has altered this tremendous coinage where it appears in the *Summary of Wisdom* (*v inf*) to *Hypocondriaci s* in the B M copy

XXX

Still to have toting waits unseal thine eyes,
In bed, at board, when sit, when rise
Such, Card'nal-like, their Paris prize 'bove Paradise 90

XXXI

Know, worldlings, that Prosperity 's a gin,
If wantoniz'd, breeds storms within
To torture turns the metamorphosis of sin

XXXII

Pomp its own burthen is, whose slippery state
Oft headlong, by too rash debate,
Tumbles for value of a straw, pulls on its fate

XXXIII

His heart-blood seethes, that blood sends up in heat
Fierce spirits, those, i' th' eye, their seat,
Fires kindle, fiery eyes, like comets, ruin threat

XXXIV

Fierce Balaam, hold thy hand, and smite no ass 100
But him i' th' saddle, he, alas!
Wounds through her sides himself wrath through the soul doth pass

XXXV

Duels for blood, like Moloch's idol, gape
Thou, turn'd a swine out of an ape,
First put'st on peacock's pride, at last the tiger's shape

XXXVI

They 're gross, not great, who serve wild laws of blood,
Such, only great, who dare be good
Grace buoys up Honour, which, without it, sticks in mud

XXXVII

Make thorough search as hard to find thy cure,
As circle's puzzling quadrature, 110
Or, next way by North Sea to sail to China sure.

XXXVIII

Lo, idle sloth in lap of Sodom plac'd
'Here lies he'—did occasions waste,
Invaluable now, irreparable past

XXXIX

Go, wanton with the wind misus'd hours have
A life, no other than the grave
Most, for life's circumstance, the cause of living waive

XL

The privy council of the glorious TRINE
Did in creating man combine,
Angels look'd on and wonder'd at the soul divine! 120

XLI

Which storehouse of three living Natures is,
Doth the vast world epitomize,
Of whom, ev'n all we see's but a periphrasis!

XLII

Now, to what end can we conceive man's frame,
Save to the glory of GOD'S name,
And His eternal bliss, included in the same

XLIII

Fools, living die, saints, dying live seeds thrive
When earth'd, who die to sin survive,
So, to come richer up, pearl-fishers deeper dive

XLIV

Now 's courtesan appears, who blows Love's fire, 130
Her prattling eyes speak vain desire,
To catch this art-fair fly the following trouts aspire

XLV

The gamesome fly that round the candle plays,

88 toting] 'Observing,' 'watching carefully' Cf Langland, *P P* (B text), xvi 22

Is scorch d to death i th courted
blaze
Thus is the amourist destroy d by
lustful gaze

XLVI

This dame of pleasure, does to seem
more bright,
Lattice her day with bars of night
Spots this fair sorceress cloud more
to enforce delight

XLVII

ThisHelen whodoesBeautycounter
feit
And on her face black Patches set
(Like tickets on the door) shows that
she may be let 141

XLVIII

She d coach affection on her cheek
but why
Wou d Cupid s horses climb so
high
Over her alpine nose, t o erthrow
it in her eye?

XLIX

Truth s apes beware such wheels
your earth do wear
Horses with rugged hoofs will tear
Who living s coach d with pride shall
dying fall with fear

L

(But noble ladies virgins chaste, as
fair,
Sweetmodestsex thatvirtuous are
Ye first my honour my respect ye
second, share 150

LI

Angelic forms far be it to perplex
Or cast aspersion on your sex
Loose art in those your native beam
ing lustre decks

LII

So have I seen the limner s hand
design
A ruder piece near one Divine
With this coarse face to make that
other beauty shine)

LIII

Her eyes spread nets her lips baits
and her arms
Enthralling chains Sense hugs the
charms
OfIdlenessandPride whileReason s
free from harms

LIV

Tempestuous whirlwinds revel in the
air 160
Of her feign d sighs her smile s
a snare
Which she as slyly sets as subtly does
prepare

LV

Scarce is the toy at noon to th girdle
drest
Nine pedlars need each morn be
prest
To launch her forth a ship as soon
is rigg d to th West

LVI

At length she s built up with ac
coutred grace
The spark s inflam d with her set
face
Her glancing eye her lisping lip her
mincing pace

LVII

On those his optic faculties do play
Like frisking motes in sunny day
Like gaudy nothings in the Trigon
glass that ray 171

LVIII

On her profusely now he spends his
ore
Scarce the Triumvir lavish d more
When he did costly treat his stately
Memphian whore

LIX

Thou inconsid rate flash spend st
precious days
In dances banquets courtisms
plays
To gain the shade of joy which
soon as gain d decays

141 and 195] See note below for the illustrat on of this
171 Trigon] I confess myself puzzled as to which of the various en es of this word — game of ball h rp triangle &c —applies here
176 courtisms] Ceremonies of courtship as above p 337

LX

Which, barely tasted makes thee long the more,
Enjoy'd, 'tis loath'd, was lov'd before
Thus, nor Mirth's flood, nor ebb can please, nor sea, nor shore 180

LXI

His pulse beats Cupid's march, and's itching vein
Must vent loose lines, whence souls are slain,
Which, by augmenting lust, will but augment his pain

LXII

Ah, might too forward Sin be check'd by Fear!
But, what may cure that eye, that ear,
Which, being blind and deaf, brags best to see and hear!

LXIII

Thy Juno's but à cloud she is not she
Thy fond esteem makes her to be,
Her basilisk's double eyesight kills with viewing thee

LXIV

She murthers poisons, thence complexion's found 190
To murther hearts Oh, joys unsound
From light-bred daughters, though they weigh ten thousand pound!

LXV

Tell me not, simp'ring Lais, that thy ray
Can blood, turn'd ice, unfreeze, like May,
Whose spotted face to Virtue does soul-spots betray

LXVI

Ceruse, not lilies there, thy blushing rose
Its tincture to vermilion owes
Curs'd be those civil wars Love's royalty oppose

LXVII

Say not, a noble love to thee he bears,
While's hand writes odes, his eye drops tears, 200
That tim'rously he's bold, burns, freezes, dares, and fears

LXVIII

Nor tell me, Nymphadoro, that Love's throes
For her, rob thy repast, repose
Thou pul'st not to repent, but to bebrine thy woes

LXIX

Woes, worse than waitings at the five men's trade,
Worse than, when sick, through sloughs to wade
In stormy night, hard jolted on a dull tir'd jade

LXX

Shake off these remoras would thee undo
The virtuous loveliest are Grace woo,
What jeweller for glass will orient pearl forgo? 210

LXXI

The soul, that beauteousness of Grace exquires,
And to decline By-path's desires,
Must inward bend the rays of his selected fires

LXXII

Unmuffle, ye dim clouds, and disinherit
From black usurping mists his spirit,
From rocks, that split vain hopes, to heav'nly comforts rear it

LXXIII

B' entrench'd ere midnight larums, undergo
The penance of repentant snow,
Which, melting down, will quench, and cleanse, as it doth flow

190] = (again *I suppose*) 'she makes herself look killing with cosmetics compounded of poisons, which are drugs made more murderous' or 'destroyed *as* poisons'
205] What was this trade?

LXXIV

Repentance health is giv n in bitter pill 220
Best rectifier of the will
The joy of angels love of GOD the hate of ill

LXXV

Action s the life of counsel, bathe thy soul
I th LAMB s red Laver in dust roll
Before Despair Hell s serjeant comes drink Sorrow s bowl

LXXVI

Ere th icy mantle of a wrinkled skin
Candies the bristles of thy chin
Repent ere chap-fall n door shall let Death s terrors in

LXXVII

Never too late does true Repentance sue 229
Yet, late repentance seldom s true
Who would not when they might, may when they would, it rue

LXXVIII

For minutes of impertinent delight
Lose not oh lose not Infinite!
Scorn to be vassal to base Sin, and hellish Spite

LXXIX

Why dost outsin the Devil? He ne er soil d
With lust or glutt ny was, ne er foil d
With drink ne er in the net of sloth fulness entoil d

LXXX

I may persuade yet not prevail! Sin-charms
Bewitch him till Wrath cries to arms
Sin s first face smiles her second frowns her third alarms 240

LXXXI

Sinners are fondly blind when they transgress,
All woes are than such blindness less
That wretch most wretched is who slights his wretchedness

LXXXII

Presumption slays her thousands! too late then
For to advise of danger when
Vengeance that dogs their steps shall worry them in s den

LXXXIII

Gallants should Trophies Cæsarize your power
Should beauty Helenize your flower
Should Mammon Danaize ye with his golden shower,

LXXXIV

Yet when Revenge shall inward thunders send 2 0
And Sodom storms on souls descend
Salvation scorn d what rests but every tort ring fiend!

LXXXV

That GOD refus d who you from depth of nought
To being nay well being brought!
Ingrate for talents lent return your selves sin fraught

LXXXVI

Bad great ones are great bad ones foul defect
It is, when pow r doth Shame protect
Such will do what they will but *what they ought neglect*

LXXXVII

Virtue by practice to her pitch does soar,
But they who such a course give o er, 260
Shall sadly wish for Time when Time shall be no more

LXXXVIII

Ye brittle sheds of clay, resolve ye must
Into originary dust
When swift heel d Death o ertakes you Where s then all your trust?

LXXXIX

Men in their generations live by turns

Their light soon to its socket burns,
Then to converse with spirits they go, and none returns

XC

Tomb-pendant scutcheons, pompous rags of state,
Those gorgeous bubbles but relate
The thing that was, ne'er liv'd 'tis Goodness gildeth Fate 270

XCI

Grace outlasts marble vaults, that crowns expense,
Brass is shortliv'd to innocence
Time's greedy self shall one day find its preter-tense

XCII

When heav'ns that had their deluge-dropsy, shall
Their burning fever have, when all
Is one combustion, when Sol seems a black burnt ball

XCIII

When Nature's laid asleep in her own urn,
When, what was drown'd at first, shall burn,
Then, sinners into quenchless flames, Sin's mulct, shall turn!

XCIV

Ne'er shall a cooling julep such appease, 280
Whom brimstone torrents without ease
Enrage, i'th' dungeon of dark flames, and burning seas!

XCV

In centre of the terrible abyss,
Remotest from supernal bliss,
That horrid, hideous, gloomy, endless dungeon is!

XCVI

Fools, who hath charm'd you? Sue betimes divorce
From your vain world, where power did force
A rape, there let not choice make marriage, which is worse

XCVII

Man is a world, and more, for this huge mass
Shrunk, as a scroll, away shall pass, 290
Whilst his pure substance is as everlasting glass

XCVIII

The world is like the basilisk's fell eyes,
Whose first sight kills, first seen, it dies
Man, by a brave disdain, its pois'ning venom flies

XCIX

Gay World, who thee adores, thou great wilt make,
Pearl may he quaff, and pleasures take
Of sense, but must descend into the sulph'ry lake!

C

Is Hell the upshot thou to thine canst lend?
Crawl, grovelling trifles, to your end,
Vanish beneath my scorn Go, World, recant, amend 300

Provehimur Portu, Terramque relinquimus illam
Quæ natum Gremio prima rigente tulit
O felix Oculus Portum visurus Amantis,
Sit licet in Lacrymas naufragus ipse suas!

DEDIGNOR INDIGNA [1]

[1] Here, in orig, is the illustration referred to above—a very fine plate engraved by Hollar, representing in half-length a lady with a fan in her hands, her face and neck spotted with sign-patches as in the Latin verses *inf* and the English *sup* st xlvii In these Latin verses *Venerilla* and *Lamissa*, if not classical, are also not ugly.

In lenocitantes hujus Tempestatis Venerillas, Juvenum Scrobes, Animarum Voragines

IN nova fert Animus mutatas dicere Formas
Spectra salax quarum Mente Libido furit
Ludicra depicti jam prodit Imago Theatri
En hìc Scena vafris insidiosa Dolis
Ergo mihi nunquam nisi Personata videnda es?
Si vis Personam sumere sume tuam
Cui loquor? Ipse tua deludor Imagine Vera
Quid facies cum vel *fallere* picta potes?
Picta Genas discincta Sinus nudata Papillas
Albor Cerussâ fit Minioque Rubor 10
Vendere si non vis Carnem conclude Macellum
Nec Lupa mentita decipe Carne Procos
Nunc emere haud fas est quia Quadragesima Carnes
Venales Mammas ergo Lanissa tege
Affigis Maculas dum Signa loquacia Malis
Mercandum Pretio Corpus adesse notas
Quæ primam extenuat Culpam rea sæpè secundæ est
Sæpius è prima Labe secunda venit
Plurima compositos conservat capsa Colores
Sic Faciem tibi cum cætera vendis emis 20
Suavia viscosis renuo libare Labellis
Ne teneat Fucus fixa Labella tuus
Quàm levis Incessus[1] quàm Lumina pæta vagantur!
Verbula quàm molli Gutture fracta fluunt!
Quid me blanda tuis fallacibus obruis Hirquis?
Serpentem Gremio Virus in Ore geris
Non amat hamat Amor tuus ò Trive nefica nostro
Non opus est Cultu Te nimis ipsa colis
Sidera contendas Oculi sint Purpura Malæ
Electrum Crines Dens Ebur Ora Favi 30
Consulto Speculo geris Omnia fallet Imago
[1] Te nam (an jurares) sera Ruina manet
Sed quorsum in miseras labuntur Carmina Nugas?
Præsens, est absens pars minor illa sui
Quid velit hæc Pictura loquens? quem postulat Usum?
Ut suspendatur nonnè Tabella nitet?
Quid tunc è tanto restabit Amantibus Igne?
Fumus iners tristis hæc inamœnus Odor
Ne jactes igitur Formam fucata Megæram 39
Formosam fieri sic quoque posse reor
Dicite Doctores huic quæ Complexio? Quinta
Quis placet huic Sensus dicite? Sextus erit
Sub quo signo orta? Opposito sub Virginis Astro
Edita sub cauda credo Draconis erat
Quænam illi fuerit Mens? Subdola Lingua? dolosa
Quæ Metamorphosis? Prodigiosa sibi
Naso suam Metamorphosin qui scribere possit
Quotidiè Formas cum novet ista Venus?

Insceleratissimam Seculi Licentiam, cujus in melius commutandi exilis admodum supersit Spes

TOTUS adeò in Maligno (mali ligno) positus est Mundus ut vehementer hujusmodi Satyris egeat. Ubiquè nunc locorum damnosa Malorum Vitia noxiarum instar herbarum citissimè pullulescunt Perjuria Superbia Te

[1] Versus cancrinus quoad L teras [*a thor s note*]
[2] Above this in orig is a map of the two hem spheres inscribed *Typus Orbi Terrarum*

mulentia, &c Terram sub Mole Peccatorum non ruere admirabile, cùm Cœli, qui ingentia illa Corpora Solis, Lunæ, Stellarum, præter suam Vastitatem non solùm ferunt, sed circumferunt, absque Ruinæ Periculo, unicum tamen Peccatum ferre nequiverunt, sed statim per solidas illas Machinas, peccatum, cum suo Authore Lucifero, delapsum, etiam Terram penetrans, ad Fundum Abyssi infernalis descendit

ACTOR Homo, Cœlum Spectator, grande Theatrum [Dies
Mundus, Vita frequens Fabula, Scena
Undè ego, sublimi positus, Deliria Mundi 20
Defleo, dum Vitij Pondere tristè gemit
Esse quid hoc dicam, perversa quod Omnia cerno!
Densis quàm Tenebris mergitur Orbis iners!
Talia tartareo crevere Piacula Seclo,
Vix Terris Scelerum mox Modus ullus erit
Luxus ovans, impurus Amor, maculosa Libido,
Persica Mollities, Spes levis, Ira gravis
Carnificina Boni, sed Iniqui sedula Nutrix,
Orbis es, Illecebras nil nisi turpis habes
Fraus juvat, hinc justa est, fallique & fallere gaudes, 30
Mors Jocus, Infernus Fabula, Sanna Polus
Heu, Pietas ubi prisca! Profana ò Tempora! Mundi
Fæx, Vesper, propè Nox, ô, mora! CHRISTE, Veni!

[1] TErapit aerio ventosa Superbia Curru,
Siste rotas, Currus ferventes siste, Loquamur
Nunc opus est leviore Lyrâ Tu, Cyprie Bubo,
Ore procax, Novitatis amans, Venerisque Satelles,
Callidus incautas Philtris mollire Puellas,
Splendida rimaris petulanti Lumine Spectra,
Et Mala quæque Bonis præfers, Deliria Veris, 40
Frivola vaniloquo Mendacia gutture jactas,
Mentis inops, Ratione carens, Virtutis inanis,
Volveris effuso suadente Libidine Luxu,
Lauta coronatis ambis Convivia Mensis,
Sunt tibi Deliciæ, Risus, Jocularia Cordi,
Futilibus fatuus Garritibus Aera pulsas,
Quique ciet Nugas, Donaria summa reportat,
Illicitumque putas nihil, Omne, quod officit, optas,
Expetis ut fulvum Mundus vertatur in Aurum;
Auritâ de Gente Midæ reor esse Nepotem 50
Stulte, tuas Vestes, Avis ut Junonia plumas,
Aspicis, in Cute curandâ malè conteris Ævum
O, Genus insipidum! sani tibi mica Cerebri?
Auscultet tumido Gens implacabilis Ore
Luxuries prædulce Malum, blanditur, & angit
Innumeras parit ipsa Cruces, nutritque, Voluptas
Vita vices morientis habet, morerisque superstes
Sed, quid ago? Surdis cantatur Fabula Fati
Vespera mox veniet! quid inexorabilis hæres?
Cuncta tenere putes, tu percipis omnia; Solùm 60
Hoc nescis, Pantωn quod es insanissimus Andrωn

In strenuos hujus Seculi Compotores, & Gulones Perditissimos[1]

QUALIS hîc Boatus? quæ Vociferatio?
Auscultemus Aut bibite, aut hunc Cantharum, quantus quantus est, in Capita impingam vestra Sic enim

61 We need not suppose that Benlowes put in the Greek for anything but metre's sake

[1] Above these passages respectively the orig has two little vignettes in text, one

assuefacti (à sue facti) sunt Qui tamen Ipsi nondum hesternam edormiverunt Crapulam Heu quàm petitis perituri peritura! Labantes ad Præcipitium impellitis & ad Infernum proruentibus calcar subditis! Interim tamen vos accusat Conscientia Testis est Memoria Ratio Judex Voluptas Carcer Timor Tortor Oblectamentum Tormentum! Undè hi vorando bibendo ludendo dormiendo moriendo juste oblivi scantur sui qui vivendo (nisi jurando) semper obliti sunt Dei

TURGIDUS iste quis est? ambas per potus ad Aures
Qui tradit rabidæ Fræna soluta Gulæ
Qui plures avido Calices ingurgitat haustu 20
Cui Venus in Vinis Ignis in Igne furit
Cui Venter Deus est & lauta Culina Sacellum
Orgia cui madidi grata profana Dei
Cui sunt Liba Dapes & Compotatio Festum
Et Pietas plenâ Lance litare Gulæ
Plurima qui spondet perfusus Tempora Baccho
Omnia quæ Sociis cras sine fronte negat
Cujus Lingua vomit spumantia Vota Salutis
Obrutus est nimio dum sine Mente Mero
Vivamus liquidi potemus edamus ovemus 30
Nulla Sepultorum nascitur Uva Cavis
Mordaces Curas solvamus Vociferando
Sic permittamus lætius ire Dies
Falle Diem strue Serta Scyphum rape tingere Nardo
Si tibi Cura mei sit tibi Cura Meri
Prome Falerna remitte Pavenda propellito Nubes
Leviathæ Os utinàm nunc mihi grande foret!
Gemmatis si Musta bibam flammantia Poclis
Inde frequens Naso Gemma repentè micet 39
Plurima sic olidis epotat Vina Tabernis
Ut referat brutas sordida Vita Sues
Immersus Vitii Barathro Scelerisque Profundo
Ebrius Errorum Nectare Porcus ovat
Immemor ipse sui nimium memor ipse Suorum
Carneus iste Cadus Viva Culina cluat
Nocturno reboat dum cæca Platæa Tumultu
Quodvis ex animo suavè peregit Opus
Una Salus tibi sit nullam potare Salutem
Te Puer in triviis erudiisse potest
Qui mihi Discipulus Bibo sis cupis atque doceri 50
Huc ades Abdomen spernere disce tuum
Pondus iners Carnis Cumulus Vini que Culullus
Progenies Grylli Dux Epicurus haræ
Cœnum non Cœlum sapis Ingluviem que saginas
Non Mentem solum pro sale Vita datur
Ditia sorbebit subito Patrimonia Guttur
Quod tua peccarunt Guttura Vitra luunt
Quæ Mare Terra Polus Pisce Alite Vite ministrant
Desidis alta Gulæ Cuncta Barathra vorant
Effera Tempestas Cellæ Barathrum que Macelli! 60
Exanimes tumulet mortua Turba tuos!
Hoc verbo concludo nec os tibi sublino Nequam es
Exitio nisi te corrigis Ipse tibi

EHEU quàm Magnificus iste jam ægrotat miserè! ecce Linteola Manu contrahit distorto Ore & distento Labia dispandit anhelis Pulmonibus difficile spirat longum Vale Mundo dicit tenebrescentes Oculos circumvolvit & suburbia Mortis intrat. Lectores clarum hic Speculum Fragilitatis cernite Gregor Magnus Lib 4 Cap 38 Dialogorum de Chrysorio Romano tradit Historiam de quo an Divitiis seu Vitiis magis abundaverit

representing a Caroline dandy in full dress standing ostentatiously and the other the same person sitting drinking—and drunken

incertum fuit Cum, quasi expirans, anxiaretur, apparuere illi teterrimi, Dæmones, ipsum certatim prensantes, trahereque ad Inferna annixi, Ille, Horrore tremuit, seque super Lectum huc atque illuc vertere miseris cœpit Modis Nec dubitaret Quisquam Spiritus sibi apparuisse, qui probè illius Gestus, & Lamenta consideraret Postremò, ipse, cum jam Amicorum Auxilio desperasset, ad Hostes conversus, Inducias, oro, Inducias, inquit, Inducias, vel tantum usque ad mane! cui, Dæmones, Stulte, hac nocte eripietur tibi Anima Dum hoc poscendo ingeminat, Animam exhalavit! Væ vobis miseris, qui in ipsis Voluptatum Blandimentis, sævis Pauperum Oppressionibus, & iniquis Prælandi Ardoribus subito auferimini! 95

INSTARE, heu, summum, Mens, tibi crede Diem,
Actus Fabellæ jam tibi quintus adest,
Namque stat ad Mortis Limina Vita tremens,
Quid modò, dum Muris immmet Hostis, agas? 99
Te rapiet subitò Mors inopina Gradu!
An non supremi Judicis Ora times?
Mente soporatâ Cuncta quieta fluunt,
Exagitat sævis evigilante Minis!
Stat vinctum rigido sons Adamante jecur,
Undique constrictum Crimine, Lege, Nece!
Stare tamen nullo mens queat ægra Loco!
Afflictum Pectus quis tolerare potest!
Me Tremor, Impietas, Flagra, Gehenna rotant!
Totus in Aspectu sum rea Massa Dei!
Heu, quàm terribilis Sontibus Ultor adest! 110
Qui Flagellorum millia mille parat!
Quis dabit hisce Modum, quêis Modus omnis abest!
Supplicium Æternum! Dirus ut ille Sonus!
Nullis Inferni Flamma domatur aquis!
Æstus at infusæ Gurgite crescit Aquæ!
Nunc, Mundi quid Honos, Gaza, Jocusque, valent!
Vos, speciem fumi, quicquid habetis, habet,
Perfidiosa sequi Ludicra Mundus amat,
Tristia sub placido melle Venena latent,
Quo magis arrident, sunt metuenda magis, 120
Turgida ventoso Pectora Folle replent.
Inter Acidalias, ceu Sybarita, Rosas
Crevi, Præda feris discrutianda Rogis!
Prædonum Paphia mitior Ira face,
Cultorem perdis, qui tibi vivit, obit,
Arbore seu Chaviæ, prima Venenaneeis,
Arbore sic CHRISTI Vita secunda fluit
Hac, hac sit nostrâ Meta terenda rotâ!
Jam nunc Justorum Fata subire velim!
Pro Te, CHRISTE, pati, est vincere, Vita mori 130
Te peto dum superest Halitus, Oro, fave
Hanc, DEUS, ex magno mittis Amore Crucem
Sum miser, ah, misero fer miseratus Opem!
Nunc opus est Precibus, nunc Ope, CHRISTE, tuâ!
Unus Opem, Vulnus qui dedit, Ille ferat!
Pœnitet admissi Criminis, oro DEUS,
Sanguinis inspergat, Gutta vel una tui!
Sperem, vix ullam Spes ubi cernat Opem!
Singula baptizem Corporis Acta mei!
Sint Lachrymæ Mentis Gaudia sola meæ! 140
Quæ suaves aliquid, Nectaris instar, habent,
Tristia qui spargit, Gaudia abindè metet,
Lætitiæ Segetem flebilis Unda parit
Langueo, sola sones Lachryma! Lingua sile

HÆC, LECTOR, SICCIS QUÌ TUEARE GENIS!

Mundi Contemptus

DELICIÆ Luxus laqueata Palatia Gemmæ
Incautos veluti blanda Venena ne cant
In Trabea Livor Gemmâ Timor Ira sub Auro
Bullatum his Pectus plurima Pestis agit
Est Honor umbra Rei Quid Honoris Spes? minus umbrâ
Umbram finge umbræ spes id Honoris erit
Dum placet illudit dum splendet fallit amœnam
Sic referens bullam frangitur illa micans
Aurea pacatam turbant Laquearia Mentem
Et Vigiles Noctes Purpura sæpè trahit 10
Oblongas videt ire vigil sua Tædia Noctes
Præque ipsis longas Noctibus ire Dies
Sæpè Equitem excussit fracta Cervice Sedentis
Ad Titulos properans Ambitionis Equus
Illis sceptrigeri quos lactat Gloria Mundi
Auratis Tectis fit peregrina Salus
Divitias Avidus per aperta Pericula Ponti
Retia quæ Mentis concumulare studet
Hæc mihi ne noceant cauto cretata facessat 19
Ambitio & fulvi sordidi Cura Luti
Felix qui strepeni Ludibria rideat Orbis
Aspernans Ævi luxuriantis Opes

THE SWEETNESS OF RETIREMENT

OR THE HAPPINESS OF A PRIVATE LIFE

Canto XII The Segregation

ARGUMENT

Tu mihi Thema Quies Animæ sanctus que Recessus
Rores dum saturant me Deus alme tui
Vera Qui s Paucos nosti notissima Paucis
Dum fugio Plures te peto vera Quies
Carmina Secessum? Potius Devotio quærit
Sic qu drant Modulis Pectora sancta su s
Turbat Apoll neas clamosa Molestia Musas
Christicolæ Modulos sed magis illa gravat
Sit procul U bs prope Vota mihi mihi reddar & intus
Plena Fide perstet Mens mea plena Deo! 10
Hoc Nemus est Templum patuli Laquearia Rami
Fit sacræ Truncus quisque Columna Domus
Pervia Sylva patens est Porta Cacumina P nnæ
Baptismi P gnus Rivulus omn habet
Dat Mens m Coll s sacram mihi Cespite tectus
Pector s Ara Fides Zelus Amorque focus
Si quis Baptistes in Eremo prædicet Ecce Pulpita in arborea Sede locat patent
Hic licet elata dare Verba precantia Voce
Et sine Teste Deo nec nis Teste loqui 20
Ipsa monent tremulas quatient a Flamina frondes
Per nos fundendas Corde tremente P eces
Antevolansque cavo Suspiria nostra Susurro
Dum gemit Aura le is Tu geme Cultor ait
Voce Deum celebro Concordes sponte Choristæ
Sunt Præcentores dum modulantur Aves
Amen sub jcio dat Amen quasi Clericus, Echo
Sylva placet Luxus Desidiose Vale.

THE ARGUMENT

True Bliss! Thou know'st but few, to few art known,
While we shun many, thee alone
We court, and all enjoy in thee, when all are gone

STANZA I

WASTE not another word on fools, forsake
What grates the ear, pure notions take,
Know, that the smoothest hones the sharpest razors make

II

Ill suits it with a russet life, to write
Court-tissue swains, by threshold's sight,
Observe, as well as lords by clocks of gold, Time's flight

III

Whose crystal shrines, like oysters, gape each hour,
Discov'ring Time by figures' pow'r
That is the nobler watch, foreshows the threat'ning show'r

IV

While cumb'rous gain does various cares obtrude, 10
The richer mind courts solitude,
And does guile (subtle to beguile itself) exclude

V

More than high greatness humble goodness draws,
Elm rafters, mantled o'er with straws,
Outbless Escurial tow'rs that seem Heav'n's cupolas

VI

Each city-shop's a trap, each toy, a yoke,
What wise man willingly would choke
Himself in thicker clouds of griping care, than smoke?

VII

Who would not fly that broil, whence Bliss is flown,
Where, in Time's dregs, Religion's grown 20
From best, to all (flow tears of blood!), from all, to none

VIII

LORD, guide Thy Church, which interests impair,
Who, without knowledge, factious are,
They little mind the flock, so they the fleece may share

IX

Why climb'd they else the pulpit, as Lot's brother,
With fire in one hand, knife i' th' other?
'Twas vip'rous Nero slew his own indulgent mother.

X

As Peace Heav'n's blessing, so is War His rod,
Man-hunting beast, a scourge from GOD,
Which doth unhinge the world, fierce grapes in Wrath's press trod 30

XI

Let me, in Grief's prerogative, be bold
To question such, as dare to hold
That they the SHEPHERD lov'd, when they forsook the fold

XII

Such scramblers at the shearing feasts, I shun,
Forgetting, and forgotten, run
To fraudless swains I have a Friend compliant won,

XIII

By his example may my life be penn'd,
May he read, like himself, his friend

21 This is a puzzling line One would expect 'From best to all to best to none,' or 'From best to worst from all to none' Cf *Summary* version *inf*

Souls in conjunction should like
stars kind influence send

XIV

Us Sympathy the mind s true priest
does join , 40
Tis Grace makes social love
divine
Tun d octaves unisons are, duos in
one combine

XV

When two enweav d are in one high
desire
They feel like angels mutual fire
Flames intellective live material
flames expire

XVI

Vain World thy friends are thieves
of Time twice they
Are robb d for Time s self steals
away
Leaving a dull December for a
sportive May

XVII

Fools chat is built on sand but
blest who lives
Discourse that on Heav n s sweet
ness lives 50
Such as to raise the fire to high born
Virtue strives

XVIII

For birds of Paradise the proper
fare
Is purest vapour of the air
Souls nourish d from the influ nce
of GOD s SPIRIT are

XIX

Dew fattens earth the earth yields
plants and then
The plants feed beasts the beasts
feed men
Man on HIS WORD should feed who
gave him origin

XX

From public roads to private joy s
our flight
To view GOD s love we leave
man s sight
Rich in the purchase of a Friend
who gilds delight 60

XXI

Thus go we, like the heroes of old
Greece,
In quest of more than golden
fleece
Retreating to sweet shades our shat
ter'd thoughts we piece

XXII

So when the Sun commander of
the day
Muffles with clouds his glorious
ray
He clearer afterwards doth his bright
face display

XXIII

Kings too much seen grow mean
Renown does dawn
From cots unsightly hang d and
drawn
With spider woven arras and their
cobweb lawn

XXIV

Victorious Charles the Fifth who
had acquir d 70
Fame wealth and what could be
desir'd
By greatest emperors left all to live
retir d

XXV

That sea dividing Prince whose
sceptred rod
Wrought freedom to the Church
of GOD
Made in the Mount of Horeb forty
days abode

XXVI

In wilderness the Baptist shin d more
clear
In Life s night starry souls appear
They who themselves eclipse are to
Heav'n s court more dear

XXVII

But now what need we cite examples
more 79
This by our SAVIOUR heretofore
Was practis d who whole nights
retir d did GOD implore

XXVIII

Examples are best precepts Sweet
Secess

The nurse to inbred Happiness,
How dost thou intellects with fuller knowledge bless!

XXIX

Waft us, all-guiding Pow'r, from wild resort,
By Cape of Hope, to Virtue's Port,
Where Conscience, that strong champion, safely guards the fort

XXX

Here, Liberty, ev'n from suspicion free,
Does terminate our fears, by Thee
We conquer lusts each sense wears Reason's livery 90

XXXI

With Thee, like cloister'd snails, is better state,
Than to be lions in a grate
The world hers, coop'd like Bajazet, does captivate

XXXII

But, here (the type of ever-smiling joys,
Without disturbing fears, or noise),
We bright-ey'd Faith, with quick-eyed Art, in Truth's scale poise

XXXIII

Religious Mary's leisure we above
Encumber'd Martha's cares approve,
Uncloister'd, we this course beyond Court's splendour love

XXXIV

Seated in safe repose (when circling Earth 100
Suffers by rage of war, and dearth),
Secure from plagues and angry seas, we manage mirth

XXXV

The low-built fortune harbours Peace, when as
Ambitious high-roof'd Babels pass
Through storms, content with thankfulness each blessing has

XXXVI

So fragrant vi'lets, blushing strawberries,
Close-shrouded lurk from lofty eyes,
The emblem of sweet bliss, which low and hidden lies

XXXVII

No maskèd fraud, no tempest of black woes,
No flaunting pride, no rage of foes, 110
Bends hitherward, but soon is laid, or overblows

XXXVIII

We rule our conquer'd selves, what need we more?
To gadding Sense we shut the door,
Rich in our mind alone Who wants himself, is poor

XXXIX

Slander is stingless, Envy toothless here,
The russet is well lin'd we wear,
Let cits make chains the ensigns of their pomp appear

XL

Faith link'd with Truth, and Love with Quiet too,
O'er pleasant lawns securely go,
The Golden Age, like Jordan's stream, does here reflow 120

XLI

For fields of combat, fields of corn are here,
For trooping ranks, tree-ranks appear,
War steels the heart, but here we melt heart, eye, and ear

XLII

Oh, might a sacred Muse Earth's frenzy calm!
On that we'd pour such suppling balm,
As might vain trophies turn to an unfading palm

XLIII

Then should each He, who wears the face of man,
Discern their emptiness, and span
The vulgar's trivial idols, and their follies scan

XLIV

Though in rough shells our bodies kernell'd are 130
Our roof is neat, and sweet our fare
Banish'd are noisome vapours to the pent up air

XLV

No subtle poison in our cup we fear
Goblets of gold such horrors bear
No palace Furies haunt, O rich Content! thy cheer

XLVI

How great are those who use like gold their clay
And who like clay gold great are they
To grandeur slighted titles are the ready way

XLVII

Courts amplest shine nor adds nor takes from minds
That pierce the world true merit binds 140
Bright souls unto it whilst a fog th' ignoble blinds

XLVIII

Humble not slav'd, without dis comfort sad,
Timorous without despair, and glad
Without wild freaks we are The world's or fool or mad

XLIX

From Taurus when Sol's influence descends
And Earth with verdant robe befriends
And richer showers than fell on Danae's lap dispends,

L

When early Phosphor lights from eastern bed
The grey eyed morn with blushes red
When opal colours prank the orient tulip's head 150

LI

Then walk we forth where twinkling spangles shew
Entinselling like stars the dew
Where buds like pearls and where we leaves like emeralds view

LII

Birds by grovets in feather'd garments sing
New ditties to the non aged spring
Oh how those traceless minstrels cheer up everything!

LIII

To hear quaint nightingales the lutes o' th' wood
And turtle doves by their mates woo'd
And smelling violet sweets how do these cheer the blood!

LIV

While teeming Earth flower'd satin wears embost 160
With trees with bushes shagg'd with most
Clear rivlets edg'd by rocking winds each gently tost,

LV

The branching standards of the chirping grove
With rustling boughs and streams that move
In murmuring rage seem Nature's consort tun'd by Love

LVI

We to their hoarse laments lend listning ears
And sympathize with them in tears
Sadly remembring British Sion's acted fears!

LVII

Then our sad hearts are prick'd, whence spring forth cries
From those drain'd through the bruis'd soul rise 170
Faith fumes by Heav'n's fire drawn which drop through melting eyes!

154 grovets] Rare 162 rocking winds] Had Benlowes read Milton?
165 Rage] *Sic orig* but in my copy altered to base = bass which is probably right

LVIII

'Cause hungry swords devour'd man's flesh, like food,
And thirsty spears were drunk with blood
LORD, how Thy Spouse turns mummied earth! her gore a flood!

LIX

Edge-hill with bones look'd white, with blood look'd red,
Maz'd at the number of the dead
A theme for tears in unborn eyes to be still shed!

LX

How many bound with iron, who did 'scape
The steel! and Death commits a rape
On them in jails, who her defied in warlike shape! 180

LXI

Cross-biasness to grace our ruin spinn'd!
Harrow'd with woes, be Heav'n our friend!
Sodom 'gainst Nature, we 'gainst light of Truth have sinn'd!

LXII

This draws eye-tribute from Compunction's den,
Grace, guard Thy prostrate suppliant then,
Who am the chief of sinners, and the worst of men!

LXIII

My guilt before Thy Mercy-seat I lay,
For His sake save me, who gave way
To die for sinners! Ah, Sin kills Him every day!

LXIV

Sin ne'er departs, till humbled in deep fears, 190
Embalm'd in pray'rs, and drown'd in tears,
The fragrant Araby breathes no perfume like theirs

LXV

More fruitful those, unwitnessèd, appear,
Gems are too cheap for every tear
Deep Sorrow from itself doth its high comfort rear

LXVI

Salt tears, the pious convert's sweetest sport,
To hopeful joys the ent'ring port,
Ye waft blest mariners to Sion's glorious court

LXVII

But whither stray'st thou, Grief? Pearl'd dew arrays
As yet the virgin-meads, whose gays 200
Unbarb'd, perk up to prank the curlèd stream that plays

LXVIII

By rushy-fringèd banks with purling rill,
Meand'ring underneath the hill
Thus, stream-like, glides our life to Death's broad ocean still

LXIX

The pleasant grove triumphs with blooming May,
While Melancholy scuds away,
The painted quire on motley banks sweet notes display

LXX

Earth's flow'r-wov'n damask doth us gently woo,
On her embroider'd mantle to
Repose, where various gems, like constellations, shew 210

LXXI

Ourselves here steal we from ourselves, by qualms
Of pleasure, rais'd from new-coin'd Psalms,
When skies are blue, earth green, and meadows flow with balms

LXXII

We there, on grassy tufted tapestries,

199 whither] Orig 'whether'

In guiltless shades by full hair'd trees
Leaning unpillow'd heads view Nature's ants and bees

LXXIII

Justly admiring more those agile ants
Than castle bearing elephants
Where industry epitomiz'd no vigour wants

LXXIV

More than at tusks of boars we wonder at 220
This moth's strange teeth! Legs of this gnat
Pass large limb'd gryphons then on bees we musing sat,

LXXV

How colonies Realm's hope they breed proclaim
Their king how nectar courts they frame,
How they in waxen cells record their prince's fame

LXXVI

How kings amidst their bands in armour shine
And great souls in small breasts confine
How under strictest laws they keep up discipline

LXXVII

How all agree while their king lives in one
But dead the public Faith's o'er thrown 230
Their State becomes a spoil which was so plenteous grown

LXXVIII

Abstruser depths! here Aristotle's eye
(That Ipse of philosophy
Nature's professor) purblind was to search so high

LXXIX

Thinking which some deem idleness to me
It seems life's Heav'n on earth to be,
By observation GOD is seen in all we see

LXXX

Our books are Heav'n above us air and sea
Around earth under Faith's our stay
And Grace our guide the Word our light, and CHRIST our way 240

LXXXI

Friend view that rock and think from rock's green Wound
How thirst expelling streams did bound
View streams and think how Jordan did become dry ground.

LXXXII

View Seas and think how waves like walls of glass
Stood fix'd while Hebrew troops did pass
But clos'd the Pharian host in one confusèd mass

LXXXIII

These flow'rs we see to-day like Beauty brave,
At ev'n will be shut up and have
Next week their death then buried soon in stalks their grave

LXXXIV

Beauty's a flow'r, Fame puff'd high State a gaze 250
Pleasure a dance and Gold a blaze
Greatness a load these soon are lost in Time's short maze!

LXXXV

As solemn statesmen slight mere childish toil
Framing card structures angels smile
And pity so when life straight flits man's tearing broil

LXXXVI

Search Empire's dawn unwind Time's ball again
Unreel through ages its snarl'd skein

222 sat] An unlucky word in more than tense

Run back, like Sol on Ahaz' dial, see 'All's vain'

LXXXVII

This did I from THEOPHILA descry
(Not her fair-feather'd speech could fly 260
To ground, but my ear's pitfall caught it instantly,

LXXXVIII

Though her informing voice be parted hence,
Tides of impressive notions thence
Flow, soft as showers on balm, and sweet as frankincense)

LXXXIX

The conqueror who wades in blood for pow'r,
Cannot ensure th' ensuing hour,
Death soon may his ovation's sweetest nectar sour

XC

All's vain Th' Assyrian lion, Persian bear,
Greek leopard, Roman eagle, where?
Where is fam'd Troy, that did so proudly domineer? 270

XCI

Troy's gone, yet Simois stays Oh, Fortune's play!
That which was fix'd is fled away,
And only what was ever-flitting still does stay!

XCII

Vast pyramids upreat'd t' inter the dead,
Themselves, like men, are sepulchred,
Ambitious obelisks, ostents of pride, dust wed

XCIII

Heav'n sees the crumbling fabric of Earth's ball,
That dust is man's original,
To Him all nature is as wither'd leaves that fall

XCIV

Terrestrials transient are Kings fight for clods, 280
Heav'n's Heir is mightier Prince, by odds,
Ev'n all is his, and he is CHRIST'S, and CHRIST is GOD'S

XCV

Thoughts, dwell on this Let's be our own death's-head
The glorious Martyr lives, though dead,
Sweet rose, in His own fadeless leaves envelopèd

XCVI

Heav'n was His watch, whose starry circles wind
All ages up, the hand that sign'd
Those figures, guides them, World, thy clocks are false and blind

XCVII

Time in Eternity's immense book is
But as a short parenthesis, 290
Man's life, a point, GOD'S day is never-setting bliss

XCVIII

Could man sum up all times, so, as if there
A moment not remaining were,
Yet all those close-throng'd figures seem but ciphers here

XCIX

Could calculators multiply Time's glass
To myriads more of years, alas,
Those sands, to this duration, as a minute pass

C

Such mental buds we from each object take,
And, for CHRIST'S Spouse, of them we make
Spiritual wreaths, nor do we her own words forsake 300

CI

'Arise, O North, and thou, O South-wind, blow,
Let scent of flow'rs, and spices flow,
That the BELOVED may into His Garden go'

CII

Whose beauty flow'rs, whose height made lofty trees,

Whose permanence made Time and these
Pay tribute by returns to Him as springs to seas

CIII

This steals our soul from her thick loom t aspire
To canzons, tin d with enthean fire
Taking high wing to soar up to the angel quire

CIV

By suchlike speculations would we sty 310
To th Sun of Righteousness! though I
A star am less than least of all the galaxy

CV

The burden to each hymn is this Thy ways
LORD are inscrutable! All days
All tongues are few are weak, to sound Thy endless Praise!

CVI

Oh that a Voice more audible and high r
Than that shrill trump when all s on fire
Might all men s hearts and tongues with Thy renown inspire!

CVII

Nature bless GOD His benefits be sung
While that an ear can hear a tongue 320
Commerce with Him is th only trade all else but dung

CVIII

But dung—the wild inhabitant repeats
From her inhospitable seats
But now tis noon prepare we for our costless meats

CIX

LORD of all grassy and all glassy plains!
Whose mighty hand doth wield Fate s reins
Who dost embase the hills emboss the woody veins

CX

By Thee the pirate who by Nile being bred
Has land for table pool for bed
Camels Arabia s wand ring ships by Thee are fed 330

CXI

'Thou with Thy inexpressibly im mense
Finger of active Providence
The World s great Harbinger dost all to each dispense

CXII

Strict temperance so cooks our mess, that we
With no brain clouds eclipsed be
The driest clearness makes the brightest ingeny

CXIII

The mount s our table grass our carpet well
Our cellar trees our banquet cell
Our palace birds our music and our plate a shell

CXIV

Nature pays all the score Next fountain has 340
Bath drink and glass but our soul s glass
Presents Religion s face Our meal s as short as grace

CXV

See where the udder d cattle find us food
As those sheep cloth these hedgerows wood
See now a present brought us from the neighbourhood

CXVI

Ev n th herb that cramp and tooth ache drives away

308 tin d] l ghted
310 sty] as before 'rise
327] Embase = lower emboss = raise obviously enough. But why woody veins? Was he th nking of coal mines?

And bribes ear-minstrels not to play,
And from arch'd roofs to spongy bellows dews does stay;

CXVII

That makes quick spirits and agile fancy rove,
And genuine warmth i' th' brain does move, 350
'Bove furs or fires, whose pipe's both ventiduct, and stove,

CXVIII

That mounts invention with its active smoke;
Draught of Promethean fir'd-air took,
Renerves slack joints, and ransacks each phlegmatic nook.

CXIX

That lust cloys which expectance swells, but, here
Are dainties, that whet taste and ear,
Where all are cheer'd with joy, and overjoy'd with cheer.

CXX

But, having travers'd more of ground to-day,
Let us, for our refreshment, stay,
And with next rising sun, complete next closing lay 360

Irati sævas Maris evitare Procellas
Quæ potuit, felix est nimis illa Ratis,
Littoris optati Prospectu Navita gaudet,
Gratulor emensam nec minùs ipse Viam

ANIMI PABULUM CONTEMPLATIO

THE PLEASURE OF RETIREMENT

Canto XIII. The Reinvitation

THE ARGUMENT

FELIX qui Suus est, Animi propriique Monarcha,
Laus est Imperii ponere Jura Sibi
Felices Animæ, pulso Plutone Tyranno,
Queis datur Elysiis imperitare Plagis!
Maximus internum quisquis superaverit Hostem,
Major Alexandro, Cæsare major erit
Fabritium Æacidæ, Senecam præpono Neroni,
Hic hiat Immenso, postulat Ille parum
Ecquid habent Reges, nisi Membris Tegmen & Escam?
Quæ vel Nobiscum vile Mapale tenet 10
Ipse mihi Regnum, summâ dominabor in Aula
Mentis, & hôc quod sum vel minor esse velim
Rex est quem Ratio regit, & quem ducit Honestum
De Regno videas regia Sceptra queri
Aspice quid Cineres sit Cæsaris inter, & Iri,
Est unus Color his omnibus, unus Odor Ergo
Affectus superans, & qui superatur ab illis,
Non nisi Victor ovat, non nisi Victus obit

347 bribes &c] It would probably be impossible to find a more characteristic conceit than this for the supposed virtue of stilling *tinnitus aurium* The whole passage has, I think, in the general ignorance of our poet, escaped collectors of the Praise of Tobacco for the most part If Lamb did not know it, it is a pity

THE ARGUMENT

Who Chance Change Hopes and Fears can under bring
Who can obey yet rule each thing
And slight Misfortune with a brave disdain he s king

STANZA I

WHEN lavish Phœbus pours out melted gold,
And Zephyr s breath does spice unfold
And we the blue eyed sky in tissue vest behold

II

Then view the mower who with big swoln veins
Wieldeth the crookèd scythe and strains
To barb the flow'ry tresses of the verdant plains

III

Then view we valleys by whose fringèd seams
A brook of liquid silver streams
Whose water crystal seems sand gold and pebbles gems,

IV

Where bright scal d gliding fish on trembling line 10
We strike when they our hook entwine
Thence do we make a visit to a grave divine

V

With harmless shepherds we some times do stay
Whose plainness does outvie the gay
While nibbling ewes do bleat and frisking lambs do stray

VI

With them we strive to recollect and find
Dispers d flocks of our rambling mind
Internal vigils are to that due work design d

VII

No puffing hopes no shrinking fears them fright
No begging wants on them do light 20
They wed Content while Sloth feels want, and Brav ry spite

VIII

While swains the burth ning fleeces shear away
Oat pipes to past ral sonnets play
And all the merry hamlet bells chime holy day

IX

In neighb ring meads with ermine mantles proud
Our eyes and ears discern a crowd
Of wide horn d oxen trampling grass with lowings loud

X

Next close feeds many a strutting udder'd cow
Hard by tir d cattle draw the plough
Whose galled necks with toil and languishment do bow 30

XI

Near which in restless stalks wav d grain promotes
The skipping grasshopper's hoarse notes
While round the aery choristers dis tend their throats

XII

Dry seas with golden surges ebb and flow
The ripening ears smile as we go
With boasts to crack the barn so numberless they show

XIII

When Sol to Virgo progress takes and fields

6 barb] This verb in the sense of barber to clip has Elizabethan precedent

With his prolongèd lustre gilds,
When Sirius chinks the ground, the swain his hope then builds.

XIV

Soon as the sultry month has mellow'd corn, 40
Gnats shake their spears, and wind their horn;
The hinds do sweat through both their skins, and shopsters scorn

XV

Their orchards with ripe fruit impregnèd be,
Fruit that from taste of death is free,
And such as gives delight with choice variety

XVI

Yet who in 's thriving mind improves his state,
And Virtue steward makes, his fate
Transcends, he 's rich at an inestimable rate

XVII

He shuns prolixer law-suits, nor does wait
At thoughtful grandee's prouder gate, 50
Nor 'larming trumpets him, nor drowning storms amate

XVIII

From costly bills of greedy Emp'rics free,
From plea of Ambidexter's fee,
From Vicar Any-Thing, the worst of all the three

XIX

He in himself, himself to rule, retires,
And can, or blow, or quench his fires
All blessings up are bound in bounding up desires

XX

His little world commands the great he there
Rich Mem'ry has for treasurer;
The tongue is secretary to his heart, and ear 60

XXI

While May-Days London gallants take a pride,
Coach'd through Hyde Park, to eye, be eyed,
Which day's vain cost might for the poor a year provide,

XXII

He may to groves of myrrh in triumph pace,
Where roots of Nature, flow'rs of Grace,
And fruits of Glory bud A glimpse of Heav'n the place

XXIII

This the Spring-Garden to spiritual eyes,
Which fragrant scent of gums outvies,
Three kings had thence their triple mystic sacrifice

XXIV

Oh, happier walks, where CHRIST, and none beside, 70
Is journey's End, and Way, and Guide!
Where from the humble plains are greatest heights descry'd

XXV

Heav'nward his gaze Here does a bower display
His bride-room, and SCRIPTURIA
Herself is bride, each morn presents his marriage-day

XXVI

What ecstasy's in this delicious grove!
Th' unwitness'd witness of his love!
What pow'r so strongly can as flam'd affections move!

XXVII

The larks, wing'd travellers, that trail the sky,
Unsoil'd with lusts, aloft do fly, 80
Warbling SCRIPTURIA, SCRIPTURIA on high

42 shopsters] a good word Indeed most things in these two cantos are 'good,' either in the Polonian sense, or a better

XXVIII

(I have been affected by a virgin heir,
Rich young and chaste wise good and fair
Was once his first delight but Heav n restrain d that care !

XXIX

Thou, Providence didst both their wills restrain
Thou mad st their losses turn to gain
For thou gav st Heav n to her on him dost blessings rain !)

XXX

But stop pleas d thoughts A high r love s here design d
Fit in each breast to be enshrin d
Bright angels do admit no sex nor does the mind 90

XXXI

To all her lovers thousand joys accrue
And comforts thicker than May s dew
Show r down on their rapt souls as infinite as new !

XXXII

Her oracles directing rules declare
Unerring oracles Truth s square
Her soul informing light does Earth for Heav n prepare

XXXIII

All beatizing sweets as in their hive
At her fair presence do arrive,
Which are to drooping spirits best restorative

XXXIV

To whose sight eagles paralleld are blind 100
Had Argus thousand eyes he d find
Darkness, compar'd with her illuminating mind

XXXV

The Sun does glean his splendour from her eyes
Thence burn we in sweets as Phœnix lies
Glowing on Sol s ray darted pile of spiceries

XXXVI

From precious limbeck sacred loves distil
Such sublimations as do fill
Minds with amazèd raptures of their chemic skill

XXXVII

That such soul elevations still might stay
We d bear and do, both vow and pay 110
And serve the LORD of Lords by her directive way !

XXXVIII

Soon as our ear drinks in His [high] command
Be t acted by our heart and hand
Under His banner we shall Satan s darts withstand

XXXIX

May He accept the music of our voice
While on His goodness we rejoice
And while each melting Psalm makes on His Grace its choice

XL

On feast-days from that bow'r to church we haste
Where Heav n dissolves into re past
When we regalios of the mystic Banquet taste 120

XLI

Oh delicacies infinitely pure !
To souls best nutriment and cure !
Where Knowledge Faith and Love beatitude ensure

XXVI XXIX] These two apparently autobiographic stanzas are interesting as adding a possible new detail to Benlo ves scantily known history
103] Not quite a minor line this !
112 high] Written in above the line in my copy

XLII

Poor Solomon's provision, poor to this,
Manna, Heav'n-dewing banquet, is
Who reigns in Heav'n becomes on earth our food and bliss

XLIII

Oh, Sacramental cates, divinely drest!
GOD the Feast-maker, CHRIST the Feast,
The HOLY GHOST Inviter, and the Soul the guest!

XLIV

All joys await the blessed convives, knit 130
All excellences are in it,
This overcomes our spirits, overpow'rs our wit!

XLV

For us, poor worms, that Glory's SOVEREIGN died!
Oh, let our fleshly barks still ride
At anchor in calm streams of His empierced Side!

XLVI

This is Heav'n's Antepast! By Union
He 's One to All, and All to One
In Love's intrinsic Mystery to souls alone!

XLVII

Ecstatic raptures loose our hearts on high
With Joy's ineffability! 140
Exub'rant sweets o'erwhelm, as torrents, tongue and eye

XLVIII

Such life-infusing comforts, from above,
Our souls with inward motions move,
That totally for GOD we quit all creature-love!

XLIX

Should He condemn us, yet would Love compel
Him down with us, and we would dwell
Rather than without Him in Heav'n, with Him in Hell.

L

Soul of my soul! when I a joy receive
Disjoin'd from Thee, let my tongue cleave
To 's palate! Me of all, not of this Feast bereave! 150

LI

Not in the winter solstice of my years,
When shivering snow surrounds deaf ears,
And dreary languishment Death's gashly vizard wears,

LII

When they shall tremble that the house defend,
The columns which support it bend,
The grinders fail, the watch through casements objects blend,

LIII

Then shine, dear LORD! when quivering Winter's dress
Is icicled with hoary tress,
When all streams frozen are, but tears, through Love's excess,

LIV

When periwigg'd with snow's each bald-pate wood, 160
Bound in ice-chains each struggling flood,
When North Seas bridled are, pris'ning their scaly brood

LV

Then let those freezing hours be thaw'd by pray'r!
As wells in winter warmer are
By circumsession of refrigerating air

LVI

That, nipp'd with cold, or parch'd with heat, resign

136 Antepast] Nothing to do with time, but opposed to '*re*past'—a foretaste The word is Taylorian
160] See Introd

We may our will in each to Thine
Be't less or more be t low or high
be t storm or shine

LVII

After Night s soot smears Heav n,
Day gilds its face
Wet April past sweet May takes
place 170
And calm air smiles when ruffling
winds have run their race

LVIII

Who hope for mines scorn dross
such only get
Who lose a game to win the set
Worldlings he s rich who s good,
above s his cabinet

LIX

To well tun d tempers things that
disagree
Have oft some likeness, thus we
see
Wind kindles fire discord makes
concord harmony

LX

Affliction tunes the breast to rise or
fall
Making the whole man musical
We may affliction Christians second
baptism call 180

LXI

Who CHRIST for Spouse His cross
for jointure has
His hand supports where s rod
doth pass
The LORD of Angels He the King
of Suff'rings was

LXII

Love s life took Death that Death
Love s life might gain!
The Sovereign died that slaves
might reign!
The world can t books that should
be writ of Him contain

LXIII

Those have the greatest cross who
cross ne er bore
They re rich in want who GOD
adore
Who does supply all emptiness with
His full store

LXIV

Saint Paul the Gentiles doctor, rich
bove kings 190
And high bove Oratory s wings
Rapt up to Heav n had nothing yet
possess d all things

LXV

The rav n of birds proves caterer
and feasts
Elijah so the lion of beasts
Was Samson s purveyor quails to
murm ring Jews were guests

LXVI

Midst thorns environ d Love sweet
roses finds
Steep ways he plain t inamor'd
minds
Love gilds all chains (surpris d not
thrall d) with comfort binds

LXVII

Then threaten World a goal shall
bolt me in
He s free as air who serves not
Sin, 200
Who s gather d in himself his Self is
his own inn

LXVIII

Then let fierce Goths their strongest
chains prepare,
Grim Scythians me their slave
declare
My soul being free those tyrants in
the face I ll stare

LXIX

Man may confine the body, but the
mind
(Like Nature s miracles the wind
And dreams) does though secur d
a free enjoyment find

LXX

Rays drawn in to a point more
vig rous beam
Joys more to saints engoal d did
stream
Linnets their cage to be a grove bars
boughs esteem 210

199 goal] So in orig of course = gaol So in 209 engoaled

LXXI

Burnish'd to glory from Affliction's flame,
From prison to a sceptre came
The lov'd and fear'd ELIZA—titles vail t' her name

LXXII

She pass'd the furnace to be more refin'd,
From flames drew purity of mind,
Not heat of passion, hence, being tried, she brighter shin'd

LXXIII

Here wound, here lance me, LORD, thy Austin cries,
Dissect me here for Paradise!
The Cross the altar be, so Love be sacrifice!

LXXIV

Imprint Thy Love so deep into my heart, 220
That neither hunger, thirst, nor smart,
Gain, loss, nor thraldom, life nor death us ever part!

LXXV

Should foes rip up my breast with piercing blade,
My soul would but have passage made,
Through which to Heav'n she might in purple riv'lets wade

LXXVI

Forbid the banns 'twixt soul and body join'd,
The corpse but falls to be refin'd,
And re-espous'd unto the glorified high mind

LXXVII

Who makes th' Almighty his delight, he goes
To martyrdom, as to repose, 230
The Red Sea leads to Palestine, where all joy flows

LXXVIII

Steel'd 'gainst Affliction's anvil, let 's become
Proud of the World's severest doom,
No majesty on earth is like to martyrdom

LXXIX

'Enter into thy Master's joy' 's so great,
This thought is with such flames replete,
That from th' High Court of Mercy souls all deaths defeat!

LXXX

Who saith, 'Fear not,' Him must we fear alone,
Blest, whom no fear makes Faith be gone,
How many must they fear, who fear not only ONE! 240

LXXXI

We are but once to our grave's port brought in,
To which from birth w' have sailing been,
It matters not what way, so we 'scape rocks of sin

LXXXII

But, hark, 'tis late, the whistlers knock from plough,
The droiling swineherd's drum beats now,
Maids have their curtsies made to th' spongy-teated cow

LXXXIII

Larks roosted are, the folded flocks are pent

213] Here is in text of orig an engraving of Queen Elizabeth praying in her oratory with the following letterpress at the sides of the cut 'Having reformed Religion established Peace reduced Coin to the just value delivered Scotland from the French revenged domestical Rebellion saved France from headlong Ruine by Civil Warre supported Belgia overthrown the Spanish invincible Navie expelled the Spaniards out of Ireland received the Irish into Mercie enriched England by her most prudent Government 45 Years *Elizabeth* a vertuous and triumphant Queen in the 70th year of her Age, in most happy and peaceable manner departed this Life leaving here her mortal parts until by the last Trump she shall rise immortal'

245 droiling] = 'drudging' not very uncommon both as noun and verb in seventeenth century Note the conceit in next line

In hurdled grates the tir'd ox sent
In loose trace home, now Hesper
lights his torch in 's tent

LXXXIV

See glimmering light, the Pharos of
our cot 250
By innocence protected not
By guards we thither tend, where
Evensong s not forgot

LXXXV

O Prayr! thou anchor through the
worldly sea!
Thou sovreign rhet'ric bove the
plea
Of flesh! that feedst the fainting
soul thou art Heav n s key

LXXXVI

Blest season when Day s eye is
clos d to win
Our heart to clear th account —
when Sin
Has pass d the audit ravishments of
soul begin

LXXXVII

Who never wake to meditate or
weep
Shall sure be sentenc d for their
sleep, 260
Night to forepassèd day should still
strict sentry keep

LXXXVIII

Oh let them perish midst their
flaring clay
Who value treasures with a day
Devoutly spent! Faith s the true
gem the world a gay

LXXXIX

So wasteful, usrer, as thyself, there s
none,
Who losest three true gems for
one
That s counterfeit thy rest, fame
soul for ever gone!

XC

When darkning mists our hemi
sphere invade
Of all the air when one blot s
made
Mortals immantled in their silent
gloomy shade 270

XCI

Then for an hour (elixir of delight!)
We Heav'n beleaguring pray and
write
When every eye is lock d but those
that watch the night

XCII

Saints fight on bended knees, their
weapons are
Defensive patience tears, and
prayr
Their valour most when without
witness Hell does scare.

XCIII

May whiter wishes wing d with Zeal
appear
Lovely unto Thy purest ear
Where nothing is accepted but
what s chaste and clear!

XCIV

Life s hectic fits find cordials in
Prayr's hive 280
Transcendently restorative
Which might our iron age to its first
gold retrieve

XCV

See listning Time runs back to
fetch the Age
Of Gold when Prayr does
Heav n engage
Devotion is Religion s lifeblood
tis God s page

XCVI

Who brings rich bliss by bills of
sure exchange
The blessings that the poor
arrange
For alms receiv'd that day, beatifies
our grange

XCVII

Dance Nabals with large sails on
smiling tides,
Till the black storm against you
rides 290
Whose pitchy rains interminable
Vengeance guides!

XCVIII

But, LORD let Charity our table
spread
Let Unity adorn our bed,

And may soft Love be pillow underneath our head!

XCIX

Enrich'd, let's darn up Want, what Fortune can
Or give, or take away from man,
We prize not much Heav'n pays the good Samaritan

C

Thus, Life, still blessing, and still blest, we spend,
Thus entertain we Death, as friend,
To disapparel us for Glory's endless end 300

CI

Who, thus forgot, in graces grows, as years,
Loves cherish'd pray'r, unwitness'd tears,
Rescu'd from monstrous men, no other monster fears

CII

They who their dwelling in Abdera had,
Did think Democritus was mad,
He knew 'twas so of them The application's sad

CIII

Knew but the World what comforts, tiding on,
Flow to such recollection,
It would run mad with envy, be with rage undone

CIV

Oh, Sequestration! Rich, to worldlings' shame, 310
A life's our object, not a name
Herostratus did sail, like witch, i' th' air of fame

CV

Get long-breath'd chronicles, ye need such alms,
Sue from diurnal briefs for palms,
Injurious grandeur for its frantic pride wants balms

CVI

In aery flatt'ries Rumour, not Fame lies,
Inconstancy, Time's mistress, cries
It up, which soon by arguing Time, Truth's parent, dies

CVII

Fame's plant takes root from virtue, grows thereby,
Pure souls, though fortune-trod, stand high, 320
When mundane shallow searching breath itself shall die

CVIII

Oh, frail applause of flesh! swoln bubbles pass
Turf-fire more smoke than splendour has,
What bulwark firm on sand? what shell for pearl may pass?

CIX

But saints with an attentive hope from high,
On Heav'n's parole do live and die,
Passing from Life's short night to Day's Eternity

CX

Who blessedly so breathe, and leave their breath,
Of dying life make living death,
Each day, spent like the last, does act a Heav'n beneath 330

CXI

Death's one long sleep, and human life no more
Than one short watch an hour before
World! after thy mad tempest 'tis the landing shore

CXII

Mid point betwixt the lives of Loss, and Gain,
The path to boundless Joy, or Pain,
Saint's birthday, Nature's dread Grace doth this bandog chain

CXIII

When Moses from high Pisgah's top descried
Fair Canaan, type o' th' Heav'nly Bride,
He breath'd out his joy-ravish'd soul, so sweetly died

CXIV

To Immortality the grave's a womb,
We pass into a glorious room 341
Thorough the gloomy entry of a narrow tomb

CXV

LORD as THOU mad'st (most powerful One in Three)
The world of nothing, so let me
Make nothing of the world but make my all in Thee!

CXVI

Pardon the by steps that my soul has trod
Most great good, glorious gracious GOD!
Seal Thou the bill of my divorce to Earth's dull clod!

CXVII

Thy boundless source of Grace the scarlet spot
Scour'd white as wool, that first did blot 350
The original in man that was so fairly wrote

CXVIII

Check not my hope but spur my fear to Thee
Virtue to court and vice to flee!
Love lend thou me thy spur fear thou my bridle be

CXIX

From hence to run in heavenly paths I'll strive
My slender pen to th' world I give
My only study shall be how to live to *live*

CXX

None blest but those who when last trump shall send
It summons find the JUDGE their friend
The end doth crown the work great GOD crown thou my END 360

O ter felicem fortunatumque quieto
Cui natat in Portu nescia Cymba Metûs!
O DEUS! optato sistant mea Carbasa Cœlo!
Omnis ab Aethereis Spes sit habenda Plagis

EST SUMMUS JESU TUA GRATIA QUÆSTUS

Vivitur exiguo—Facilè assentior sapientissimo Aguri DEUM obsecranti ut nec Divitias sibi nec Egestatem sed tantum ad degendam Vitam donaret Necessaria Vita privata quàm delectas! Corporis spectem Valetudinem? Nusquam salubrior Aer Frugalitatem? Nusquam minoris vivitur Quæstum? Nusquam Lucrum innocentius Vitæ Integritatem? Nusquam alibi minus Corruptelæ

Navis es in Portu tumidæ secura Procellæ
Mens Desiderris hic vacat alta suis
Liberiore Polum contemplor Corde quiescit
Hic Mens tuta sibi libera plena DEO
Quæ sibi multa petit, petit anxia multa Voluntas
Et cui plura dedit Sors Mala plura dedit
Alta cadunt inflata crepant, cumulata fatiscunt
Crimine vixque suo plena Crumena caret
Celsior immundi Mens despicit Orgia Mundi
Indignabundo proterit illa Pede 10
Munde vale quid me fallacibus allicis Hamis?
Sophrosynen sacrâ Sobrietate colo
Regia sit ramosa Domus Rivusque Falernum
Arcta sed ampla DEUM si capit illa Domus

(Prose) 2 Aguri] The Agur of Prov xxx. I only note this because a certain class of critic would be apt to suggest *augur*

Florea gemmatâ subrident Pascua Veste,
Fætaque nativas explicat Arbor Opes
Caltha, Rosæ, Tulipæ, Violæ, Thyma, Lilia florent,
Dum gravido Zephyrus rore maritat Humum
Frugibus exultant Valles, Grege Pascua, Rupes
Fontibus, intonso Crine triumphat Ager, 20
Terra Famem, levat Unda Sitim, fugat Umbra Calorem,
Dat Togam Ovis, Lignum Sylva, Focumque Silex
Quod satìs est Vitæ, satìs est, Præstetur Egenis
Quod reliquum Vitæ sat Toga, Panis, Aqua
Non Mensis quæcunque Dapes celebrantur in istis
Prægustantis egent, Vite Venena latent
Hîc Parasitus abest, fugit hinc Gnathonica Pestis,
Cura nec hîc Animos irrequieta coquit
Cholica, Spasmus, Hydrops, Vertigo, Podagra recedunt,
Grata Sapore beat Mensa, Sopore Thorus 30
Pange DEO Laudes, positis Mens libera Curis,
Cætera si desint, Numine dives eris
Sis modico contenta, gravis Nulli, Ipsa Misellis
Quas impendis Opes, has an habebis? habes
Quod CHRISTUM decuit, deceat Te. Noverit uti
Quisquis præsenti Sorte beatus erit.
Sic Abrahæ gaudebo Sinu, dum, Dives, in Orco
Æternum diro deliciose peris
Vita beata, tuas quî possim pangere laudes?
Mille cui Vitas, si mihi mille, darem!

Da, velut spero, bene, CHRISTE, spirem!
Da, velut credo bene, CHRISTE, vivam!
Unus hac qui Spe fruitur, fruetur Mortuus Astris

Amico.

Si lenis tremulâ Quies in Umbra
Sit Cordi, huc propera, ferasque Tecum
Totum quicquid habes Libentiarum

THEOPHILÆ AMORIS HOSTIA

Cantio VII

A DOMINO JEREMIÂ COLLIERO IN VERSUS LATIALES TRADUCTA

Contemplatio

ARGUMENTUM

Proripit in vastum Lucis se VIRGO Profundum,
Quam nullæ exequent Voces, nec Limite claudant,
Obtundunt Radii Visum, renovantque Vigorem

TRISTICON I

Si Maro Quisque foret, fierent si quique Marones
Præcones sacri, Conventus & Orbis apertus,
Quo scrutarentur Virtus Æterna quid esset

II

Si vel ab innocuis possent deducere Cunis
Primævum Tempus, congestaque Secula mille
Inferrent Trutinæ, tamen hæc sub Pondere justo

Title of Translation] The caution is perhaps once more advisable that this is a Jeremy Collier *senior*, and not the Nonjuror

III

Ponentes norint tandem non mominis esse
Majoris frustrà quàm si cum Sole potenti
Exiles tentent atomos librare Bilance

IV

Si Terræ Molem numeris spectare refertam 10
Possent non istis tua constet Summa Figuris
Æterno cyphræ comparent qualitèr Ævo!

V

Si Sabulum flueret per Sæcula mille marinum
Quando deficeret vacuatis Littus Arenis
Æquè Te primò mensum est Clepsammion illud

VI

Cœlitus impertita foret Facundia, Linguis
Aligeros referens Spatium tamen haud æquarent
Est ubi prorsus idem cum fluxis Omne futurum

VII

Tende Fides bolidem brevis at nimis illa nequibit
Expertis Fundi Maris explorare Profundum 20
Limite constricti nullo nec Littore cincti

VIII

Æterna haud unquam commensurabilis Ætas
Nulla Tui partem poterit describere Penna
Circulus es siquidem cui non est Terminus ullus

IX

Vel cujus Centrum tam se diffudeint ipsum
Ambitus ingentis nequeat circundare Cœli
Exterius poterit quid circumcingere Corpus?

X

Vos, quibus Æthereus Vigor est, num Fine carentem
Finem exquiratis? num Immensum extendere fas est?
Claudere Ubique manens? comprendere & INFINITUM? 30

XI

Hujus Zona DEUS sine puncto maximus Orbis
Ante Mare et Terras et quod tegit omnia Cœlum
Qui fuit est & erit cum cuncta creata peribunt

XII

Quin contemplemur suprà Sublimia quæque
Ultra quemque Locum super *omnes Luminis Orbes!*
Pectus Apostolicum rapuit Radiatio trinum

XIII

Circumquaque micans Solium Præsigne! supremo
Imperio constans, & Majestate verendâ!
Cætera transcendens quem nullus Fulgor adæquet!

XIV

Cingit utrumque Latus vel inenarrabile Lumen! 40
Quod circumfusum tanto Splendore coruscat
Æquora Lætitiæ superet flammantia mille

XV

Quod sic Effulgens si conspectare liceret
Detectâ Facie Cherubinis Lumine tanto
Perculsi, in Nihilum remearent illicò primum

XVI

Indue Te Tunicâ dives Natura, corusca
Ornamenta tamen tanto collata decori
Sunt tua concretus seu lapsus Nubibus Humor

7 mominis] Lucretian Cf Collier s fancy for sponda c endings, at least at first

XVII

Indorum posses Opibus spoliare Fodinas,
Illos, auratis, Radiosque recludere, Cellis, 50
Qui collucentes cum Phœbi Lampade certant

XVIII

Arcanâ posses reserare peritiùs Arte
Intima cujusvis ditis penetralia Rupis,
Illinc Thesauros nec non auferre nitentes

XIX

Errantes, fixasque simul connectere Stellas
Posses, quæ rutilis exornant Æthera Bullis,
Luminis ut coeant cuncti Orbes Sydus in unum

XX

Jungere si posses Gemmas, Aurique Fodinas,
Æthereasque Faces, radiata Reflectio quarum
Fulgida rivalis superaret Lumina Solis 60

XXI

Si Lapides Gemmæ, riguum Mare funderet Aurum,
Margara si Pulvis fieret, Chrystallus & Aer,
Sol quodvis Sydus, plures Sibi mille Nitores,

XXII

Gemmæ illæ Silices essent, Mare parva lacuna,
Stellæ istæ Scintilla forent, Flagratio Phœbus
Aurum, Gemma micans, Adamantes, sordida Scruta

XXIII

Si Terræ, complexa forent, & Lumina Cœli,
Optica & unius peterent Confinia Centii,
Hoc prius Objectum vel cæcum redderet illud

XXIV

Cæcum, seu piceæ Velamen Noctis opacum, 70
(Innuitur Sacro duntaxat Visio Textu)
Hujus respectu Lucis sunt quælibet Umbræ

XXV

O, planè infandam, summoque Stupore refertam!
Si Nemo nisi qui dignus describere possit,
Hanc sanè LUCEM possit describere Nemo

XXVI

Selecti Eloquii cujusvis languet Acumen,
Defecit Ingenium, Verborum hic curta supellex,
Hanc Lumen Mentis nullius tranet Abyssum

XXVII

Hic residet tantis circundata Gloria Flammis,
Quales confundant Aciem vel maxime acutam, 80
Huc tendat propiore nimis quæ improvida Gressu

XXVIII

Splendor dimanat talis Fulgoribus istis,
Qualis pulveream sublimet in ardua Molem,
Urnâ quæ compôsta secùs remanêret inerti

XXIX

Numinis ante Thronum Summi provolvo meipsum,
Profluit undè Bonum quodvis ut ab ubere Fonte
Hoc Decus ut pandam faveat tua Gratia Cœptis

XXX

Magne DEUS, sine Principio, tamen omnis Origo,
Cujus Naturæ telam Manus inclyta nevit,
Unâ qui Virtute tuà Loca singula comples 90

XXXI

Alme Parens rerum, qui fulcis quodque creatum
Vitam Spiritibus qui præbes continuasque
Ortus es ipse Tibi Bonitatis Origo supremæ

XXXII

Lætitiæ Summa es cujus Sapientia Abyssus
Ad quodvis sese tendit tua vasta Potestas
Ac cunctos Facies reddet jucunda beatos

XXXIII

Aeris expansis puncto dilaberis Alis
Induis Augustæ Te Majestatis amictu
Te Nubes velant, Te stipant Agmina Cœli

XXXIV

Omnis Honoris Apex Summæ es Fastigia Laudis 100
Ad Radios late sparsos suffusa Pudore
Hymnos decantat, cœlestis Turma perennes

XXXV

Gemmæ quàm superant vitrum! quàm Sidera Gemmas!
Sidera quam Phœbus! quàm Phœbum Gloria Cœli!
Purior ast ipsis longe est tua Visio Cœlis

XXXVI

Magna quidem Tellus se profert latius Aer
Planetæ excedunt Stellarum Regia major
Supremi fines nec habent Tentoria Cœli

XXXVII

Mens mea dum Zelo conatur plura referre
Fervida protenso, Pectus DEUS alme repleto 110
Igne novo nullum languorem Carmina noscant

XXXVIII

Cum super Aerios tractus & Sidera Musæ
Urgeo Progressus uni Tibi mille videntur
Sphæræ non secus ac atomi sub Sole minuti

XXXIX

Est Ætas æterna tibi seu clepsydra tantum
Immensum nisi sit Spatium complere valet nil
Cujus sex Verbis rerum Natura creata est

XL

Omnia complectens totius Fabrica Cœli
Cum Stellis rutilis Verbo surgebat ab uno
Quomodo mortalis narret Sapientia Nomen? 120

XLI

Æthers, Arbitrio Crystalla micantia volvis
Illis consignat Virtus tua cœlica Metas
Obliquos horum moderatur Dextera Currus

XLII

Nullæ Te Zonæ Tropicive Polive retardent
Cum sis Sphæralis Motor Primarius Orbis
Intra extra supra quin ultrà singula perstans

XLIII

Ingentes Pluviæ atque Nivis sustentat acervos
Omnipotens tua sola Manus qua nempè remotâ
Diluvium humanum perdat genus omne secundum

XLIV

Hisce ministratur stillatis Copia Terris 130
Et confisa Tibi mortalia Corda replentur
Flamina Ventorum peragunt tua Jussa per Orbem,

XLV

Hæc Tu, quando voles, cæcis inclusa cavernis
Constringis, validoque sinis prorumpere motu,
Undè Tremore gravi Tellus concussa dehiscit

XLVI

Undarum furias Vinclis compescis Arenæ,
Oceani arcanum vasti scrutare Profundum,
Te memorem pacti monstrat Thaumantias Iris

XLVII

Cardinibus Verbi Tellus innixa potentis,
Aer quam cingit, nec non circumfluus Humor, 140
Ponderibus librata suis immobilis astat

XLVIII

Ejus sed Frontem Te corrugante Columnæ
Firmatæ trepidant, Fremitu Mare Littora plangit,
Solvuntur Silicum Rupes, Montesque vacillant

XLIX

Insuper intremuêre Poli, Centrumque recussum
Terræ, quæ Vultûs perculsa Stupore verendi,
Accedit Montem Sina dum summa Potestas

L

Imbutum Vitâ quodvis tua Cura focillat,
Divinis Cursum cujusvis flectis Habenis,
Gratia de Vultu, de Vultu Gloria manat 150

LI

Non Tibi sunt Aures, non sunt Tibi Lumina, verùm
Percipis Auditu quodvis, & cernis acutè,
Te Locus haud capiat, tamen Ipse per Omnia præsens

LII

Optica cœlestis dicamus Specla Pronoias,
Arcam, quâ positas Idæas videris omnes,
Ad quas conceptas formaveris Icona quamvis

LIII

Quippè præexistunt sic hîc Eventa futura,
Sicut abhinc multo non tempore gesta fuissent,
Cernimus haud dissecta recèns tam Corpora clarè

LIV

Totus ubique semel remanes, Tu semper es idem, 160
Attamen Arbitrio commutas omnia solo,
Tu complêre remota soles Immobilis Ipse

LV

Sic interponunt se contingentia Turmis
Sollerti Curæ, quæ mirè cuncta gubernat,
Ac modò præteritum, sit præteritumque futurum

LVI

Arbitrio quamvis malè sint conformia quædam,
Nil tamen omninò citra hoc procedat in Actum,
Prævia, successura simul manet una Voluntas

LVII

Te penes ingentis sunt Climata dissita Mundi,
Quamvis nec Tellus, nec Temet continet Æther, 170
Obscurum lustrat Præsentia quodlibet antrum

LVIII

Quamvis ab istis quas tu formaveris olim
Mentibus, accedat nil ad Præconia clara,
Attamen æternùm celebrabunt munera Amoris

LIX

Præter Peccatum & Mortem tu cuncta creasti
Hæc sua Stultitiæ humanæ primordia debent
Illud Naturam conspersit Sordibus omnem

LX

Sed quò curares Peccati Vulnera Nobis
Donas IMMANUEL sibi qui non sumere nostram
Naturam renuit qui non Præsepe recusat 180

LXI

O dulcis noster Mediator! Munera cujus
Laudis seu rores Æterno matutini
Sunt celebrata Choro cælesti Cantibus altis

LXII

Concurrente DEUS genuit Te Flamine Sancto
Tu Verbo æterno contentus sumere Carnem,
Qualitèr emanas homini fas dicere non est

LXIII

Sicut ab Æterno fuit Emanatio mira,
Hæc sic æternum mirè durabit in ævum
Principio Verbum, monstrat Te cuncta præisse

LXIV

Unum est esse Tibi paritèr Tu trinus & unus 190
Et duplex Natura Tibi conspirat in una
Ipse trin unius resides Deitatis Honore

LXV

Deque tuo Radii Solio tot mille refulgent
Quales Aligerûm non possint Lumina ferre
De quibus evolvunt Nil docta Noemata Cleri

LXVI

Ætatum pateat Monumenta legendo priorum
Hæc sacra quòd nullus potuit Mysteria nobis
Pandere Virgineo prius ac sunt edita Partu

LXVII

Nido à Se structo fuit hic exclusa Columba
Ille Gregem partus fuit hic qui protegat Agnus 200
Se producentem Flos qui formaverat Agrum

LXVIII

Agmine Cœlicolûm Te Concelebrante corusco
Pectora Pastorum subito trepidare pavore
Te monstrante Magi venerantur Sydere Cursum

LXIX

Cum sis divina mirandus Origine tali
Vilia mortalis pateris Convitia Gentis
Irato ut possis nos conciliare Parenti

LXX

Lætus Honoris erat proprii tua Gratia Præco
Es tu dignatus sacratum Munus obire
Ast Aaronis eras solito de more vocatus 210

LXXI

Ac ut divino constarent singula Verbo
In te de superis descendit Spiritus auris
Lenes propter aquas Jordanes teste Johanne

LXXII

Hinc in Desertum perductus Flamine sacro
Dæmonis appulsu tentatus Codice verum
Hunc superas Scripto fuit unde Redemptio nostra
Protinùs egressus

LXXIII

Actus Sermones Oracula mira fuerunt,

Hæc genuêre Fidem, nec non genuêre Timorem,
Erectas Animas ad Te tollamus utrisque 220

LXXIV

Firmatum claudis gressum tribuisti, Lumina Cæcis,
Morbo languentes diro quocunque levabas,
Defunctis Vitam, Mutis dederasque Loquelam

LXXV

Defunctis Tu Vita, Salus mortalibus ægris,
Tu cæcis Lumen, Tu rerum copia egenis,
Thesaurus furtum spernens, sincera Voluptas

LXXVI

Non ex hoc Mundo Regnum Tibi, RECTOR OLYMPI,
Nuncia Apostolico procedunt Pectore læta,
Ut tua sit totum Miseratio nota per Orbem

LXXVII

Mortuus ante Diem conspexit fidus Abraham, 230
Vota tibi pariter nato solvebat Isaco,
Antitypum atque Typus, versare per omnia vivus

LXXVIII

Est Evangelicus, Sapiens Academia, Codex,
Justitiam vicit Clementia blanda severam,
Sobrius ut Vitam ducebas, Fortis obibas

LXXIX

Es Tu, sacra Domus, Tu purum Altare, Sacerdos,
Tu Vitæ Panis, citrà fastidia Festum,
Ex Escis ubi acuta novis exurgit Orexis

LXXX

Mortali natus mortalia Crimina deles,
Victima grata foret Tibi quodvis Pectus honestum, 240
Ob Genus humanum qui velles fundere Vitam

LXXXI

Non dedignatus, Crucis es tolerare probrosæ
Tormina, quò nobis concessus sit Paradisus,
Quò pia Sanctorum Solentur Gaudia Mentes

LXXXII

Ferrea Tartarei diffringens Claustra Tyranni,
Dira tenebrosi Phlegetontis Monstra coerces
Sic tua cuncta Tibi subigebat Dextera victrix

LXXXIII

Tu Virtute tuâ solvebas Vincula Mortis,
Atque reviviscens superam contendis in Arcem,
Inspirat Vitam Læthatis Spiritus Oris 250

LXXXIV

Te, Pater, electis ut signet Dona Salutis
Spiritus Alme, dedit Nato (sic Trinus in Uno)
Sanctificas Omnes propriè, non solus at Omnes

LXXXV

Patris Amor, nec non Nati, cœleste Sigillum,
Præsidium Sanctis, felix Pietatis Origo,
Alta salutiferæ pandas Mysteria Linguæ

LXXXVI

O Jubar immensum Radiis insigne coruscis,
Omnis ab aspectu Sophiæ Radiatio clara,
Non collata potest minui tua Copia cunctis

LXXXVII

Gaudia sunt Comites, Clementia, Pacis Amorque, 260
Quorum pacatum perturbant nulla Tenorem

Tristia Quem Mundus nec Mors nec destruat Orcus

LXXXVIII

Festum ex selectis quod constet talibus Escis
Qualitèr haud acris possit consumere Orexis
Dives Odor quem non dispergat Ventus in Auram

LXXXIX

Lux Oculos fugiens tamen Ipse per Omnia splendes
Tu Sonus es qualem non Musicus explicet ullus
Arctus es Amplexus quem Tempora nulla resolvant

XC

Exindè irrefluo volvuntur Gaudia Cursu
Qualia inexhaustis soleas præbere Culullis 270
Cordibus a fœda Peccati Labe remotis

XCI

Ecstaticum hoc Vinum quod tradit Spiritus Almus
Sidereum motas extollit ad Æthera Mentes,
Terrenis orbas Cœli Solatia mulcent

XCII

O quam sacrati connectit Gluten Amoris!
Ros fluit Ambrosiæ divino qualis ab Ore!
Sunt tua quæ solum faciunt Commercia Cælum

XCIII

Illustres Animæ succensæ hoc Lumine summo
Quando tuos Vultus radiantes Luce tuentur
Quodque Decus reputant obscuræ Noctis adinstar 280

XCIV

Sublimis nostros superans Infusio Sensus
Tu stupor Eloquii Nomen mereare profundi
Æquet byperbolicus quem nullus Sermo superbus

XCV

Sacrosancta Trias complecteris Omnia solum
Exuperans quodcunque Bonum super Omnia Felix
Nos haustura tamen vivo hoc in Fonte natamus

XCVI

Imperio Rex magne tuo par nulla Potestas
Augusto cujus Majestas provenit Ore
Pulchra es perpetui præcinctus Veste Decoris

XCVII

Justitia est Sceptrum Solium miseratio Mitis 290
Regna perimmensos extendunt cœlica Tractus
Gloria permansura Tibi per Secla Corona

XCVIII

Pax Intellectûs tua quodvis præstat Acumen
Obsisti poterit tua vasta Potentia frustrà
Numen es Ipse sacrum Sacro purgatius omni

XCIX

Ore fluit Verum Sapientia Pectore manat
Ante tuam excubias agit Omni potentia Turrim
Aligeri peragun tua Jussa verenda Ministri

C

Perspicit Obtutu vel cuncta Scientia primo
Thesauro frueris per Te sine Fine beato 300
Tempus es Æternum Quæ me demergat Abyssus!

Peroratio Eucharistica

SUMMAS Tibi agit Grates, maxime Cœlorum PRÆSES, æternùmque adorandum Numen, Servus tuus humillimus, quem post tot varias mundanarum Sollicitudinum Procellas, vastosque Curarum Fluctus, cùm olim Hollandiam, Brabantiam, Artesiam, Germaniam, Austriam, Hungariam, Styriam, Carinthiam, partem Italiæ, nec non Galliæ incolumem in Patriam reduxisti Quàm gratum enim mihi placidum, post tot periculosas inter peregrinandum Agitationes, Quietis Pacisque Intervallum, ut devotæ LEGUM tuarum Observationi totus exindè vacem! Tu, benigne DEUS, dulcissimum hoc mihi Otium concedis, quo Tibi Soli prompto libentique Animo inservire statui sicut per Te vivo, sic Tibi viverem, & quicquid a Gratiâ acceperim, in Honorem refunderem! Hæc ergò Laudi & Gloriæ solius sapientis & immortalis DEI submissè consecrentur[1].

CONDITOR Omnipotens Cœlique Solique! supremum
Cujus ad Arbitrium cuncta creata fluunt,
Clementèr Finem lassis imponito Rebus,
Nec plùs terrenis Mens operosa vacet
Omnia solertèr sub utroque jacentia Phœbo
Perpendens, tandem non nisi vana [scio
Quà sese bifido Scaldis discriminat Alveo
Vidi, Teque tuâ, Rhene palustris, Aqua
Non iter excelsæ remoratæ Nubibus Alpes,
Quæ nec in aeriis Nix sedet alta Jugis,
Vidimus oppositos vario sub Climate Mores, 11
Vidimus innumeras quas vehit Ister Aquas
Diverso didici diversa Idiomata Tractu,
Quæque Observatu sunt bene digna, scio
Gallica Mobilitas, Fraus Itala, Fastus Iberi,
Teutonica Ebrietas nota fuere nimis
Quamlibet in Partem Regina Pecunia Mundum
Flectit, acerba Meum Bella Tuumque gerunt
Me conservanti per mille Pericula, Grates
Quî possim meritas solvere, CHRISTE, Tibi! 20
Cerno, detestans Vitium, lassusque Tumultu,
Quod, non Vita, prior Vita, sed Error erat
Velle Meum, sit velle Tuum, Regnator Olympi!
Cui soli Grates Mens agit, egit, aget
Si plures mihi Vita futura superstet in Annos,
Huic sit juncta piâ Sedulitate Fides!
Nam nil contulerim benè docto sanus Amico,
Spiritus ut sano Corpore sanus agat
Nosse, & amare DEUM, Promissis credere CHRISTI, 29
Consulere Afflictis, edocuisse Rudes,
Accumulare Bonis Inopes, succurrere Lapsis,
Obnixè Votis Ista petenda meis
Vertam Bodleias, congesta Volumina, Gazas,
Quæ Vaticano proxima, Roma, tuo·
Nocturnâ versanda tamen, versanda diurnâ,
Præ cunctis aliis Biblia Sacra Manu
Undè, ut Apis sese sustentat Nectare Cellæ,
Sic vivam lectis Floribus hisce piis
Talia fac, vives, Lector, Quicunque beatus
Esse cupis, tali Vita sit acta modo 40
Me Vitam, atque Necem tibi proposuisse memento
Elige sivè velis vivere, sivè mori

FINIS

[1] The reference to Benlowes' travels is interesting, though there seems to be something lost after *Galliæ* Where was the country retreat so agreeably described in the last cantos? He must probably have got rid of Brent Hall by this time but it *may* be this From the allusion to the Bodleian in the following lines he must already have been thinking of establishing himself at Oxford.

THE SUMMARY OF WISEDOME.

BY

EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq

Love not the World, neither the things that are in the World if any Man love the World, the love of the FATHER *is not in him For all that is in the World, the Lust of the Eyes, th Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life, is not of the* FATHER, *but is of the World and the World passeth away, and the Lust thereof But He that doeth the Will of God abideth for ever* I Joh . 15, 16, 17

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphry Mosely*, and are to be sold at the *Princes Arms* in St *Pauls* Church-yard, 1657

THE SUMMARY OF WISDOM[1]

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world, if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him &c. 1 JOH II 15, 16 17

I

WORLDLINGS we court not, envy not, nor fear,
May friends to virtue lend their ear
While sinners split on shelves, saints to Heav'n's harbour steer

II

Earthlings! what's heap of wealth? what's Honour's height?
What's Pleasure's May? can toys so slight
Bless Heav'n-descended souls with life's eternal light?

III

Riches from most men, swift as eagles, fly,
Honours on popular breath rely,
Pleasure's a flash —and All combin'd, but Vanity

IV

Why dot'st thou, World, on these? we will not stay 10
Juggler, we know thy tempting way,
Which is, by charms to mock our sense, and then betray

V

Art toils to serve thee, sables yield their skins,
The silkworm for thy wardrobe spins,
The rock with gems, the sea with pearls, emboss thy sins

VI

To bribe thy palate, Lust drains earth, air, seas,
Whence finny, wing'd, hoof'd droves must please
The glutton made thereby a spittle of each disease

VII

False World, asp's poison equals not thy gall,
Embittering souls to Hell Thus all 20
Thy darlings thou delud'st with thy enchanting call

VIII

I wonder not unbridled fools run on
Since all their Heav'n s on earth alone,
Which, though thou seem st to give, as soon as giv n, tis gone

IX

Kiss, and betray, then Nero's rage outdare,
He, whom thou hugg'st, should most beware·
I shall unmask thy guiles and thy fond gulls unsnare

X

Thy smile is but a trap, thy frown a bubble,
Thy praise a squib, thy beauty stubble,
Who know thee best, have found a theatre of trouble. 30

XI

Where men and devils meet; and sense, compact
With fraud, gild every vicious fact

[1] As has been noted in Introduction and as carefull (or even careless) readers of *Theophila* will notice at once, this piece is a sort of cento of *Theophila* itself. But the mosaic is a curious one, the constituent pieces are sometimes slightly altered and, unless I mistake, there are new links and patches At any rate, as extremely rare and as a sort of authentic abridgement, it seemed worth giving

Where we must evil hear, or suffer it or act

XII

Thy friends are thieves of Time The chat they vent
(Light airs please toyish ears) is spent
On trash which minds seduce with cheating blandishment

XIII

Thy gifted scythemen have Religion mown
Which in their meeting barns is grown
From best to all (like Corinth's schism) from all to none

XIV

Thy shop vents braided ware of apish fashion 40
Thy gauds (Wealth Sport Pride) breed vexation
Like hautboys on Earth's stage oft ushering in—damnation

XV

Ah while like larks fools with vain feathers play,
Pleas'd with Sin's glass are snatch'd away
In midst of their excess to Hell's tormenting bay!

XVI

World thou soul wracking ocean! Flatteries blow
Thee up thou blue with spite dost grow
Brinish with lust like the Red Sea with blood dost flow

XVII

And like the Basilisk's prodigious eyes
Thy first sight kills but thyself dies 50
First seen quick sighted Faith thy darts prevents and spies

XVIII

Hadst been less cruel thou hadst been less kind
Thy gall prov'd medicine heals my mind
Thus Hell may help to Heav'n the Fiend a soul befriend

XIX

The age bow'd earth groans under sinners weight!
Justice oppress'd to Heav'n takes flight
Vengeance her place supplies which with keen edge will smite

XX

False World! is Hell the legacy to thy friend?
Crawl with thy trifles to the Fiend
We scorn thy pack—this year may burning close thy end 60

For all that is in the world the lust of the eyes is not of the Father but is of the world &c

XXI

Midas to th' bar, thou void of grace yet stor'd
With gold thy minted god ador'd
Thou and thine idol perish in thy wretched hoard

XXII

Thy heart is lock'd up in thy shrined chink
Oh heavy gold bred near Hell's brink!
Misgotten elf thou Heav'n-designed souls dost sink!

XXIII

Whose gain is godliness—the scrip ture he
Perverts days him with interest sec
Who incest still commits with his coins progeny

XXIV

Thou hast too much yet still thou whinst for more, 0

39 like Corinth's schism] This may serve once for all as an instance of the alterations noteworthy here and justifying the reprint. These words do not appear in the line as given and annotated above at Canto xii st vii. l 21 of *Theophila*

Thou, wishing, want'st, art, wanting, poor
Thou wouldst ev'n plunder Hell for cash to cram thy store

XXV

While gripes of famine mutiny within,
And tan, like hides, the shrivell'd skin
Of those thou hast decoy'd into thy tangling gin

XXVI

Whose skin, sear as the bark of sapless wood,
Clings to their bones, for want of food,
Friendless, as are sea-monsters thrown ashore by th' flood

XXVII

Though fasts be all their physic, their corpse all
Their earth, who for thy pity call, 80
Yet art thou harder to them than their bed, the stall

XXVIII

'Penurious churl, when shall I' (says thine heir)
'Ransack thy chests? so ease thy care
Purchase, instead of ground, a grave! Die, wretch, to spare!

XXIX

'Hath treach'rous coin swell'd by thy curse?—Live still
Lay-Elder soon thy crimes fulfil'
The heaviest curse on this side Hell's to thrive in ill

XXX

How cursed Love of Money doth bewitch
The leprous Mind with pleasing itch!
This slave to his own servant, ne'er was poor, till rich! 90

XXXI

Graves may be sooner cloy'd, than craving eyes
Bribes blanch Gehazi till he dies
'Thou fool, Death shall this night thy dunghill soul surprise'

XXXII

Nor would this city-wolf lead men to snares,
Nor vex his mind with carking cares,
View'd he himself i' th' mirror which Despair prepares

XXXIII

So wasteful, usurer, as thyself, there's none,
Who part'st with three true gems, for one
Brittle as glass,—thy fame, rest, soul for ever gone!

XXXIV

Who nettles sow, shall prickles reap, the train 100
To Hell is idolizèd gain
Unless thou fiends canst bribe, thou go'st to endless pain!

XXXV

His hidebound conscience opens now 'I've run
On rocks' (he howls) 'too late to shun!
Grace left, Wrath seiz'd me! Gold, my god, hath me undone!

XXXVI

'Often to Hell in dreams I headlong fall!
From devils then I seem to crawl,
While furies round about with whips my soul appal!

XXXVII

'Atheism our root, for boughs were Faction's store,
Hypocrisy our leaves gilt o'er, 110
Wrath, Treachery, and Extortion, were the fruit we bore

XXXVIII

'Like profane Esau have we sold our bliss,
For shine of pelf, that nothing is!
This desperates our rage, we still blaspheme at this!'

XXXIX

Thus cursed gripers restless tortures feel
Whose hearts seem d rocks whose bowels steel
I burn (cries Dives) for one drop denied, I kneel !

XL

'Fire each where broils me fire as black as night !
Goblins mine eyes ears shrieks affright !
Sin s debt still paying ne er dis charg'd is infinite ! 120

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, is not of the Father but is of the world &c

XLI

Strow flowers for spendthrift Ante masks he might
Act before Apes Spectators right
Whose dops shrugs puppet plays show best by candlelight

XLII

Hot shows the season by his dusty head
With fancied ribbons round be spread,
Modish and maddish all untruss d as going to bed

XLIII

'Ho ! First brisk wine next let a sparkling dame
Tire our high blood then quench our flame !
Blest is the son whose father s gone 1 th Devil s Name

XLIV

'Each pottle breeds a ruby drawer, score um 130
Cheeks dyed in claret seem o th quorum
When our Nose-Carbuncles like linkboys blaze before um

XLV

Complete thy funeral pile shouldst thou mark well
How down the drunkard s throat to Hell
Death smoothly glides, to swim so sadly would thee quell !

XLVI

Spawns of Excess dropsies and surfeits are
From tenants sweat s thy bill of fare
Each glutton digs with s teeth his grave whose maw s his care.

XLVII

He 's sick, and staggers Doctor, his ease state us
'His Cachexy results from flatus Hypochondruncieus ex crapula crea tus 141

XLVIII

Scarce well, he swills what should the needy store
And grinds between his teeth the poor
Who beg dry crumbs which they with tears would moisten o er

XLIX

He a sharp reckoning shall with Dives pay
Whose feasts did hasten his audit day,
Death brought the voider and the Devil took away !

L

Enter his courtesan who fans his fire
Her prattling eyes teach loose desire
Fondlings to catch this art fair fly, like trouts aspire 1 o

LI

With paint false hair and naked breasts she jets

121 S row flowers &c.] Another change see xi vi 16 But i is not necessary to note all

141 Hypochondruncieu] Here as noticed above some timid person has cro ed ou the right word in the B M copy of the *Summary* and substi uted *hypochondriacus*.

And patches (Lust's new lime-twigs) sets,
Like tickets on the door, herself (for gold) she lets

LII

Her basilisk-like glances taint the air
Of virgin-modesty, and snare
His tangling thoughts in trammels of her ambush-hair

LIII

With her profusely he misspends his days
In balls, and dances, treatments, plays,
And in his bosom this close-biting serpent lays

LIV

Death, after sickness, seize this Helen must, 160
Whose radiant eyes, now orbs of lust,
Shall sink, as falling stars, which, jelled, turn to dust

LV

How wildly shows corrupted Nature's face,
Till deck'd by Reason, Learning, Grace!
Without which polture the noblest stem is base!

LVI

Fools rifle out Time's lottery who misspend
The soul's rich joys, alive descend,
And antedate with stings their never-ending end!

LVII

Thy acts outsin the Devil, who's ne'er soil'd
With gluttony or lust, ne'er foil'd 170
By drink, nor in the net of sloth fulness entoil'd

LVIII

Therefore in time beware, let not sin charms
Bewitch thee, till Wrath cries to arms
Sin's first face smiles, her second frowns, her third alarms

LIX

How blind mad sinners are when they transgress!
All woes are, than such blindness, less!
That wretch most wretched is who slights his wretchedness!

LX

When Death shall quench thy flames, and fiends thee seize,
In brimstone torrents, without ease,
Thou'lt broil midst blackest fires, and roar midst burning seas! 180

For all that is in the world, the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world, and the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, &c

LXI

Usher Aspiro in with's looms of state,
To weave Fraud's web, and his own fate,
Who, mounted up, throws down the steps him rais'd of late

LXII

His posture is ambiguous, his pace
Is stately high, who thinks it Grace,
If he casts forth a word, and deigns but half a face

LXIII

Nor minds he what he speaks, for by false light,
Like to his faith, he thrives, whose sight,
Clouded with jealousy, can never judge aright

LXIV

By dubious answers he is wont to guess 190
At men's dislikes, and fears no less
Feign'd quips, than just reproofs fear haunts him in each dress

LXV

Ambition prompts to precipices steep,
Which Envy gets, and Hate doth keep,

His daily thoughts of climbing, break
his nightly sleep

LXXI

Could he with a foot spacious, rest
in one
And sit the universal chair
Of state were pageants made for
him as the World's Mayor

LXXII

Though fortune's seven seas could no
longer his fence
But crowns still would vex his
crave 210
And leave him life but in the
precipitate cave

LXXIII

Even that which Pride's towering
pinnacles
If gained obliquely sinks, and
dies
Lo hope encases greatness possess
makes tragedies

LXXIV

Ach[illegible] and Mi[illegible] prove this,
(Who of their [illegible] did miss)
To Marchiavel's [illegible] all wor to
the [illegible]

LXXV

Longes and C[illegible] [illegible] shows
grow
A battle must be fought to show
Which of these cocks of the game
over long at last should crow

LXXVI

The world, as great—Cham, Turk
Mogul upstarts, 215
Tuscans Great Duke (all no
great prize)
Great Alexander—the Nine Worthy
ironies

LXXVII

Even sceptres reel like reeds who
had no bound
Is bounded in six foot of ground
Here lies the Great—thou hast
here but his dust is found

LXXVIII

Who lately swelled to be his lord
ship's slave
May trample now upon his grave
That levels all Best lectures dust
sealed pulpits have

LXXIX

Where's now the Assyrian Lion?
Persian bear? 225
Greek leopard? Romes eagle
[illegible] where?
Where now grand Troy that did in
old time domineer?

LXXX

Troy's gone yet Sinon's [illegible] See
Lucrece [illegible]
[illegible] was fixed is fled away
And what was ever sliding that do h
only stay

LXXXI

Therefore why pay st thou thus for
shadows? who
Neglected lets the substance go
Led by false hope he makes sad
endless woe

LXXXII

The Mighty mighty to men's shall
endure
If impious Hell admits no cure
Ambitious never safe though often
too secure 235

LXXXIII

If Pride on wings could reach the
stars yet shall
Like Lucifer its excess fall
Pride mounted Babel's tower and
arched Satan's hall

LXXXIV

In centre of the terrible abyss
Exiled most from superval bliss,
That hopless hopeless ceaseless,
endless dungeon is!

LXXXV

Where nought is heard but yelling!
Oh that I
Might once more live! or once
more die!
Cursing his woes he wooes Gods
curse eternally! 240

But he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever
Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom

LXXXI

Lust brings forth Sin, Sin shame, Shame cries, 'Repent,'
Repentance weeps, tears Prayer do vent,
Prayer brings down Grace, Grace Faith, Faith Love, Love Zeal upsent

LXXXII

Who fears GOD, is, without despondence, sad,
Timorous, without despair, and glad,
Without wild freaks whereas the World's knave, fool, or mad

LXXXIII

Part should the world what are in man combin'd,
The body melts to be refin'd,
Grace cheers the suffering, Glory crowns the conquering mind

LXXXIV

Nor chance, change, fraud, nor force, the just man fright, 250
In greatest pressures he stands right,
Ever the same (while Sloth feels want, Ambition spite)

LXXXV

From costly bills of greedy empirics free,
From plea of Ambidexter's fee,
From hypocritic schism of kirkish tyranny

LXXXVI

He with observance honours Virtue's friends,
And to their faithful counsel bends,
But not on empty forms of worldly gauds depends

LXXXVII

In praising GOD, above the stars he climbs,
And pitying courts, with all their crimes, 260
And fawns, and frowns, dares to be good in worst of times

LXXXVIII

Joy, little world, spite of the greater, blest,
Scanted abroad, within dost feast,
Hast CHRIST Himself for cates
The Holy GHOST for guest

LXXXIX

Thou walk'st in groves of myrrh, with CHRIST thy guide
(The best of friends that e'er was tried),
By thee in vale of tears spiritual joy's descried

XC

Knew but the World what glorious joys still move
In Faith's bright orb, 'twould soar above
All sense, and centre in the point of heav'nly love! 270

XCI

Oh, Love's high'st height! Thou art the wise man's bliss!
T' enjoy thee's Heav'n, Hell thee too miss!
The Earth, yea, Heav'n hath its beatitude from this!

XCII

No Christian kings win by each other's loss,
What one gets by retail, in gross
All lose, while still the Crescent gains upon the Cross

XCIII

As children fight for toys, so kings for clods
Heav'n's heir's more great, and rich by odds
For All is his, and he is CHRIST'S, and CHRIST is GOD'S

XCIV

No bank on earth such sums of wealth can lend, 280

As saints who on Heaven's grace depend
God's Word their law His SPIRIT their guide, the LAMB their friend

XCV

But what's vain man? what his earth crawling race?
That GOD should such a shadow grace
And him eternally in GLORY's region place?

XCVI

No surfeits maw worm's there no itch of Lust
No tympany of Pride no rust
Of Envy, no Wrath's spleen nor Obduration's crust

XCVII

But there though Bliss exceeds it never cloys,
For sweet Fruition's feast employs 290
Still new desire where none can count his least of joys!

XCVIII

The soul there (throwing off her rags of clay
Laid in Earth's wardrobe till last day)
Ever triumphs in every beatific ray

XCIX

There each saint doth an endless kingdom own!
There each king hath a starry crown!
Each sceptre there overpowers the world and Devil's frown!

C

None blest but he who finds the JUDGE his friend
When the last trump shall summons send! 299
The End doth crown, the Work may JESUS crown THE END.

A POETIC DESCANT

UPON A PRIVATE MUSIC-MEETING[1]

I

MUSE! Rise, and plume thy feet, and let's converse
This morn together let's rehearse
Last evening's sweets, and run one heat in full-speed verse

II

Prank not thyself in metaphors, but pound
Thy ranging tropes, that they may sound
Nothing but what our Paradise did then surround

III

Thron'd first Parthenian heav'n-bred beauties were
Near crystal casements' Eastern sphere,
Who like to Venus sparkled, yet more chaste than fair

IV

'Mongst which, one radiant star so largely shone, 10
She seem'd a constellation,
Her front 'bove lily-white, cheek 'bove rose-red, full blown

V

Yet be not planet-struck, like some that gaze
Too eagerly on Beauty's blaze,
There's none like thine, dear Muse! theirs are but meteor-rays

VI

Suitors to idols offer idle suits,
Which hold their presence more recruits
Their broken hopes, than viols, pedals, organs, lutes

VII

But, whist! The masculine sweet planets met,
Their instruments in tune have set, 20
And now begin to ransack Music's cabinet

VIII

Sol! Thou pure fountain of this streaming Noise!
Patron of Sweetness! Soul of Joys!
How were we ravish'd with thy viol's warbling voice!

IX

Thy nectar-dropping joints so played their part,
They forced the fibres of our heart
To dance thy bow's swift lightning made the tears [to?] start

X

Thou didst ev'n saw the grumbling catlines still,
And tortured'st the base, until
His roaring diapasons did the whole room fill 30

XI

Luna the pedal richly did adorn,
If 'twixt the cedar and the thorn
There's ought harmonious, 'twas from this sweet fir-tree born

XII

As Philomel, Night's minstrel, jugs her tides
Of rolling melody, she rides
On surges down to th' deep, and, when she lifts, up glides

[1] This is taken from the B M copy (669 f 15 2), a single sheet not noted in Hazlitt's *Hand book* It is extremely characteristic, and perhaps as good an *average* example of Benlowes as could be given If never at his very best in it, he is nowhere near his worst

XIII

Jove cataracts of liquid gold did pour
More precious than his Danae's shower
From pedal drops to organ deluge swell'd the stour

XIV

Mars twang'd a violin (his fierce drums for fight 40
Turn'd to brisk Almans) with what sprite
His treble shrill'd forth marches which he strain'd to the height!

XV

His active bow, arm'd with a warlike tone
Rallied his troops of strings as one,
Which volleys gave with chase of swift division

XVI

So the Pelean youth was vanquish'd still
By his renown'd musician's skill
Which could disarm and arm the conqueror at will

XVII

Last Mercury with ravishing strains fell on
Whose violin seem'd the chymic stone, 50
For every melting touch was pure projection

XVIII

Chair'd midst the spheres of Music's Heaven I hear
I gaze, charm'd all to eye and ear
Both which with objects too intense, even martyr'd were

XIX

The excess of fairs distill'd through sweets did woo
My wavering soul, maz'd what to do
Or to quit eyes for ears or ears for eyes forgo

XX

Giddy with change which sex to crown with praise,
Time swore he never was with lays
More sweetly spent nor Beauty ever beam'd such rays 60

XXI

Twixt these extremes mine eyes and ears did stray
And sure it was no time to pray
The Deities themselves then being all at play

XXII

The full throng'd room its ruin quite defies
Nor fairs nor airs are pondrous, skies
Do scorn to shrink though pil'd with stars and harmonies

XXIII

Form Beauty Sweetness all did here conspire
Combin'd in one Celestial Quire
To charm the enthusiastic soul with enthean fire

XXIV

These buoy up care sunk thoughts their power endues 70
A castril brain with eagle muse
When Saints would highest soar they Music[s] pinions use

XXV

Music! thy medicines can our griefs allay
And re inspire our lumpish clay
Muse! Thou transcendst, Thou without instruments canst play

BLANDULIS LONGUM VALE CANTI LENIS

39 stour] 'Assault din A favourite word of Spenser's
41 Almans] German marches Sprite = 'sprightliness
71 castril] Kestrel, &c an ill bred hawk.

POEM

By the moſt deſervedly Ad

Mrs Katherine P

The Matchleſs

1724

ORIND

To which is added

MONSIEUR CORNE

POMPEY & HORACE, } TRAGEDI

With ſeveral other Tranſlations

FRENCH

LONDON,

INTRODUCTION TO KATHERINE PHILIPS

THE Poems of 'the matchless Orinda[1]' are better suited to stand the test on which Joe Gargery apologized for his indulgence at the public house than that on which William Taylor of Norwich judged poetry and was laughed at by Carlyle for judging it They 'do not over-stimilate' on the division of 'Quotidian and Stimulant' they approach nearer to the former than to the latter But this is no reason for excluding them from such a collection as this, where some at least of the constituents are rather too much than too little heady And even if it deserved consideration there are many things on the other side to overrule it Mrs Philips as a poetess has been much more talked of than read, a state of things which it is one of the primary duties of editors to combat or cure, the references to her, from Dryden downwards, are more than sufficient vouchers for her reintroduction, and her intrinsic interest, though mild, is by no means insignificant It is an obvious fancy, but neither too obvious nor too fanciful, to compare the attraction of her verse to that of the large portrait-bust which serves as frontispiece to the

[1] She was born on New Year's Day, 1631, the daughter of John Fowler, a merchant of Bucklersbury in the City of London, and educated at one of the famous Hackney boarding-schools, which, however, she must have left full twenty years before the unhallowed eyes of Samuel Pepys gloated over 'the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty' on Sunday, April 21st, 1667 John Fowler dying, his widow married a Welshman, Hector Philips of Porth Eynon, whose son, by his first wife, Katherine herself married in 1647 The *Dictionary of National Biography* assigns to her a son (named after his grandfather Hector, and living but forty days) in the year of her marriage But she expressly says in his epitaph

Twice forty months of wedlock did I stay,
Then had my vows crowned by a lovely boy

She had, however, another child, a daughter christened after herself, who was born in 1656, and lived to be married. 'Orinda' began her appearance as a poetess with verses on Vaughan's poems in 1651 and soon attained a considerable (coterie and other) reputation In 1662 she went to Dublin and had her version of Corneille's *Pompey* performed there She died of small-pox in Fleet Street, London, on June 22, 1664, having been vexed a little earlier by an unauthorized issue of her *Poems* (This irritation though excusable, was a little unreasonable, for the delinquent book is a prettier volume than the authorized version, and the variants are neither many nor important) A further unfinished version of *Horace* was completed by Denham, but neither of these falls within our scope The *Poems* were collected and published in 1667, and more than once reprinted, without any substantive changes as far as I have noticed The principal modern treatment of her is in Mr Gosse's *Seventeenth-century Studies* and there is a selection, with Introduction by Miss Guiney, in *The Orinda Booklets* J R Tutin, 1904

folio edition of her poems and which is delicately apologized for as 'a poor paper shadow of a statue made after a portrait not very like her' In this portrait the features are too much accentuated and the expression hardened and vulgarized a little by adherence to fashion and supposed proportion and the like but there is still an *aura* of possible charm about it[1] The *Poems* of Orinda are studiously adjusted to Romantic Platonic ideas of friendship studiously artificial studiously proper But there is more than a suggestion that not merely must Rosania and Lucasia and the rest have possessed and lost a friend worth having but that my Antenor (less romantically Mr Philips) was by more than convention a fortunate man in his marriage, and an unlucky one in his widowerhood

Part of the interest and value of Orinda s poems for us lie in the way in which they exhibit the settling down of poetry to its more prosaic kinds and expressions about the period of the Restoration and it is very curious that another poetess, born just after Orinda s death shows us in like manner the rise from this Katherine Philips and Lady Winchelsea cover in their lives ten years short of a century, for the elder was still young and the younger not yet old when she died But between them they give us the curve almost complete Orinda in such a poem as The Soul shows us the insolent and passionate Elizabethan poetry still trying to soar but with flagging wings and in a too rare atmosphere Ardelia s Nocturnal Reverie shows us the recovery of the way to the empyrean by a diligent and loving attention to the things of terrestrial nature

The greatest danger for a modern reader of Katherine Philips is of course the associations of the *Precieuse* School with Rosania and Lucasia and their little harmless plays at being each a Sappho *non doctior sed pudica* (to vary the epigrammatist) But one fashion is very much like another seldom much more absurd almost always as well worth understanding In England as in France there was undoubtedly a good deal of roughness and coarseness to be worn off and cleansed away and Mrs Philips and her friends, though Addison was to give their successors a little of his milder satire were practically doing Addison s work before he himself was born And the whole thing is a sort of side show to the Heroic entertainment which is one of the main things that our time has to provide It does not appear that Antenor objected or that he had any reason to object indeed he seems to have played his part with all the mixture of gravity and zeal that could have been required in the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself and no doubt regarded his gifted spouse as more ingenious if less in quality than even Julie

To come to details her couplet verses are rarely very good and she

[1] This is perhaps not quite fancifully brought out in a mezzotint by Beckett inserted by some one in the B M copy of the 1678 ed a really attractive face and with character in it Beckett s work is mostly dated about twenty years after Orinda s death Another later portrait in the same copy is prettified but mawkish

seldom anticipates, as Chamberlayne and others do after Fairfax, the clench and grip of her contemporary Dryden But she has retained something of the mysterious charm of earlier Caroline poetry in the shorter and intertwisted measures For instance, quite early in

Come, my Lucasia, since we see

the quintet, though it has no extraordinary poetical ideas or images to carry, carries its actual burden with something of the strange throb and pulse of pace which we find in the greatest things of Marvell The next poem is far less effectual, but why? because the couplet added to the quatrain in its six-line arrangement is infinitely less effective than the single line She is again at home in the simpler octosyllabic quatrain

Come, my Ardelia, to this bower

and hardly less (though she cannot approach the best things of the time) in that unique form of the 'common measure' which that time invented, and which makes one wonder how it can possibly be the same in mere mathematical respects with the jogtrot of Delony or Sternhold

I did not love until this time
  Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime
  I am not thine but thee

How did Donne or Jonson (for it was apparently one or the other) discover this ineffable cadence? How did they manage to teach it to (all but) all and sundry, for half a century? How did it get utterly lost? and how has it been only occasionally and uncertainly recovered? But these are questions, themselves 'begotten of Despair upon Impossibility' yet delightfully suggested by such matter as that which we here collect for study

Of less strange piquancy, but too good to be left inaccessible, are the 'Lines to Regina Collier on her cruelty to Philaster' 'Regina,' it may be observed, appears to have been a real name and not of the Orinda kind Those to Rosania herself

As men that are with visions graced

apply the spell once more. 'A Prayer' is fine, but somehow Orinda is always more at home with her Sapphic-Platonics as in 'To Mrs M A [Mary Aubrey] at Parting'

I have examined and do find
  Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
  But only, only thee

Once more the commonest of commonplaces in sentiment, the most ordinary almost to the Wordsworthian paradox-level—of words yet of cadence ineffable, and such that Keats *found* it, and knew it 'The Enquiry,' 'To My Lucasia' and others, are hardly inferior She was less happy

nt the ode but she could often manage song measures featly enough as for instance in

How prodigious is my fate

which does not ill deserve a place in the too little known anthology of Second Caroline songs 'The Parting of Lucasia, Rosania and Orinda at a fountain (which the sensible Platonics mitigated with Bacchus) is not contemptible and the epitaph on her own infant son is not the worst of the school of Jonson

Nor will the reader who really cares for poetry fail to find other things in the Matchless Orinda which will please him, nor would she have been very sorry not to please the reader who does not so care

THE PREFACE

WHEN the false Edition of these Poems stole into the light, a friend of that incomparable Lady's that made them, knowing how averse she was to be in Print, and therefore being sure that it was absolutely against her consent, as he believed it utterly without her knowledge, (she being then in Wales, above 150 miles from this town) went presently both to the Gentleman, who licens'd it upon the stationer's averment that he had her leave, and to the stationer himself for whom it was printed, and took the best course he could with both to get it suppress'd, as it presently was (though afterward many of the books were privately sold) and gave her an account, by the next post, of what he had done A while after he received this answer, which you have here (taken from her own hand) under that disguised name she had given him, it being her custom to use such with most of her particular friends

Worthy Poliarchus,

IT is very well that you chid me so much for endeavouring to express a part of the sense I have of your obligations, for while you go on in conferring them beyond all possibility of acknowledgement, it is convenient for me to be forbidden to attempt it Your last generous concern for me, in vindicating me from the unworthy usage I have received at London from the press, doth as much transcend all your former favours [1], as the injury done me by that Publisher and Printer exceeds all the troubles that I remember I ever had All I can say to you for it, is, that though you assist [2] an unhappy, it is yet a very innocent person, and that it is impossible for malice itself to have printed those Rimes [3] (you tell me are gotten abroad so impudently) with so much abuse to the things, as the very publication of them at all, though they had been never so correct, had been to me, to me (Sir) who never writ any line in my life with an intention to have it printed, and who am of my Lord Falkland's mind, that said,

He danger fear'd than censure less,
Nor could he dread a breach like to a Press

And who (I think you know) am sufficiently distrustful of all, that my own want of company and better employment, or others' commands have seduc'd me to write, to endeavour rather that they should never be seen at all, than that they should be expos'd to the world with such effronters [4] as now they most unhappily are But is there no retreat from the malice of this World? I thought a rock and a mountain might have hidden me, and that it had been free for all to spend their solitude in what Reveries [5] they please, and that our rivers (though they are babbling) would not have betray'd the follies of impertinent thoughts upon their banks, but 'tis only I who am that unfortunate person that cannot so much as think in private, that must have my imaginations rifled and exposed to play the mountebanks, and dance upon the ropes to entertain all the rabble, to undergo all the raillery of the Wits, and all the severity of the Wise, and to be the sport of some that can, and some that cannot read a verse This is a most cruel accident, and hath made so proportionate an impression upon me, that really it hath cost me a sharp fit of sickness since I heard it, and I believe would be more fatal but that I know what a Champion I have in you, and that I am sure your credit in the World will gain me a belief from all that are knowing and civil, that I am so innocent of that wretched

[1] Orig usually the 'or' form
[2] I substitute 'assist' for 'assert'
[3] I think it fair to keep this spelling, more especially because I think it the wrong one
[4] effrontery?
[5] Orig Resveires.

artifice of a secret consent (of which I am I fear suspected) that whoever would have brought me those copies corrected and amended and a thousand pounds to have bought my permission for their being printed should not have obtained it But though there are many things I believe in this wicked impression of those fancies which the ignorance of what occasion d them and the falseness of the copies may represent very ridiculous and extravagant yet I could give some account of them to the severest Cato and I am sure they must be more abus d than I think is possible (for I have not seen the Book nor can imagine what s in t) before they can be render d otherwise than Sir Edward Dering says in his Epilogue to Pompey,

——No bolder thought can tax
Those Rimes of blemish to the blushing Sex
As chaste the lines as harmless is the sense
As the first smiles of infant innocence

So that I hope there will be no need of justifying them to Virtue and Honour and I am so little concern d for the reputation of writing sense that provided the World would believe me innocent of any manner of knowledge much less connivance at this publication I shall willingly compound never to trouble them with the true copies as you advise me to do which if you still should judge absolutely necessary to the reparation of this misfortune and to general satisfaction and that as you tell me all the rest of my friends will press me to it I should yield to it with the same reluctancy as I would cut off a limb to save my life However I hope you will satisfy all your acquaintance of my aversion to it and did they know me as well as you do that apology were very needless for I am so far from expecting applause for any thing I scribble that I can hardly expect pardon and sometimes I think that employment so far above my reach and unfit for my sex, that I am going to resolve against it for ever and could I have recovered those fugitive papers that have escap d my hands I had long since made a sacrifice of them all The truth is, I have an incorrigible inclination to that folly of riming and intending the effects of that humour only for my own amusement in a retir d life I did not so much resist it as a wiser woman would have done but ome of my dearest friends having found my Ballads (for they deserve no better name) they made me so much believe they did not dislike them that I was betray d to permit some copies for their divertisement but this with o little concern for them that I have lost most of the originals and that I suppose to be the cause of my present misfortune for some infernal spirits or other have catch d those rags of paper and what the careless blotted writing kept them from understanding they have supplied by conjecture till they put them into the shape wherein you saw them or else I know not which way it is possible for them to be collected or so abominably transcrib d as I hear they are I believe also there are some among them that are not mine but every way I have so much injury and the worthy persons that had the ill luck of my converse and so their names expos d in this impression without their leave that few things in the power of Fortune could have given me so great a torment as this most afflictive accident I know you Sir so much my friend that I need not ask your pardon for making this tedious complaint but methinks it is a great injustice to revenge myself upon you by this harangue for the wrongs I have received from others therefore I will only tell you that the sole advantage I have by this cruel news is that it has given me an experiment That no adversity can shake the constancy of your friendship and that in the worst humour that ever I was in I am still

Worthy Poliarchus
Your most faithful most obliged
Friend and most humble Servant
ORINDA

Cardigan *Jan* 29 166$\frac{3}{4}$

She writ divers letters to many of her other friends full of the like resentments but this is enough to show

how little she desired the fame of being in print, and how much she was troubled to be so exposed. It may serve likewise to give a taste of her prose to those that have seen none of it, and of her way of writing familiar letters, which she did with strange readiness and facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography, and if they were collected with those excellent discourses she writ on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than this, and no less worth the reading

About three months after this Letter she came to London, where her Friends did much solicit her to redeem herself by a correct impression, yet she continued still averse, though perhaps in time she might have been overrul'd by their persuasions if she had lived

But the small-pox, that malicious disease (as knowing how little she would have been concern'd for her handsomeness, when at the best) was not satisfied to be as injurious a printer of her face, as the other had been of her Poems, but treated her with a more fatal cruelty than the stationer had them for though he, to her most sensible affliction, surreptitiously possess'd himself of a false copy, and sent those children of her fancy into the World, so martyred, that they were more unlike themselves than she could have been made, had she escaped, that murtherous tyrant, with greater barbarity, seiz'd unexpectedly upon her, the true original, and to the much juster affliction of all the world, violently tore her out of it, and hurried her untimely to her grave, upon the 22nd of June, 1664, she being then but 31 years of age

But he could not bury her in oblivion, for this monument which she erected for herself, will, for ever, make her to be honoured as the honour of her sex, the emulation of ours, and the admiration of both That unfortunate surprise had robb'd it of much of that perfection it might else have had, having broke off the Translation of *Horace* before it was finish'd, much less review'd, and hindered the rest from being more exactly corrected, and put into the order they were written in, as she possibly herself would have done, had she consented to a second Edition 'Tis probable she would also have left out some of those pieces that were written with less care and upon occasions less fit to be made public, and she might also have added more. but all industry has been us'd to make this Collection as full and as perfect as might be, by the addition of many that were not in the former impression, and by divers Translations, whereof the first has the Original in the opposite page, that they who have a mind to compare them, may, by that pattern, find how just she has been in all the rest to both the Languages, exactly rendering the full sense of the one, without tying herself strictly to the words, and clearly evincing the capaciousness of the other, by comprising it fully in the same number of lines, though in the Plays half the verses of the French are of thirteen syllables, and the rest of twelve, whereas the English have no more but ten[1] In short, though some of her pieces may perhaps be lost, and others in hands that have not produc'd them, yet none that upon good grounds could be known to be hers, are left out, for many of the less considerable ones were publish'd in the other, but those, or others that shall be judged so, may be excused by the politeness of the rest which have more of her true spirit, and of her diligence Some of them would be no disgrace to the name of any Man that amongst us is most esteemed for his excellency in this kind, and there are none that may not pass with favour, when it is remembered that they fell hastily from the pen but of a Woman We might well have call'd her the English Sappho, she of all the female poets of former Ages, being for her verses and her virtues both, the most highly to be valued, but she has call'd herself ORINDA, a name that deserves to be added to the number of the muses, and to live with honour as long as they Were our language

[1] It has seemed sufficient to meet this by giving *one* stanza of the orig in a note

as generally known in the world as the Greek and Latin were anciently or as the French is now her verses could not be confin'd within the narrow limits of our islands but would spread themselves as far as the continent has inhabitants, or as the seas have any shore And for her virtues, they as much surpass'd those of Sappho as the Theological do the Moral (wherein yet Orinda was no lower inferior) or as the fading immortality of an earthly laurel which the justice of men cannot deny to her excellent poetry is transcended by that incorruptible and eternal Crown of Glory wherewith the Mercy of God hath undoubtedly rewarded her more eminent piety Her memory should have had a statue of porphyry wrought by some great artist equal in skill to Michael Angelo that might have transfer'd to posterity the lat inimitable of so rare a person but here is only a poor paper shadow of a statue made after a picture so very like her to accompany that shadow drawn of herself in these Poems which represents the beauties of her mind with a farther resemblance than that does the resemblance of her face They had sooner performed this right[1] to her memory if that raging Pestilence which not long after her swept away so many thousands here and in other places of this Kingdom that devouring Fire which since destroy'd this famous City and the harsh sounds of War which with the thunderings of cannon deafen all ears to the gentle and tender strains of Friendship had not made the publication of them hitherto unseasonable But they have outliv'd all these dismal things to see the blessing of Peace a conjuncture more suitable to their Nature all composed of kindness so that I hope Time itself shall have as little power against them as these other storms have had and then [2]Ovid's conclusion of his *Metamorphoses* may with little alteration more truth and less vanity than by him to himself be applied to these once transformed or rather deformed Poems which are here in some measure restored to their native shape and beauty and therefore certainly cannot fail of a welcome reception now since they wanted it no before when they appeared in that strange disguise

The Earl of Orrery to Mrs Philips

Madam

When I but knew you by report
I fear'd the praises of the admiring Court
Were but their compliments but now I must
Confess what I thought evil is scarce just
For they imperfect trophies to you raise
You deserve wonder and they pay but praise
A praise which is as short of your great due
As all which yet have writ come short of you
You to whom wonder is paid by double right
Both for your verses, smoothness and their height
In me it does not the least trouble breed
That your fair sex does ours, in verse exceed
Since every Poet this great truth does prove
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love
Thence has your sex the best poetic fires
For what is inspir'd must yield to what inspires

[1] I am in two minds as to substituting rite for this
[2] Nec Jovis ira, nec ignis nec poterit (*see in orig. & le note*) ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas, &c

And as our sex resigns to yours the due,
So all of your bright sex must yield to You
Experience shows, that never fountain fed
A stream which could ascend above its head, 20
For those whose wit fam'd Helicon does give,
To rise above its height durst never strive,
Their double hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and storms appear
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shar'd in those elements infused [in ?] it,
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much higher,
She sharing in no element but fire
Past ages could not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their basis and height too 30
So that 'tis truth, not compliment, to tell,
Your lowest height their highest did excel,
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heav'nly fire,
To their bright centre constantly aspire,
And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light
Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,
And when in that we have drain'd all our store,
All grant from this nought can be distant more 40
Though you have sung of friendship's power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excel,
Yet my own interest obliges me
To praise your practice more than theory,
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing You
In pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white,
The pencil to your pen must yield the place,
This draws the soul, where that draws, but the face 50
Of blest retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wish as much as your delight,
Our gratitude to praise it does think fit,
Since all you writ are but effects of it
You English Corneil[le]'s Pompey with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame,
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' original,
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'll finish what you have begun 60
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's work, and but his play
The French to learn our language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak,
Rome too would grant, were our tongue to her known,
Caesar speaks better in 't than in his own
And all those wreaths once circl'd Pompey's brow,
Exalt his fame, less than your verses now
From these clear truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is 70
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda lives!

The Earl of Roscommon to Orinda in imitation of Horace

Integer vitae &c.
Carm lib 1 od 22

I

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no defence
No arms but its own innocence
Quivers and bows and poison'd darts
Are only us'd by guilty hearts

II

An honest mind safely alone
May travel through the burning Zone
Or through the deepest Scythian snows
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows

III

While (rul'd by a resistless fire)
Our great ORINDA I admire 10
The hungry wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away

IV

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace
When there her image fills my breast
Helicon is not half so blest

V

Leave me upon some Lybian plain
So she my fancy entertain
And when the thirsty monsters meet
They'll all pay homage at my feet 20

VI

The magic of ORINDA's name
Not only can their fierceness tame
But if that mighty word I once rehearse
They seem submissively to roar in verse

Upon Mrs Philips her Poems

I

WE allow'd you beauty and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it
Ah cruel Sex! will you dispose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw
And cancel great Apollo's Salic Law
We our old Title plead in vain
Man may be head but Woman's now the brain
Verse was love's fire arms heretofore
In beauty's camp it was not known
Too many arms beside that conqueror bore 11
'Twas the great cannon we brought down
T' assault a stubborn town
Orinda first did a bold sally make
Our strongest quarter take
And so successful prov'd that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own artillery

II

Women as if the Body were the whole
Did that and not the Soul
Transmit to their posterity 30
If in it sometimes they conceiv'd
Th' abortive issue never liv'd
Twere shame and pity Orinda if in thee
A spirit so rich so noble and so high
Should unmanur'd or barren lie
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field
And 'tis a strange increase that it doth yield
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a feast 40
A secret joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybele's contented breast
With no less pleasure thou methinks shouldst see
This thy no less immortal progeny
And in their birth thou no one touch dost find
Of th' ancient curse to woman kind

Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
It neither travel is, nor labour of thy brain
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room, 40
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd womb,
That, like the Holland Countess, thou might'st bear
A child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year

III

Thou dost my wonder, wouldst my envy raise,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise
Where'er I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine eye
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all, 50
Or rather, 'tis angelical
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy verses see
Both improv'd sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet

IV

They talk of nine, I know not who,
Female Chimaeras, that o'er Poets reign,
I ne'er could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm sure in vain
They talk of Sappho, but, alas the shame! 60
Ill manners soil the lustre of her fame
Orinda's inward virtue is so bright,
That, like a lantern's fair enclosèd light,
It through the paper shines where she doth write
Honour and Friendship, and the gen'rous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only, by a fond disease,
Like that of girls, our vicious stomachs please)
Are the instructive subjects of her pen
And as the Roman victory 70
Taught our rude land arts, and civility,
At once she overcomes, enslaves, and betters men

V

But Rome with all her arts could ne'er inspire
A female breast with such a fire
The warlike Amazonian train,
Which, in Elysium, now do peaceful reign,
And Wit's mild empire before Arms prefer
Hope 'twill be settled in their sex by her
Merlin the seer (and sure he would not lie
In such a sacred Company) 80
Does Prophecies of learn'd Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago
Even Boadicia's[1] angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does boast,
That Rome's o'ercome at last by a Woman of her race

ABRAHAM COWLEY

To the excellent Orinda

LET the male Poets their male Phoebus choose,
Thee I invoke, Orinda, for my Muse,
He could but force a branch, Daphne her tree
Most freely offers to her sex and thee,
And says to verse, so unconstrain'd as yours,
Her laurel freely comes, your fame secures
And men no longer shall with ravish'd bays
Crown their forc'd Poems by as forc'd a praise.
Thou glory of our sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas'd and vex'd with thy bright pen. 10

[1] Boadicia in orig and better kept for metre

Its lustre doth entice their eyes to gaze
But men's sore eyes cannot endure its rays
It dazzles and surprises so with light
To find a noon where they expected night
A woman translate Pompey[1] which the fam'd
Corneille with such art and labour fram'd!
To whose close version the Wits club their sense
And a new lay poetic SMEC[1] springs thence!
Yes that bold work a woman dares translate
Not to provoke nor yet to fear men's hate 20
Nature doth find that she hath err'd too long
And now resolves to recompense that wrong
Phoebus to Cynthia must his beam resign
The rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine
That sex which heretofore was not allow'd
To understand more than a beast or crowd
Of which problems were made whether or no
Women had souls but to be damn'd if so
Whose highest contemplation could not pass
In men's esteem no higher that the class 30
And all the painful labours of their brain
Was only how to dress and entertain
Or if they ventur'd to speak sense the wise
Made that and speaking ox like prodigies
From these the more than masculine pen hath rear'd
Our sex first to be prais'd next to be fear'd
And by the same pen forc'd men now confess
To keep their greatness was to make us less
Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our sex is fram'd what sun is in our cold 40
They know in lead no diamonds are set
And jewels only fill the cabinet.
Our spirits purer far than theirs they see
By which even men from men distinguish'd be
By which the soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for action as they are
When in an organ various sounds do stroke
Or grate the ear as birds sing or toads croak
The breath that voices every pipe's the same
But the bad metal doth the sound defame 50
So if our souls by sweeter organs speak
And theirs with harsh false notes the air do break
The soul's the same alike in both doth dwell
'Tis from her instruments that we excel
Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our sex from books in peace from arms in war
It is because our parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our persons and command
Shall it be our reproach that we are weak
And cannot fight nor as the school men speak? 60
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise
If limbs and parts they do not exercise
Train'd up to arms we Amazons have been,
And Spartan virgins strong as Spartan men
Breed Women but as Men and they are these
Whilst Sybarit Men are Women by their ease
Why should not brave Semiramis break a lance
And why should not soft Ninyas curl and dance?

[1] *Smectymnuus*

Ovid in vain bodies with change did vex,
Changing her form of life, Iphis chang'd sex 70
Nature to females freely doth impart
That, which the males usurp, a stout, bold heart
Thus hunters female beasts fear to assail
And female hawks more metalled than the male
Men ought not then courage and wit ingross,
Whilst the fox lives, the lion, or the horse
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, shine
That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank Lucasia, and thy courage boast 80
Death in each wave could not Orinda fright,
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write
Which manly Virtue to their sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer mind,
For there 's required (to do that virtue right)
Courage, as much in friendship as in fight
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love
Engage us unto books, Sappho comes forth,
Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's worth 90
If souls no sexes have, as 'tis confest,
'Tis not the He or She makes Poems best
Nor can men call these verses feminine,
Be the sense vigorous and masculine
'Tis true, Apollo sits as judge of Wit,
But the nine Female learnèd troop are it
Those laws for which Numa did wise appear,
Wiser Egeria whisper'd in his ear
The Gracchi's Mother taught them eloquence,
From her breasts courage flow'd, from her brain sense, 100
And the grave beards, who heard her speak in Rome,
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'ercome
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very looks, as hers, rhetorical
Something of grandeur in your verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Orrery's regard,
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes' Queen. 110
Pompey, who greater than himself 's become,
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome,
And much more lasting in the poet's pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud towers of men
He thanks false Egypt for its treachery,
Since that his ruin is so sung by thee;
And so again would perish, if withal,
Orinda would but celebrate his fall
Thus pleasingly the bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in amber tomb shall lie
If that all Egypt, for to purge its crime,
Were built into one pyramid o'er him,
Pompey would lie less stately in that hearse, 123
Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy verse
This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,
Her hand shall plant his laurel on thy brow
So equal in their merits were both found,
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd
And what on that great captain's brow was dead,
She joys to see re-flourish'd on thy head 130
In the French rock Cornelia first did shine,
But shin'd not like herself till she was thine
Poems, like gems, translated from the place
Where they first grew, receive another grace
Dress'd by thy hand, and polish'd by thy pen,
She glitters now a star, but jewel then
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright

Cornelia now made English so doth thrive
As trees transplanted do much lustier live 140
Thus ore digg'd forth and by such hands as thine
Refin'd and stamp'd is richer than the mine.
Liquors from vessel into vessel pour'd
Must lose some spirits which are scarce restor'd
But the French wines in their own vessel rare
Pour'd into ours by thy hand spirits are
So high in taste and so delicious
Before his own Cornelia thine would choose
He finds himself enlightened here where shade
Of dark expression his own words had made 150
There what he would have said he sees so writ
As generously to just decorum fit
When in more words than his you please to flow
Like a spread flood enriching all below
To the advantage of his well meant sense
He gains by you another excellence
To render word for word at the old rate
Is only but to construe not translate
In your own fancy free to his sense true
We read Cornelia and Orinda too 160
And yet ye both are so the very same
As when two tapers join'd make one *bright flame*
And sure the copier's honour is not small
When artists doubt which is original
But if your fetter'd Muse thus praisèd be
What great things do you write when it is free?
When it is free to choose both sense and words
Or any subject the vast World affords?
A gliding sea of crystal doth best show
How smooth clear full, and rich your verse doth flow 170
Your words are chosen, cull'd not by chance writ
To make the sense as anagrams do hit
Your rich becoming words on the sense wait
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State
Tis not white satin[1] makes a verse more white
Or soft Iron is both write you on it
Your Poems come forth cast no file you need
At one brave heat both shap'd and polished
But why all these encomiums of you
Who either doubts or will not take as due? 180
Renown how little you regard or need
Who like the bee on your own sweets do feed?
There are who like weak fowl with shouts fall down
Doz'd with an army's acclamation
Not able to endure applause they fall
Giddy with praise their praises funeral
But you Orinda are so unconcern'd
As if when you another we commend[2]
Thus as the Sun you in your course *shine on*
Unmov'd with all our admiration 190
Flying above the praise you shun we see
Wit is still higher by humility

PHILO PHILIPPA

To the memory of the excellent Orinda

I

FORGIVE bright Saint a votary who
No missive Orders has to show
Nor does a call to inspiration owe
Yet rudely dares intrude among
This sacred and inspirèd throng
Where looking round me every one I see
Is a sworn Priest of Phoebus or of thee

[1] It was not unusual to print on white satin Pepys mentions instances

[2] In this rhyme Philo Philippa has out Barretted Mrs Browning 150 years before hand Even a careful student of all ages of English poetry might be puzzled to find a worse

Forgive this forward zeal for things divine,
If I strange fire do offer at thy shrine
Since the pure incense, and the gum
We send up to the Pow'rs above, 11
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted prove,
As if from golden censers it did come,
Though we the pious tribute pay
In some rude vessel made of common clay

II

What by Pindarics can be done,
Since the great Pindar's greater[1] Son
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heaven 's retir'd 20
He, and Orinda from us gone
What Name, like theirs, shall we now call upon?
Whether her Virtue, or her Wit
We choose for our eternal theme,
What hand can draw the perfect scheme?
None but herself could such high subjects fit
We yield, with shame we yield
To Death and Her the field
For were not Nature partial to us men,
The World's great order had inverted been, 30
Had she such souls plac'd in all womenkind,
Giv'n 'em like wit, not with like goodness join'd,
Our vassal sex to hers had homage paid,
Women had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd

III

To thee O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous wit,
I charge thee, deeply to enroll
This glorious Name in thy immortal scroll.
Write ev'ry letter in large text,
And then to make the lustre hold, 40
Let it be done with purest gold,
To dazzle this age, and outshine the next
Since not a name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large book appears
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems) save
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other mixture pure
Unless some dying Monarch shall to try
Whether Orinda, though herself could die, 50
Can still give others immortality,
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophet's touch, new life from hers may come

JAMES TYRRELL

To the memory of the incomparable Orinda

A Pindaric Ode

I

A LONG Adieu to all that 's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their wit,
And trophies of their mind,
The glowing heat of th' holy fire is gone,
To th' altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown,
There 's nought on Earth, but ashes left behind,
E'er since th' amazing sound was spread
ORINDA 's Dead,
Every soft and fragrant word, 10
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing
That 's wont to set the soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless World would stay
Thus when the death of the great PAN was told,
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their fanes forsook,
Confounded with the mighty stroke,

[1] Mr A Cowley (*Orig note at side*)

They could not over live that fatal day
But sigh d and groan d their gasping Oracles away 20

II

How rigid are the laws of Fate
And how severe that black de cree?
No sublunary things is free
But all must enter th adamantine gate
Sooner or later shall we come
To Nature s dark retiring room
And yet tis pity is it not?
The learnèd as the fool should die
One full as low as t other lie
Together blended in the general lot 30
Distinguish d only from the common crowd
By an hing d coffin or an Holland shroud
Though Fame and Honour speak them ne er so loud
Alas ORINDA even thou!
Whose happy verse made others live
And certain immortality could give
Blasted are all thy blooming glories *now*
The Laurel withers o er thy brow
Methinks it should disturb thee to conceive
That when poor I this artless breath resign 40
My dust should have as much of Poetry as thine

III

Too soon we languish with desire
Of what we never could enough admire
On th billows of this world some times we rise
So dangerously high
We are to Heaven too nigh
When (all in rage
Grown hoary with one minute s age)
The very self same fickle wave
Which the entrancing prospect gave
Swoll n to a mountain sinks into a grave 51
Too happy mortals if the Pow rs above
As merciful would be
And easy to preserve the thing we love
As in the giving they are free!
But they too oft delude our weary d Eyes
They fix a flaming sword twixt us and Paradise
A weeping evening crowns a smiling day
Yet why should heads of gold have feet of clay?
Why should the man that wav d th almighty wand 60
That led the murmuring crowd
By pillar and by cloud
Shivering atop of aery Pisgah stand
Only to see but never never tread the Promis d Land?

IV

Throw your swords and gauntlets by
You daring sons of war
You cannot purchase e er you die
One honourable scar
Since that fair hand that gilded all your bays
That in heroic numbers wrote your praise 70
While you securely slept in honour s bed
Itself alas! is withered cold and dead
Cold and dead are all those charms
Which burnish d your victorious arms
Inglorious arms hereafter must
Blush first in blood and then in rust
No oil but that of Her smooth words will serve
Weapon and warrior to preserve
Expect no more from this dull age
But folly or poetic rage, 80
Short liv d nothings of the stage
Vented to day and cried to morrow down
With HER the soul of poesy is gone
Gone while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done
Exhal d to Heaven like early dew
Betimes the little shining drops are flown
Ere th drowsy World perceived that Manna was come down

V

You of the sex that would be fair
Exceeding lovely hither come 90
Would you be pure as Angels are
Come dress you by ORINDA Stomb
And leave your flattering glass at home
Within this marble mirror see
How one day such as She
You must and yet alas! can never be

Think on the heights of that vast soul,
And then admire, and then condole
Think on the wonders of Her pen,
'Twas that made Pompey truly Great, 100
Neither th' expense of blood nor sweat
Nor yet Cornelia's kindness made him live agen
With envy think, when to the grave you go,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of virtuous Woman was her due

THOMAS FLATMAN, M A

On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips

I

CRUEL Disease! Ah, could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spite to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall,
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The throne of Empress Beauty, even the face?
There was enough of that here to assuage
(One would have thought) either thy lust or rage 10
Was 't not enough, when thou, profane Disease,
Didst on this glorious temple seize?
Was 't not enough, like a wild zealot there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the innocent pride of beauteous images?
Was 't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly pile?
And thy unbounded sacrilege commit
On th' inward Holiest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy power, 20
No mine of Death can that devour,
On her embalmèd name it will abide
An everlasting Pyramid,
As high as Heaven the top, as Earth the basis wide

II

All ages past, record, all countries now
In various kinds such equal beauties show,
That even Judge Paris would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.
Though Goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and lovers would appeal from it, 30
Nor durst he say, of all the female race
This is the sovereign face
And some (though these be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, oh much less frequent than the fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That if the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose
But if Apollo should design
A Woman-Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine 41
Stood by, and did repine
To be a princess or a Queen
Is great, but 'tis a greatness always seen,
The World did never but two women know
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities,
One female Pope of old, one female Poet now

III

Of female Poets who had names of old,
Nothing is shown, but only told, 50
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male flattery only, and male Poetry,

Few minutes did their beauties light
ning wast
The thunder of their voice did longer
last
But that too soon was past
The certain proofs of our Orinda s
Wit
In her own lasting characters are writ
And they will long my praise of them
survive
Though long perhaps too that may
live
The trade of glory manag d by the pen
Though great it be and everywhere
is found 61
Does bring in but small profit to us
men
Tis by the number of the sharers
drown d
Orinda in the female coasts of fame
Engrosses all the goods of a poetic
name
She does no partner with her see
Does all the business there alone
which we
Are fore d to carry on by a whole
company

IV

But Wit s like a luxuriant vine
Unless to Virtue s prop it join 70
Firm and erect towards Heaven
bound
Though it with beauteous leaves and
pleasant fruit be crown d,
It lies deform d and rotting on the
ground
Now shame and blushes on us all
Who our own sex superior call
Orinda does our boasting sex out do
Not in wit only but in virtue too
She does above our best examples
rise
In hate of vice and scorn of vanities
Never did spirit of the manly make 80
And dipp d all o er in learning s sacred
lake
A temper more invulnerable take
No violent passion could an entrance
find
Into the tender goodness of her mind
Through walls of stone those furious
bullets may
Force their impetuous way
When her soft breast they hit damped
and dead they lay

V

The fame of Friendship which so
long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of
old
Till hoarse and weary of the tale she
grew, 90
Rejoices now to have got a new
A new and more surprising story
Of fair Lucasia and Orinda s glory
As when a prudent man does once per
ceive
That in some foreign country he must
live
The language and the manners he
does strive
To understand and practise here
That he may come no stranger there
So well Orinda did herself prepare
In this much different clime for her
remove 100
To the glad world of Poetry and Love
There all the bless d do but one body
grow
And are made one too with their
glorious Head
Whom there triumphantly they wed
After the secret contract pass d below
Their Love into Identity does go
Tis the first unity s Monarchic Throne
The Centre[1] that knits all where the
great Three s but One

ABRAHAM COWLEY

[1] *In orig* This destroys the value of 'center' *found elsewhere And so constantly*

The Table

[1] I keep this in order to show how little authority, even of its own, the earlier 'rimes' has

[1] Ong resvery

[1] This, which in text is 'Lloyd,' possibly indicates the double pronunciation
[2] See note in text

IMPRIMATUR

Aug. 20, 1667. ROGER L'ESTRANGE

POEMS

Upon the double Murther of King Charles I in Answer to a Libellous Copy of Rimes by Vavasor Powell[1]

I THINK not on the State nor am concern'd
Which way soever the great helm is turn'd
But as that son whose Father's danger nigh
Did force his native dumbness, and untie
The fetter'd organs so this is a cause
That will excuse the breach of Nature's laws
Silence were now a sin nay passion now
Wise men themselves for merit would allow
What noble eye could see (and careless pass)
The dying Lion kick'd by every ass?
Has Charles so broke God's Laws he must not have 11
A quiet Crown nor yet a quiet grave?
Tombs have been sanctuaries Thieves lie there
Secure from all their penalty and fear
Great Charles his double misery was this
Unfaithful friends ignoble enemies
Had any heathen been this Prince's foe
He would have wept to see him injur'd so
His title was his crime they'd reason good
To quarrel at the right they had withstood 20
He broke God's Laws and therefore he must die
And what shall then become of thee and I?
Slander must follow Treason but yet stay
Take not our reason with our King away
Though you have seiz'd upon all our defence
Yet do not sequester our common sense
Christ will be King but I ne'er understood
His subjects built His Kingdom up with blood
Except their own or that He would dispense
With His commands though for His own defence 30
Oh! to what height of horror are they come
Who dare pull down a crown tear up a tomb?

On the numerous Access of the English to wait upon the King in Flanders

HASTEN Great Prince unto thy British Isles
Or all thy subjects will become exiles
To thee they flock thy Presence is their home
As Pompey's camp where e'er it mov'd was Rome
They that asserted thy Just Cause go hence
To testify their joy and reverence
And those that did not now by wonder taught
Go to confess and expiate their fault

[1] A bitter Welsh Nonconformist and a great harrier of the Church before the Restoration after which he had rather less than due reward (1617-70)

So that if thou dost stay, thy gasping land
Itself will empty on the Belgic sand 10
Where the affrighted Dutchman does profess
He thinks it an invasion, not address
As we unmonarch'd were for want of thee,
So till thou come we shall unpeopled be
None but the close fanatic will remain,
Who by our loyalty his ends will gain,
And he th' exhausted land will quickly find
As desolate a place as he design'd
For England (though grown old with woes) will see
Her long deny'd and sovereign remedy 20
So when old Jacob could but credit give
That his prodigious Joseph still did live,
(Joseph that was preservèd to restore
Their lives that would have taken his before)
It is enough (said he), to Egypt I
Will go, and see him once before I die

Arion on a Dolphin, To his Majesty at his passage into England

WHOM does this stately navy bring?
O! 'tis Great Britain's glorious King
Convey him then, ye Winds and Seas,
Swift as Desire and calm as Peace
In your respect let him survey
What all his other subjects pay,
And prophesy to them again
The splendid smoothness of his reign
Charles and his mighty hopes you bear
A greater now than Caesar's here, 10
Whose veins a richer purple boast
Than ever hero's yet engrost,
Sprung from a Father so august,
He triumphs in his very dust
In him two miracles we view,
His virtue and his safety too
For when compell'd by traitors' crimes
To breathe and bow in foreign climes,
Expos'd to all the rigid fate
That does on wither'd greatness wait
Plots against life and conscience laid, 21
By foes pursu'd, by friends betray'd,
Then Heaven, his secret potent friend,
Did him from drugs and stabs defend,
And, what's more yet, kept him upright
'Midst flattering hope and bloody fight
Cromwell his own Right never gain'd,
Defender of the Faith remain'd,
For which his predecessors fought
And writ, but none so dearly bought
Never was Prince so much besieged,
At home provok'd, abroad obliged
Nor ever man resisted thus, 33
No not great Athanasius
No help of friends could, or foes' spite,
To fierce invasion him invite
Revenge to him no pleasure is,
He spar'd their blood who gap'd for his,
Blush'd any hands the English Crown
Should fasten on him but their own
As Peace and Freedom with him went, 41
With him they came from banishment,
That he might his dominions win,
He with himself did first begin,
And, that best victory obtained,
His kingdom quickly he regain'd
Th' illustrious suff'rings of this Prince
Did all reduce, and all convince

He only liv'd with such success
That the whole world would fight with less 50
Assistant Kings could but subdue
Those Foes which he can pardon too
He thinks no Slaughter trophies good
Nor laurels dipt in subjects blood
But with a sweet resistless art
Disarms the hand and wins the heart
And like a God doth rescue those
Who did themselves and him oppose
Go wondrous Prince adorn that Throne
Which birth and merit make your own 60
And in your mercy brighter shine
Than in the glories of your line
Find love at home and abroad fear
And veneration everywhere
Th' united world will you allow
Their Chief to whom the English bow
And Monarchs shall to yours resort
As Sheba's Queen to Judah's Court
Returning thence constrained more
To wonder envy and adore 70
Discovered Rome will hate your crown
But she shall tremble at your frown
For England shall (rul'd and restor'd by You)
The suppliant world protect or else subdue

On the Fair Weather just at the Coronation, it having rained immediately before and after

So clear a season and so snatch'd from storms
Shows Heav'n delights to see what man performs
Well knew the Sun if such a day were dim
It would have been an injury to him
For then a cloud had from his eye conceal'd
The noblest sight that ever he beheld
He therefore check'd th' invading rains we fear'd
And in a bright Parenthesis appear'd
So that we knew not which look'd most content
The King the people or the firmament 10
But the solemnity once fully past
The storm return'd with an impetuous haste
And Heav'n and Earth each other to out-do
Vied both in cannons and in fire works too
So Israel past through the divided flood
While in obedient heaps the Ocean stood
But the same sea (the Hebrews once on shore)
Return'd in torrents where it was before

To the Queen's Majesty on her Arrival at Portsmouth May 14 1662

Now that the Seas and Winds so kind are grown
For our advantage to resign their own
Now you have quitted the triumphant fleet
And suffered English ground to kiss your feet
Whilst your glad subjects with impatience throng
To see a blessing they have begg'd so long
Whilst Nature (who in compliment to you
Kept back till now her wealth and beauty too)

Hath, to attend the lustre your eyes bring,
Sent forth her lov'd Ambassador the Spring, 10
Whilst in your praise Fame's echo doth conspire
With the soft touches of the sacred Lyre,
Let an obscurer Muse upon her knees
Present you with such offerings as these,
And you as a Divinity adore,
That so your mercy may appear the more,
Who, though of those you should the best receive,
Can such imperfect ones as these forgive
Hail, Royal Beauty, Virgin bright and great,
Who do our hopes secure, our joys complete 20
We cannot reckon what to you we owe,
Who make him happy who makes us be so
But Heav'n for us the desp'rate debt hath paid,
Who such a Monarch hath your Trophy made
A Prince whose Virtue did alone subdue
Armies of men, and of offences too
So good, that from him all our blessings flow,
Yet is a greater than he can bestow
So great, that he dispenses life and death,
And Europe's fate depends upon his breath 30
(For Fortune in amends now courts him more
Than ever she affronted him before:
As lovers that of jealousy repent
Grow troublesome in kind acknowledgement)
Who greater courage show'd in wooing you,
Than other Princes in their battles do
Never was Spain so generously defied,
Where they design'd a prey, he courts a bride
Hence they may guess what will his anger prove,
When he appear'd so brave in making love, 40
And be more wise than to provoke his arms,
Who can submit to nothing but your charms
And till they give him leisure to subdue,
His enemies must owe their peace to you
Whilst he and you mixing illustrious rays,
As much above our wishes as our praise,
Such heroes shall produce, as even they
Without regret or blushes shall obey

To the Queen-Mother's Majesty, Jan 1, 166$\frac{0}{1}$

You justly may forsake a land which you
Have found so guilty and so fatal too
Fortune, injurious to your innocence,
Shot all her poison'd arrows here, or hence
'Twas here bold rebels once your life pursu'd
(To whom 'twas Treason only to be rude,)
Till you were forc'd by their unwearied spite
(O glorious Criminal!) to take your flight
Whence after you all that was humane[1] fled,

[1] The old confusion (or rather not yet division) of 'human' and 'humane' is not always to be got over by distributing the spelling Something of both senses is wanted here

For here oh! here the Royal Martyr bled 10
Whose cause and heart must be divine and high
That having you could be content to die,
Here they purloin'd what we to you did owe
And paid you in variety of woe
Yet all those billows in your breast did meet
A heart so firm so loyal and so sweet
That over them you greater conquest made
Than your immortal Father ever had
For we may read in story of some few
That fought like him none that endur'd like you 20
Till Sorrow blush'd to act what Traitors meant
And Providence itself did first repent
But as our active so our passive ill
Hath made your share to be the sufferer's still
As from our mischiefs all your troubles grew
Tis your sad right to suffer for them too
Else our great Charles had not been hence so long
Nor the illustrious Glou'ster died so young
Nor had we lost a Princess all confest
To be the greatest wisest and the best 30
Who leaving colder parts but less unkind
(For it was here she set and there she shin'd)
Did to a most ungrateful climate come
To make a visit and to find a tomb
So that we should as much your smile despair
As of your stay in this unpurged air
But that your mercy doth exceed our crimes
As much as your example former times
And will forgive our off'rings though the flame
Does tremble still betwixt regret and shame 40
For we have justly suffered more than you
By the sad guilt of all your suff'rings too
As you the great Idea have been seen
Of either fortune and in both a Queen
Live still triumphant by the noblest wars
And justify your reconcilèd stars
See your offenders for your mercy bow
And your tried virtue all mankind allow
While you to such a race have given birth
As are contended for by Heaven and Earth 50

Upon the Princess Royal her Return into England

WELCOME sure pledge of reconcilèd Powers
If Kingdoms have Good Angels you are ours
For th' Ill ones check'd by your bright influence
Could never strike till you were hurried hence
But then as streams withstood more rapid grow
War and confusion soon did over flow
Such and so many sorrows did succeed
As it would be a new one now to read
But whilst your lustre was to us denied,

You scatter'd blessings everywhere beside 10
Nature and Fortune have so curious been,
To give you worth, and scene to show it in
But we do most admire that gen'rous care
Which did your glorious Brother's sufferings share,
So that he thought them in your presence none,
And yet your suff'rings did increase his own
O wond'rous prodigy! O race divine!
Who owe more to your actions than your line
Your lives exalt your father's deathless name,
The blush of England, and the boast of Fame 20

Pardon, Great Madam, this unfit address,
Which does profane the glory'twould confess
Our crimes have banish'd us from you, and we
Were more remov'd by them than by the Sea
Nor is it known whether we wrong'd you more
When we rebell'd, or now we do adore
But what Guilt found, Devotion cannot miss,
And you who pardon'd that, will pardon this
Your blest Return tells us our storms are ceas'd,
Our faults forgiven, and our stars appeas'd, 30
Your mercy, which no malice could destroy,
Shall first bestow, and then instruct, our joy
For bounteous Heav'n hath, in your Highness sent
Our great example, bliss and ornament

On the Death of the Illustrious Duke of Gloucester

GREAT Glou'ster's dead! and yet in this we must
Confess that angry Heaven is wise and just
We have so long and yet so ill endur'd
The woes which our offences had procur'd,
That this new stroke would all our strength destroy,
Had we not known an interval of Joy
And yet perhaps this stroke had been excus'd,
If we this interval had not abus'd
But our ingratitude and discontent,
Deserv'd to know our mercies were but lent 10
And those complaints Heaven in this rigid fate
Does first chastise, and then legitimate
By this it our divisions does reprove,
And makes us join in grief, if not in love
For (Glorious Youth!) all parties do agree,
As in admiring, so lamenting Thee,
The Sovereign's, subject's, foreigner's delight,
Thou wert the Universal Favourite
Not Rome's Belov'd, and brave Marcellus, fell
So much a darling or a miracle 20
Though built of richest blood and finest earth,
Thou hadst a heart more noble than thy birth,
Which by th' afflictive Changes thou didst know,
Thou hadst but too much cause and time to show
For when Fate did thy infancy expose
To the most barbarous and stupid Foes,

Yet thou didst then so much express the Prince
As did even them amaze if not convince
Nay that loose tyrant whom no bound confin d
Whom neither laws nor oaths nor shame could bind 0
Although his soul was than his look more grim
Yet thy brave innocence half soft n d him
And he that worth wherein thy soul was drest
By his ill favour'd clemency confest
Lessening the ill which he could not repent,
He call d that travel which was banishment
Escap d from him thy trials were increas d
The scene was chang d but not the danger ceas d
Thou from rough guardians to seducers gone
Those made thy temper, these thy judgement known 40
Whilst thou the noblest champion wert for truth
Whether we view thy courage or thy youth
If to foil Nature and Ambition claims
Greater reward than to encounter flames
All that shall know the story must allow
A martyr s crown preparèd for thy brow
But yet thou wert suspended from thy throne
Till thy Great Brother had regain d his own
Who though the bravest suff rer yet even He
Could not at once have mist his crown and thee 50
But as commission d angels make no stay
But having done their errand go their way
So thy part done not thy restorèd state
The future splendour which did for thee wait
Nor that thy Prince and country must mourn for
Such a support and such a counsellor
Could longer keep thee from that bliss whence thou
Look st down with pity on Earth s Monarchs now?
Where thy capacious soul may quench her thirst
And younger brothers may inherit first 60
While on our King Heav n does this care express
To make his comforts safe he makes them less
For this successful heathens use[d?] to say
It is too much (great Gods) send some allay

To Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, on her commanding me to send her some things that I had written

To you whose dignity strikes us with awe
And whose far greater judgement gives us law
(Your mind b ing more transcendent than your state
For while but knees to this hearts bow to that)
These humble papers never durst come near,
Had not your pow rful word bid them appear,
In which such majesty such sweetness dwells
As in one act obliges and compels
None can dispute commands vouch saf'd by you
What shall my fears then and confusion do? 10

They must resign, and by their just pretence
Some value set on my obedience
For in religious duties, 'tis confest,
The most implicit are accepted best
If on that score your Highness will excuse
This blushing tribute of an artless Muse,
She may (encourag'd by your least regard,
Which first can worth create, and then reward)
At modest distance with improvèd strains
That Mercy celebrate which now she gains 20
But should you that severer justice use,
Which these too prompt approaches may produce,
As the swift hind which hath escapèd long,
Believes a vulgar shot would be a wrong,
But wounded by a Prince falls without shame,
And what in life she loses, gains in fame
So if a ray from you chance to be sent,
Which to consume, and not to warm, is meant,
My trembling Muse at least more nobly dies,
And falls by that a truer sacrifice 30

On the Death of the Queen of Bohemia

ALTHOUGH the most do with officious heat
Only adore the living and the great,
Yet this Queen's merits Fame so far hath spread,
That she rules still, though dispossest and dead
For losing one, two other Crowns remain'd,
Over all hearts and her own griefs she reign'd
Two Thrones so splendid, as to none are less
But to that third which she does now possess
Her heart and birth Fortune so well did know,
That seeking her own fame in such a foe, 10
She drest the spacious theatre for the fight
And the admiring World call'd to the sight
An army then of mighty sorrows brought,
Who all against this single virtue fought,
And sometimes stratagems, and sometimes blows
To her heroic soul they did oppose
But at her feet their vain attempts did fall,
And she discovered and subdu'd them all
Till Fortune weary of her malice grew,
Became her captive and her trophy too 20
And by too late a tribute begg'd t' have been
Admitted subject to so brave a Queen
But as some hero who a field hath won,
Viewing the things he had so greatly done,
When by his spirit's flight he finds that he
With his own life must buy his victory,
He makes the slaughter'd heap that next him lies
His funeral pile, and then in triumph dies
So fell this Royal Dame, with conquering spent,
And left in every breast her monument, 30

Wherein so high an Epitaph is writ
As I must never dare to copy it
But that bright Angel which did on her wait
In fifty years contention with her fate
And in that office did with wonder see
How great her troubles how much greater she—
How she maintain d her best prerogative
In keeping still the power to forgive
How high she did in her devotion go
And how her condescension stoop d as low, 40
With how much glory she had ever been
A Daughter Sister, Mother Wife and Queen—
Will sure employ some deathless Muse to tell
Our children this instructive miracle
Who may her sad illustrious life re cite
And after all her wrongs may do her right

On the 3rd of September, 1651

As when the glorious magazine of light
Approaches to his canopy of night
He with new splendour clothes his dying rays
And double brightness to his beams conveys
And (as to brave and check his ending fate)
Puts on his highest looks in s lowest state
Drest in such terror as to make us all
Be Anti Persians and adore his fall
Then quits the World depriving it of day
While every herb and plant does droop away 10
So when our gasping English Royalty
Perceiv d her period was now drawing nigh,
She summons her whole strength to give one blow
To raise herself or pull down others too
Big with revenge and hope she now spake more
Of terror than in many months be fore,
And musters her attendants or to save
Her from or else attend her to the grave
Yet but enjoy d the miserable fate
Of setting Majesty to die in state
Unhappy Kings who cannot keep a throne 21
Nor be so fortunate to fall alone!
Their weight sinks others Pompey could not fly
But half the World must bear him company
And captiv d Samson could not life conclude
Unless attended with a multitude
Who d trust to greatness now whose food is air
Whose ruin sudden and whose end despair?
Who would presume upon his Glorious Birth
Or quarrel for a spacious share of Earth 30
That sees such Diadems become so cheap
And Heroes tumble in a common heap?
Oh give me Virtue then which sums up all
And firmly stands when Crowns and Sceptres fall

To the Noble Palaemon on his incomparable Dis course of Friendship

We had been still undone wrapt in disguise
Secure not happy, cunning and not wise,

War had been our design, interest our trade,
We had not dwelt in safety, but in shade,
Hadst thou not hung our light more welcome far
Than wand'ring sea-men think the Northern Star,
To show, lest we our happiness should miss,
'Tis plac'd in Friendship, men's and angels' Bliss
Friendship, which had a scorn or mask been made,
And still had been derided or betray'd, 10
At which the great physician still had laugh'd,
The soldier stormed[1], and the gallant scoff'd,
Or worn not as a passion, but a plot,
At first pretended, and at last forgot,
Hadst thou not been her great deliverer,
At first discover'd, and then rescu'd her,
And raising what rude malice had flung down,
Unveil'd her face, and then restor'd her crown,
By so august an action to convince,
'Tis greater to support than be a Prince 20
Oh for a voice which loud as thunder were,
That all mankind thy conqu'ring truths might hear!
Sure the litigious as amaz'd would stand,
As Fairy Knights touch'd with Cambina's Wand,
Drawn by thy softer, and yet stronger charms,
Nations and armies would lay down their arms
And what more Honour can on thee be hurl'd,
Than to protect a virtue, save a World?
But while great friendship thou hast copied out,
Thou'st drawn thyself so well, that we may doubt 30
Which most appears, thy candour or thy art,
Whether we owe more to thy brain or heart
But this we know without thy own consent,
Thou'st rais'd thyself a glorious monument
Temples and statues Time will eat away,
And tombs (like their Inhabitants) decay,
But there Palaemon lives, and so he must,
When marbles crumble to forgotten dust

To the Right Honourable Alice Countess of Carbery, at her coming into Wales

1

As when the first day dawn'd, Man's greedy eye
Was apt to dwell on the bright prodigy,
Till he might careless of his organ grow,
And let his wonder prove his danger too
So when our country (which was deem'd to be
Close-mourner in its own obscurity,
And in neglected Chaos so long lay)
Was rescu'd by your beams into a day,
Like men into a sudden lustre brought,
We justly fear'd to gaze more than we ought 10

[1] The print in full of 'stormed' doubtless indicates its disyllabic value

II

From hence it is you lose most of your right
Since none can pay t nor durst do t if they might
Perfection s misery tis that Art and Wit
While they would honour, do but injure it
But as the Deity slights our expense
And loves Devotion more than Eloquence
So tis our confidence you are divine
Makes us at distance thus approach your Shrine
And thus secur'd to you who need no art,
I that speak least my wit may speak my heart 20

III

Then much above all zealous injury
Receive this tribute of our shades from me
While your great splendours like eternal spring
To these sad groves such a refreshment bring
That the despisèd country may be grown
And justly too the envy of the town
That so when all mankind at length have lost
The Virtuous Grandeur which they once did boa t
Of you like pilgrims they may here obtain
Worth to recruit the dying world again 30

To Sir Edward Dering (the Noble Silvander) on his Dream and Navy personating Orinda s preferring Rosania before Solomon s Traffic to Ophir

Then am I happier than is the King
My merchandise does no such danger bring
The fleet I traffic with fears no such harms
Sails in my sight and anchors in my arms
Each new and unperceivèd grace
Discovered in that mind and face
Each motion smile and look from thee
Brings pearls and Ophir Gold to me
Thus far Sir Edw Dering

SIR To be noble when twas voted down
To dare be good though a whole age should frown
To live within and from that even state
See all the under world stoop to its fate,
To give the Law of Honour and dispense
All that is handsome great and worthy thence
Are things at once your practice and your end
And which I dare admire but not commend
But since t oblige the world is your delight
You must descend within our reach and sight 10
For so Divinity must take disguise
Lest mortals perish with the bright surprise
And thus your Muse (which can enough reward
All actions she vouchsafes but to regard
And Honours gives than Kings more permanent
Above the reach of Acts of Parliament)
May suffer an acknowledgement from me
For having thence receiv d Eternity
My thoughts with such advantage you express
I hardly know them in this charming dress 20

And had I more unkindness from my friend
Than my demerits e'er could apprehend,
Were the fleet courted with this gale of wind,
I might be sure a rich return to find
So when the Shepherd of his Nymph complain'd,
Apollo in his shape his mistress gain'd
She might have scorn'd the swain, and found excuse,
But could not his great Orator refuse
But for Rosania's Interest I should fear
It would be hard t' obtain your pardon here 30
But your first goodness will, I know, allow
That what was bounty then, is mercy now
Forgiveness is the noblest charity,
And nothing can worthy your favour be
For you (God-like) are so much your own fate,
That what you will accept you must create

To Mr. Henry Lawes

NATURE, which is the vast creation's soul,
That steady curious agent in the whole,
The art of Heaven, the order of this frame,
Is only Number in another name
For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
Hath choice of several Titles to his Crown,
So harmony on this score now, that then,
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men
Beauty is but composure, and we find
Content is but the concord of the mind, 10
Friendship the unison of well-tun'd hearts,
Honour the Chorus of the noblest parts,
And all the world on which we can reflect
Music to th' ear, or to the intellect
If then each man a Little World must be,
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art so richly formèd, so complete,
T' epitomize all that is good and great,
Whose stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy nature's as harmonious as thy art? 20
Thou dost above the Poets, praises live,
Who fetch from thee th' eternity they give
And as true Reason triumphs over sense,
Yet is subjected to intelligence
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But Lawes on them, his Height is all his own,
For, like Divinity itself, his lyre
Rewards the wit it did at first inspire
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their laurel should adorn his brow 30
Live then, Great Soul of Nature, to assuage
The savage dullness of this sullen Age
Charm us to Sense, for though experience fail,
And Reason too, thy numbers may prevail
Then, like those ancients, strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand
None will resist but such who needs will be
More stupid than a stone, a fish, a tree

Be it thy care our age to new create
What built a World may sure repair a state 40

A Sea Voyage from Tenby to Bristol begun Sept 5 1652 sent from Bristol to Lucasia Sept 8, 1652

Hoise[1] up the sail cry'd they who understand
No word that carries kindness for the land
Such sons of clamour that I wonder not
They love the sea whom sure some storm begot
Had he who doubted Motion these men seen
Or heard their tongues he had convincèd been
For had our Barque mov'd half as fast as they
We had not need cast Anchor by the way
One of the rest pretending to more wit
Some small Italian spoke but murther'd it 10
For I (thanks to Saburra's Letters) knew
How to distinguish twixt the false and true
But t oppose these as mad a thing would be
As tis to contradict a Presbytery
Tis Spanish though (quoth I) e en what you please
For him that spoke it t might be Bread and Cheese
So softly moves the barque which none controls
As are the meetings of agreeing souls
And the moon beams did on the water play
As if at midnight twould create a day 20
The amorous wave that shar'd in such dispense
Exprest at once delight and reverence
Such trepidation we in lovers spy
Under th oppression of a mistress eye
But then the wind so high did rise and roar
Some vow'd they'd never trust the traitor more
Behold the fate that all our glories sweep
Writ in the dangerous wonders of the deep
And yet behold man's easy folly more
How soon we curse what erst we did adore 30
Sure he that first himself did thus convey,
Had some strong passion that he would obey
The barque wrought hard but found it was in vain
To make its party good against the main
Toss'd and retreated till at last we see
She must be fast if e er she should be free
We gravely anchor cast and patiently
Lie prisoners to the weather's cruelty
We had nor wind nor tide nor aught but grief
Till a kind spring tide was our first relief 40
Then we float merrily forgetting quite
The sad confinement of the stormy night
Ere we had lost these thoughts we ran aground
And then how vain to be secure we found
Now they were all surpris'd Well if we must
Yet none shall say that dust is gone to dust

[1] Hoist as obligatory is quite modern

But we are off now, and the civil tide
Assisted us the tempests to out-ride
But what most pleased my mind upon the way,
Was the ships' posture that in harbour lay 50
Which to a rocky grove so close were fix'd,
That the trees' branches with the tackling mix'd
One would have thought it was, as then it stood,
A growing navy, or a floating wood
But I have done at last, and do confess
My voyage taught me so much tediousness
In short, the Heav'ns must needs propitious be,
Because Lucasia was concern'd in me

Friendship's Mystery, To my dearest Lucasia

I

COME, my Lucasia, since we see
That miracles men's faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let's prove
There's a religion in our Love

II

For though we were design'd t' agree,
That Fate no liberty destroys,
But our Election is as free
As Angels', who with greedy choice
Are yet determin'd to their joys 10

III

Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
Here mixture is addition grown,
We both diffuse, and both ingross
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

IV

We court our own captivity
Than thrones more great and innocent
'Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is but ornament. 20

V

Divided joys are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow
We are ourselves but by rebound,
And all our titles shuffled so,
Both Princes, and both subjects too

VI

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,
While they (such power in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off'rings made
And each heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the sacrifice 30

Content, To my dearest Lucasia

I

CONTENT, the false World's best disguise,
The search and faction of the wise,
Is so abstruse and hid in night,
That, like that Fairy Red-cross Knight,
Who treacherous Falsehood for clear Truth had got,
Men think they have it when they have it not

II

For Courts Content would gladly own,
But she ne'er dwelt about a throne
And to be flatter'd, rich, and great,
Are things which do men's senses cheat 10
But grave Experience long since this did see,
Ambition and Content would ne'er agree.

III

Some vainer would Content expect
From what their bright outsides reflect
But sure Content is more divine
Than to be digg'd from rock or mine
And they that know her beauties will confess
She needs no lustre from a glittering dress

IV

In Mirth some place her but she scorns
Th assistance of such crackling thorns 20
Nor owes herself to such thin sport
That is so sharp and yet so short
And painters tell us they the same strokes place
To make a laughing and a weeping face

V

Others there are that place Content
In liberty from Government
But whomsoe er Passions deprave
Though free from shackles he s a slave
Content and Bondage differ only then
When we are chain d by vices, not by men 30

VI

Some think the camp Content does know
And that she sits o th victor s brow
But in his laurel there is seen
Often a cypress brow[1] between
Nor will Content herself in that place give
Where Noise and Tumult and Destruction live

VII

But yet the most discreet believe
The Schools this jewel do receive
And thus far true without dispute
Knowledge is still the sweetest fruit 40
But whilst men seek for Truth they lose their peace,
And who heaps knowledge sorrow doth increase

VIII

But now some sullen Hermit smiles
And thinks he all the world beguiles
And that his cell and dish contain
What all mankind wish for in vain
But yet his pleasure s follow d with a groan
For man was never born to be alone

IX

Content herself best comprehends
Betwixt two souls and they two friends 50
Whose either joys in both are fix d
And multiplied by being mix d
Whose minds and interests are so the same
Their griefs when once imparted, lose that name

X

These far remov d from all bold noise
And (what is worse) all hollow joys
Who never had a mean design
Whose flame is serious and divine
And calm and even must contented be 59
For they ve both Union and Society

XI

Then my Lucasia we who have
Whatever Love can give or crave
Who can with pitying scorn survey
The trifles which the most betray
With innocence and perfect friendship fir d
By Virtue join d and by our choice retir d

[1] bough?

XII

Whose mirrors are the crystal brooks,
Or else each other's hearts and looks,
Who cannot wish for other things
Than privacy and friendship brings 70
Whose thoughts and persons chang'd and mixt are one,
Enjoy Content, or else the World hath none

A Dialogue of Absence 'twixt Lucasia and Orinda. Set by Mr. Hen Lawes

Luc SAY, my Orinda, why so sad?
Orin Absence from thee doth tear my heart,
Which, since with thine it union had,
Each parting splits *Luc* And can we part?
Orin Our bodies must *Luc* But never we
Our souls, without the help of Sense,
By ways more noble and more free
Can meet, and hold intelligence
Orin And yet those Souls, when first they met,
Lookt out at windows through the eyes 10
Luc But soon did such acquaintance get,
Nor Fate nor Time can them surprise
Orin Absence will rob us of that bliss
To which this friendship title brings
Love's fruits and joys are made by this
Useless as crowns to captiv'd Kings
Luc Friendship's a Science, and we know
There Contemplation's most employ'd
Orin Religion's so, but practic too,
And both by niceties destroy'd 20
Luc But who ne'er parts can never meet,
And so that happiness were lost
Orin Thus Pain and Death are sadly sweet,
Since Health and Heav'n such price must cost

Chorus

But we shall come where no rude hand shall sever,
And there we'll meet and part no more for ever

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P on her Marriage

I

WE will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown the day
We make no garlands, nor an altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield
Where mirth is justly grounded, these wild toys
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise

II

But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's bliss
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure, 10
And that strong happiness may she still find
Not owing to her fortune, but her mind

III

May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no grief but in the name

May his and her pleasure and love be so
Involv d and growing that we may not know
Who most affection or most peace engrost
Whose love is strongest or whose bliss is most

IV

May nothing accidental e er appear
But what shall with new bonds their souls endear 20
And may they count the hours as they pass
By their own joys, and not by sun or glass
While every day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship Gratitude and strictest Love

To Mr Henry Vaughan, Silurist on his Poems

HAD I ador d the multitude and thence
Got an antipathy to Wit and Sense
And hugg d that fate in hope the World would grant
Twas good affection to be igno rant
Yet the least ray of thy bright fancy seen
I had converted or excuseless been,
For each birth of thy Muse to after times
Shall expiate for all this Ages crimes
First shines thy Amoret twice crown d by thee
Once by thy love next by thy poetry 10
Where thou the best of unions dost dispense
Truth cloth d in Wit, and Love in Innocence
So that the muddiest lovers may learn here
No Fountains can be sweet that are not clear
There Juvenal reviv d by thee declares
How flat Man s joys are and how mean his cares
And generously upbraids the World that they
Should such a value for their ruin pay
But when thy sacred Muse diverts her quill
The landskip to design of Leon s Hill 20
As nothing else was worthy her or thee
So we admire almost t idolatry
What savage breast would not be rap d to find
Such jewels in such cabinets en shrin d?
Thou (fill d with joys too great to see or count)
Descend st from thence like Moses from the Mount
And with a candid yet unquestion d awe
Restor st the Golden Age when Verse was Law
Instructing us thou so secur st thy fame
That nothing can disturb it but my name 30
Nay I have hopes that standing so near thine
Twill lose its dross and by degrees refine
Live till the disabused World con sent
All truths of use, or strength or ornament
Are with such harmony by thee display d
As the whole World was first by Number made
And from the charming rigour thy Muse brings
Learn there s no pleasure but in serious things

A retir'd Friendship. To Ardelia

I

COME, my Ardelia, to this Bower,
Where kindly mingling souls awhile,
Let's innocently spend an hour,
And at all serious follies smile

II

Here is no quarrelling for crowns,
Nor fear of changes in our fate,
No trembling at the Great One's frowns,
Nor any slavery of state

III

Here's no disguise nor treachery,
Nor any deep conceal'd design,
From blood and plots this place is free,
And calm as are those looks of thine

IV

Here let us sit and bless our stars,
Who did such happy quiet give,
As that remov'd from noise of wars,
In one another's hearts we live

V

Why should we entertain a fear?
Love cares not how the World is turn'd
If crowds of dangers should appear,
Yet Friendship can be unconcern'd

VI

We wear about us such a charm,
No horror can be our offence,
For mischief's self can do no harm
To Friendship or to Innocence.

VII

Let's mark how soon Apollo's beams
Command the flocks to quit their meat,
And not entreat the neighbouring streams
To quench their thirst, but cool their heat

VIII

In such a scorching age as this,
Who would not ever seek a shade,
Deserve their happiness to miss,
As having their own peace betray'd

IX

But we (of one another's mind
Assur'd) the boisterous World disdain,
With quiet souls and unconfin'd
Enjoy what Princes wish in vain

To Mrs Mary Carne, when Philaster courted her

As some great Conqueror who knows no bounds,
But hunting Honour in a thousand wounds,
Pursues his rage, and thinks that triumph cheap
That's but attended with the common heap,
Till his more happy fortune doth afford
Some Royal captive that deserv'd his sword,
And only now is of his laurel proud,
Thinking his dang'rous valour well bestow'd,
But then retreats, and spending hate no more,
Thinks Mercy now what Courage was before
As cowardice in fight, so equally
He doth abhor a bloody victory
So, madam, though your Beauty were allow'd
To be severe unto the yielding crowd,
That were subdu'd ere you an Object knew
Worthy your conquest and your mercy too,
Yet now 'tis gain'd, your victory's complete,
Only your clemency should be as great

None will dispute the power of your eyes
That under and like another sun
Hope no your fly can have time access
Let where fate to, your will power
And with that beam be you [illegible]
From [illegible] complexion all the world be
No [illegible]
And [illegible] which your [illegible]
[illegible]
In [illegible] for they're the same
And [illegible] if you would be
Nobly [illegible] to power [illegible]
Take heed lest in the [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] which [illegible]
But [illegible] state the world of one town
Give [illegible] and know your own
Thus shall you be as Honour's [illegible] esteem'd
Who have [illegible] your town [illegible]
Thus the [illegible] your shrine
Shall be as universal as divine
And that Devotion shall this bless ing gain
Which Law and Reason do's temp in vain
The world shall join maintaining, but one strife,
Who shall most thank you for Philastera's life

To Mr J B the noble Crotander upon a Composition of his which he was not willing to own publicly

As [illegible] distance
And [illegible] to be [illegible]
Yet [illegible] become men and
Which speaks in [illegible] of [illegible]
So [illegible] of thy so [illegible]
And [illegible] soon [illegible]
As [illegible] no [illegible]
[illegible] will [illegible]
Thus we'd cover thee by thy own day
Amaze thy [illegible] the old [illegible]
Now the [illegible] and the [illegible] we will [illegible]
Lets [illegible] as taper[1] [illegible]
Yet we [illegible] grant thy soul transmitted here
In beams almost as [illegible] and as clear
And that's our highest praise for but thy mind
Thy works could never a resemblance find
That mind whose search can Nature's secret hand
At one great stroke discover and command
Which clearth times and things before who eye
Nor men nor notions dare put on disguise

[1] Taperal

And were all authors now as much forgot
As prosperous Ignorance herself would plot,
Had we the rich supplies of thy own breast,
The knowing World would never miss the rest
Men did before from Ignorance take their fame,
But Learning's self is honour'd by thy name
Thou studiest not belief to introduce
Of novelties, more fit for show than use,
But think'st it nobler charity t' uphold
The credit and the beauty of the old
And with one hand canst easily support 31
Learning and Law, a Temple and a Court
And this secures me for as we below
Valleys from hills, houses from churches know,
But to their sight who stand extremely high,
These forms will have one flat equality
So from a lower soul I well might fear
A critic censure when survey'd too near,
But not from him who plac'd above the best,
Lives in a height which levels all the rest 40

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the Name of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society, December 28, 1651

We are complete, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow.
Nay, the dull World must now confess,
We have all worth, all happiness
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's name

But as though through a burning-glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general freedom shines,
For that contracts, but not confines 10
So though by this her beams are fixed here,
Yet she diffuses Glory everywhere

Her mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's cloud

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity, 20
And pilgrims shall ten ages hence
Approach our tombs with reverence
May then that time which did such bliss convey,
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day

To the truly Noble Mrs. Anne Owen, on my first Approaches

Madam,
As in a triumph conquerors admit
Their meanest captives to attend on it,
Who, though unworthy, have the power confest,
And justifi'd the yielding of the rest
So when the busy World (in hope t' excuse
Their own surprise) your Conquests do peruse,

And find my name they will be apt to say
Your charms were blinded, or else thrown away
There is no honour got in gaining me
Who am a prize not worth your victory 10
But this will clear you that tis general
The worst applaud what is admir d by all
But I have plots in t for the way to be
Secure of fame to all posterity
Is to obtain the honour I pursue
To tell the World I was subdu d by you
And since in you all wonders common are
Your votaries may in your virtues share
While you by noble magic worth impart
She that can conquer can reclaim a heart 0
Of this creation I shall not despair
Since for your own sake it concerns your care
For tis more honour that the world should know
You made a noble Soul than found it so

Lucasia

Not to oblige Lucasia by my voice
To boast my fate or justify my choice
Is this design d, but pity does engage
My pen to rescue the declining Age
For since tis grown in fashion to be bad
And to be vain or angry proud or mad
(While in their vices only men agree)
Is thought the only modern gallantry
How would some brave examples check the crimes
And both reproach and yet reform the times? 10
Nor can Morality itself reclaim
Th apostate World like my Lucasia s name
Lucasia whose rich soul had it been known
In that time th Ancients call d the Golden one,
When Innocence and Greatness were the same
And men no battles knew but in a game
Choosing what Nature not what Art prefers
Poets were Judges Kings Philo sophers
Even then from her the wise would copies draw
And she to th infant world had giv'n a law 20
That souls were made of Number could not be
An observation but a prophecy
It meant Lucasia whose harmonious state
The Spheres and Muses only imitate
But as then Music is best under stood
When every chord s examin d and found good
So what in others Judgement is and Will
In her is the same even Reason still
And as some colour various seems but yet
Tis but our diff rence in considering it 30
So she now light and then does light dispense
But is one shining orb of excellence
And that so piercing when she judgement takes
She doth not search but intuition makes
And her discoveries more easy are
Than Caesar's Conquest in his Pontic War
As bright and vigorous her beams are pure
And in their own rich candour so secure

That had she liv'd where legends were devised,
Rome had been just, and she been canonized 40
Nay Innocence herself less clear must be,
If Innocence be anything but she
For virtue's so congenial to her mind,
That liquid things, or friends, are less combin'd
So that in her that sage his wish had seen,
And virtue's self had personated been
Now as distillèd simples do agree,
And in th' alembic lose variety
So virtue, though in pieces scatter'd 'twas,
Is by her mind made one rich useful mass 50
Nor doth Discretion put Religion down,
Nor hasty Zeal usurp the judgement's crown
Wisdom and Friendship have one single throne,
And make another friendship of their own
Each sev'ral piece darts such fierce pleasing rays,
Poetic Lovers would but wrong in praise
All hath proportion, all hath comeliness,
And her Humility alone excess
Her modesty doth wrong a worth so great,
Which Calumny herself would nobler treat 60
While true to Friendship and to Nature's trust,
To her own merits only she's unjust
But as Divinity we best declare
By sounds as broken as our notions are,
So to acknowledge such vast eminence,
Imperfect wonder is our eloquence.
No pen Lucasia's glories can relate,
But they admire best who dare imitate

Wiston Vault

And why this vault and tomb? Alike we must
Put off distinction, and put on our dust
Nor can the stateliest fabric help to save
From the corruptions of a common grave,
Nor for the Resurrection more prepare,
Than if the dust were scatter'd into air
What then? Th' ambition's just, say some, that we
May thus perpetuate our memory
Ah false vain task of Art! ah poor weak Man!
Whose monument does more than's merit can 10
Who by his friends' best care and love's abus'd,
And in his very Epitaph accus'd
For did they not suspect his Name would fall,
There would not need an Epitaph at all
But after death too I would be alive,
And shall, if my Lucasia do, survive
I quit these pomps of death, and am content,
Having her heart to be my monument
Though ne'er stone to me, 'twill stone for me prove,
By the peculiar miracles of Love 20
There I'll inscription have which no tomb gives,
Not, Here Orinda lies, but, Here she lives

Friendship in Emblem or the Seal To my dearest Lucasia

I

THE Hearts thus intermixèd speak
A love that no bold shock can break
For join d and growing both in one,
None can be disturb d alone

II

That means a mutual Knowledge too
For what is t either heart can do
Which by its panting sentinel
It does not to the other tell?

III

That Friendship hearts so much refines
It nothing but itself designs 10
The hearts are free from lower ends
For each point to the other tends

IV

They flame, tis true and several ways
But still those Flames do so much raise
That while to either they incline
They yet are noble and divine

V

From smoke or hurt those flames are free
From grossness or mortality
The heart (like Moses Bush presumed)
Warm d and enlightened not consumed 20

VI

The Compasses that stand above
Express this great immortal Love,
For friends like them, can prove this true,
They are and yet they are not, two

VII

And in their posture is exprest
Friendship s exalted interest
Each follows where the other leans
And what each does, this other means

VIII

And as when one foot does stand fast
And t' other circles seeks to cast 30
The steady part does regulate
And make the wandrer s motion straight

IX

So friends are only two in this
T reclaim each other when they miss
For whosoe er will grossly fall
Can never be a friend at all

X

And as that useful instrument
For even lines was ever meant
So Friendship from good Angels springs
To teach the world heroic things 40

XI

As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every line,
So Friendship governs actions best
Prescribing unto all the rest

XII

And as in Nature nothing s set
So just as lines in number met
So Compasses for these b ing made
Do friendship s harmony persuade

XIII

And like to them so friends may own
Extension not division 50
Their points, like bodies separate
But head like souls knows no such fate

XIV

And as each part so well is knit
That their embraces ever fit
So friends are such by destiny
And no third can the place supply

XV

There needs no Motto to the Seal
But that we may the mind reveal
To the dull eye it was thought fit
That Friendship only should be writ 60

XVI

But as there are degrees of bliss
So there s no Friendship meant by this
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and Orinda s Name

In Memory of F. P. who died at Acton on the 24 of May, 1660, at Twelve and an Half of Age

If I could ever write a lasting verse,
It should be laid, dear Saint, upon thy hearse
But Sorrow is no Muse, and does confess,
That it least can, what it would most express
Yet that I may some bounds to Grief allow,
I'll try if I can weep in numbers now
Ah, beauteous blossom, too untimely dead!
Whither, ah, whither is thy sweetness fled?
Where are the charms that always did arise
From the prevailing language of thy eyes? 10
Where is thy beauteous and lovely mien,
And all the wonders that in thee were seen?
Alas! in vain, in vain on thee I rave,
There is no pity in the stupid grave
But so the bankrupt sitting on the brim
Of those fierce billows which had ruin'd him,
Begs for his lost estate, and does complain
To the inexorable floods in vain
As well we may enquire when roses die,
To what retirement their sweet odours fly; 20
Whither their virtues and their blushes haste,
When the short triumph of their life is past,
Or call their perishing beauties back with tears,
As add one moment to thy finish'd years
No, thou art gone, and thy presaging mind
So thriftily thy early hours design'd,
That hasty Death was baffled in his pride,
Since nothing of thee but thy body di'd
Thy soul was up betimes, and so concern'd
To grasp all excellence that could be learn'd, 30
That finding nothing fill her thirsting here,
To the spring-head she went to quench it there,
And so prepar'd, that being freed from sin
She quickly might become a Cherubin
Thou wert all Soul, and through thy eyes it shin'd
Asham'd and angry to be so confin'd,
It long'd to be uncag'd, and thither flown
Where it might know as clearly as 'twas known
In these vast hopes we might thy change have found,
But that Heav'n blinds whom it decrees to wound 40
For parts so soon at so sublime a pitch,
A judgement so mature, fancy so rich,
Never appear unto unthankful Men,
But as a vision to be hid again
So glorious scenes in masques, spectators view
With the short pleasure of an hour or two,
But that once past, the ornaments are gone,
The lights extinguish'd, and the curtains drawn
Yet all these gifts were thy less noble part,
Not was thy head so worthy as thy heart, 50

Where the Divine Impression shin'd so clear
As snatch'd thee hence and yet endear'd thee here
For what in thee did most command our love
Was both the cause and sign of thy remove
Such fools are we so fatally we choose
That what we most would keep we soonest lose
The humble greatness of thy pious thought
Sweetness unforc'd and bashfulness untaught
The native candour of thine open breast
And all the beams wherein thy worth was drest 60
Thy wit so bright so piercing and immense
Adorn'd with wise and lovely innocence
Might have foretold thou wert not so complete
But that our joy might be as short as great
So the poor swain beholds his ripen'd corn
By some rough wind without a sickle torn
Never ah! never let sad parents guess
At one remove of future happiness
But reckon children mong those passing joys
Which one hour gives and the next hour destroys 70
Alas! we were secure of our content
But find too late that it was only lent
To be a mirror wherein we may see
How frail we are how spotless we should be
But if to thy blest soul my grief appears
Forgive and pity these injurious tears
Impute them to Affection's sad excess
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness
Since twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy cradle to thy dust 80
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine
That (woe is me!) I thought thee too much mine
But I'll resign and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy minutes will make haste
Till when the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my Emblems of Mortality
For such a loss as this (bright Soul!) is not
Ever to be repaired or forgot

In Memory of that excellent Person Mrs Mary Lloyd of Bodidrist in Denbighshire who died Nov 13 1656 after she came thither from Pembrokeshire

I CANNOT hold for though to write were rude
Yet to be silent were ingratitude
And folly too for if posterity
Should never hear of such an one as thee
And only know this age's brutish fame
They would think Virtue nothing but a name
And though far abler pens must her define
Yet her adoption hath engaged mine
And I must own where merit shines so clear
Tis hard to write but harder to forbear 10

Sprung from an ancient and an honour'd stem,
Who lent her lustre, and she paid it them,
Who still in great and noble things appear'd,
Whom all their country lov'd, and yet they fear'd
Match'd to another good and great as they,
Who did their country both oblige and sway
Behold herself, who had without dispute,
More than both families could contribute
What early beauty Grief and Age had broke,
Her lovely reliques and her offspring spoke 20
She was by Nature and her parents' care,
A woman long before most others are
But yet that antedated season she
Improv'd to Virtue, not to Liberty
For she was still in either state of life,
Meek as a virgin, prudent as a wife
And she well knew, although so young and fair,
Justly to mix Obedience, Love, and Care,
Whil'st to her children she did still appear
So wisely kind, so tenderly severe,
That they from her rule and example brought 31
A native Honour, which she stampt and taught
Nor can a single pen enough commend
So kind a sister and so clear a friend
A wisdom from above did her secure,
Which as 'twas peaceable, was ever pure
And if well-order'd Commonwealths must be
Patterns for every private family,
Her house, rul'd by her hand and by her eye,
Might be a pattern for a Monarchy
Solomon's wisest woman less could do, 41
She built her house, but this preserv'd hers too
She was so pious that when she did die,
She scarce chang'd place, I'm sure not company
Her Zeal was primitive and practice too,
She did believe, and pray, and read, and do
A firm and equal soul she had engrost,
Just ev'n to those that disoblig'd her most
She grew to love those wrongs she did receive
For giving her the power to forgive
Her alms I may admire, but not relate, 51
But her own works shall praise her in the gate
Her life was chequer'd with afflictive years,
And even her comfort season'd in her tears
Scarce for a husband's loss her eyes were dried[1],
And that loss by her children half supplied,
When Heav'n was pleas'd not these dear props t' afford,
But tore most off by sickness or by sword
She, who in them could still their father boast,
Was a fresh widow every son she lost
Litigious hands did her of right deprive, 61
That after all 'twas penance to survive
She still these griefs had nobly undergone,
Which few support at all, but better none

[1] Orig 'dri'd' and 'suppli'd' which is not quite negligible

Such a submissive greatness who can find?
A tender heart with so resolv'd a mind[1]
But she though sensible was still the same,
Of a resigned soul untainted fame,
Nor were her virtues coarsely set, for she
Out-did example in civility 70
To bestow blessings to oblige relieve
Was all for which she could endure to live
She had a joy higher in doing good
Than they to whom the benefit accru'd
Though none of Honour had a quicker sense
Never had woman more of complacence[1]
Yet lost it not in empty forms but still
Her Nature noble was her soul gentile[2]
And as in youth she did attract (for she
The verdure had without the vanity)
So she in age was mild and grave to all, 81
Was not morose but was majestical
Thus from all other women she had skill
To draw their good but nothing of their ill.
And since she knew the mad tumultuous World
Saw crowns reversd temples to ruin hurl'd
She in retirement chose to shine and burn
As a bright lamp shut in some Roman urn
At last when spent with sickness grief and age
Her Guardian Angel did her death presage 90
(So that by strong impulse she cheerfully
Dispensèd blessings and went home to die
That so she might, when to that place remov'd
Marry his ashes whom she ever lov'd)
She died gain'd a reward, and paid a debt
The Sun himself did never brighter set
Happy were they that knew her and her end
More happy they that did from her descend
A double blessing they may hope to have
One she conveyd to them and one she gave 100
All that are hers are therefore sure to be
Blest by inheritance and legacy
A Royal Birth had less advantage been
Tis more to die a Saint than live a Queen.

To the truly competent Judge of Honour Lucasia upon a scandalous Libel made by J J

Honour which differs man from man much more
Than Reason differ'd him from beasts before
Suffers this common fate of all things good
By the blind World to be misunderstood
For as some heathens did their Gods confine
While in a bird or beast they made their shrine

[1] Note the French accent
This seems worth keeping both as a document of form and because of the horrible degradation of 'gen*teel* in meaning

Depos'd their Deities to earth, and then
Offer'd them rites that were too low for Men
So those who most to Honour sacrifice,
Prescribe to her a mean and weak disguise, 10
Imprison her to others' false applause,
And from Opinion do receive their laws
While that inconstant Idol they implore,
Which in one breath can murther and adore
From hence it is that those who Honour court,
(And place her in a popular report)
Do prostitute themselves to sordid Fate,
And from their being oft degenerate
And thus their Tenents[1] too are low and bad,
As if 'twere honourable to be mad
Or that their Honour had concernèd been 21
But to conceal, not to forbear, a sin
But Honour is more great and more sublime,
Above the battery of Fate or Time
We see in Beauty certain airs are found,
Which not one grace can make, but all compound
Honour 's to th' mind as Beauty to the sense,
The fair result of mixèd excellence
As many diamonds together lie,
And dart one lustre to amaze the eye 30
So Honour is that bright aetherial ray
Which many stars doth in one light display
But as that Beauty were as truly sweet,
Were there no tongue to praise, no eye to see 't,
And 'tis the privilege of a native Spark,
To shed a constant splendour in the dark
So Honour is its own reward and end,
And satisfied within, cannot descend
To beg the suffrage of a vulgar tongue,
Which by commending Virtue doth it wrong 40
It is the charter of a noble action,
That the performance giveth satisfaction
Other things are below 't, for from a clown
Would any Conqueror receive his crown?
'Tis restless cowardice to be a drudge
To an uncertain and unworthy judge
So the Cameleon, who lives on air,
Is of all creatures most inclin'd to fear
But peaceable reflections on the mind,
Will in a silent shade Contentment find 50
Honour keeps court at home, and doth not fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there
While I have this retreat, 'tis not the noise
Of slander, though believ'd, can wrong my joys
There is advantage in 't for gold uncoin'd
Had been unuseful, not with glory shin'd
This stamp'd my innocency in the ore,
Which was as much, but not so bright, before
Till an Alembic wakes and outward draws,
The strength of sweets lies sleeping in their cause 60

[1] 'Tenant' or 'tenet'? The latter better

So this gave me an opportunity
To feed upon my own Integrity
And though their judgement I must still disclaim
Who can nor give nor take away a fame
Yet I'll appeal unto the knowing few
Who dare be just and rip my heart to you

To Antenor on a Paper of mine which J J threatens to publish to prejudice him

MUST then my crimes become thy scandal too?
Why sure the Devil hath not much to do
The weakness of the other charge is clear
When such a trifle must bring up the rear
But this is mad design for who before
Lost his repute upon another's score?
My love and life I must confess are thine
But not my errors they are only mine
And if my faults must be for thine allow'd
It will be hard to dissipate the cloud
For Eve's rebellion did not Adam blast 11
Until himself forbidden fruit did taste
Tis possible this magazine of Hell
(Whose name would turn a verse into a spell
Whose mischief is congenial to his life)
May yet enjoy an honourable wife
Nor let his ill be reckoned as her blame
Nor yet my follies blast Antenor's name
But if those lines a punishment could call
Lasting and great as this dark lanthorn's gall 20
Alone I'd court the torments with content
To testify that thou art innocent
So if my ink through malice prov'd a stain
My blood should justly wash it off again
But since that mint of slander could invent
To make so dull a rhyme his instrument
Let verse revenge the quarrel But he's worse
Than wishes and below a Poet's curse
And more than this Wit knows not how to give
Let him be still himself, and let him live 30

Rosania shadowed whilst Mrs Mary Awbrey

IF any could my dear Rosania hate
They only should her Character relate
Truth shines so bright there that an enemy
Would be a better orator than I
Love stifles language and I must confess
I had said more if I had lovèd less
Yet the most critical who that face see
Will ne'er suspect a partiality
Others by time and by degrees persuade
But her first look doth every heart invade 10
She hath a face so eminently bright
Would make a Lover of an Anchorite
A face where conquest mixt with modesty
Are both completed in Divinity

Not her least glance but sets a heart on fire,
And checks it if it should too much aspire
Such is the magic of her looks, the same
Beam doth both kindle and refine our flame
If she doth smile, no painter e'er would take
Another rule when he would Mercy make 20
And Heav'n to her such splendour hath allow'd,
That no one posture can her beauty cloud
For if she frown, none but would fancy then
Justice descended here to punish men
Her common looks I know not how to call
Any one Grace, they are compos'd of all
And if we mortals could the doctrine reach,
Her eyes have language, and her looks do teach
And as in palaces the outmost, worst
Rooms entertain our wonder at the first, 30
But once within the Presence-Chamber door,
We do despise whate'er we saw before
So when you with her mind acquaintance get,
You'll hardly think upon the cabinet
Her soul, that ray shot from the Deity,
Doth still preserve its native purity,
Which earth can neither threaten nor allure,
Nor by false joys defile it, or obscure
The innocence which in her heart doth dwell,
Angels themselves can only parallel
More gently soft than is an evening shower 41
And in that sweetness there is coucht a power,
Which scorning Pride, doth think it very hard
That modesty should need so mean a guard
Her Honour is protected by her eyes,
As the old Flaming Sword kept Paradise
Such constancy of Temper, Truth and Law,
Guides all her actions, that the World may draw
From her one soul the noblest precedent
Of the most safe, wise, virtuous government 50
And as the highest element is clear
From all the tempests which disturb the air
So she above the World and its rude noise,
Above our storms a quiet calm enjoys
Transcendent things her noble thoughts sublime,
Above the faults and trifles of the time
Unlike those gallants which take far less care
To have their souls, than make their bodies fair,
Who (sick with too much leisure) time do pass
With these two books, Pride, and a looking-glass 60
Plot to surprise men's hearts, their pow'r to try,
And call that Love, which is mere Vanity
But she, although the greatest Murtherer,
(For ev'ry glance commits a Massacre)
Yet glories not that slaves her power confess,
But wishes that her monarchy were less.

And if she love it is not thrown away
As many do only to spend the day,
But hers is serious and enough alone
To make all Love become Religion
And to her friendship she so faithful is 71
That tis her only blot and prejudice
For Envys self could never error see
Within that soul hating her love to me
Now as I must confess the name of friend
To her that all the World doth comprehend
Is a most wild ambition so for me
To draw her picture is flat lunacy
Oh! I must think the rest for who can write
Or into words confine what's infinite? 80

To the Queen of Inconstancy Regina Collier, in Antwerp

I

UNWORTHY since thou hast decreed
Thy Love and honour both shall bleed
My Friendship could not choose to die
In better time or company

II

What thou hast got by this exchange
Thou wilt perceive when the revenge
Shall by those treacheries be made
For which our Faith thou hast betray'd

III

When thy idolaters shall be
True to themselves and false to thee 10
Thou lt see that in heart merchandise
Value not number makes the price

IV

Live to that day my Innocence
Shall be my Friendships just defence
For this is all the World can find
While thou wert noble I was kind

V

The desperate game that thou dost play
At private ruins cannot stay
The horrid treachery of that face
Will sure undo its native place 20

VI

Then let the Frenchmen never fear
The victory while thou art there
For if sins will call judgements down
Thou hast enough to stock the Town

To my Excellent Lucasia on our Friendship

I DID not live until this time
Crown'd my felicity
When I could say without a crime
I am not thine but Thee
This carcase breath'd and walkt and slept
So that the World believ'd
There was a soul the motions kept,
But they were all deceiv'd
For as a watch by art is wound
To motion such was mine 10
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine,
Which now inspires cures and supplies
And guides my darkened breast
For thou art all that I can prize
My Joy my Life my Rest
No bridegrooms nor crown conquerors mirth
To mine compar'd can be
They have but pieces of this Earth
I've all the World in thee 20
Then let our flames still light and shine
And no false fear control
As innocent as our design
Immortal as our soul

Rosania's private Marriage

It was a wise and kind design of Fate,
That none should this day's glory celebrate
For 'twere in vain to keep a time which is
Above the reach of all solemnities
The greatest actions pass without a noise,
And tumults but profane diviner joys
Silence with things transcendent nearest suits,
The greatest Emperors are serv'd by mutes
And as in ancient time the Deities
To their own priests reveal'd no mysteries 10
Until they were from all the World retir'd,
And in some cave made fit to be inspir'd
So when Rosania (who hath them out-vied,
And with more justice might be deified,
Who if she had their rites and altars, we
Should hardly think it were idolatry)
Had found a breast that did deserve to be
Receptacle of her Divinity,
It was not fit the gazing World should know
When she convey'd herself to him, or how 20
An eagle safely may behold the Sun,
When weak eyes are with too much light undone
Now as in oracles were understood,
Not the priest's only, but the common good
So her great soul would not imparted be,
But in design of general Charity
She now is more diffusive than before,
And what men then admir'd, they now adore
For this exchange makes not her power less,
But only fitter for the World's address 30
May then that Mind (which, if we will admit
The Universe one Soul, must sure be it)
Inform this All (which, till she shin'd out, lay
As drowsy men do in a cloudy day),
And Honour, Virtue, Reason so dispense,
That all may owe them to her influence
And while this age is thus employ'd, may she
Scatter new blessings for posterity
I dare not any other wish prefer, 39
For only her bestowing adds to her
And to a soul so in herself complete
As would be wrong'd by any epithet,
Whose splendour's fix'd unto her chosen sphere,
And fill'd with love and satisfaction there,
What can increase the triumph, but to see
The World her Convert and her History?

Injuria Amicitiae

Lovely Apostate! what was my offence?
Or am I punish'd for obedience?
Must thy strange rigour find as strange a time?
The act and season are an equal crime
Of what thy most ingenious scorns could do,
Must I be subject and spectator too?

Or were the sufferings and sins too few
To be sustain d by me perform d by you?
Unless (with Nero) your uncurb d desire
Be to survey the Rome you set on fire 10
While wounded for and by your power I
At once your Martyr and your Prospect die
This is my doom and such a riddling fate
As all impossibles doth complicate
For Obligation here is Injury
Constancy Crime Friendship a Heresy
And you appear so much on ruin bent
Your own destruction gives you now Content
For our twin spirits did so long agree
You must undo yourself to ruin me
And like some frantic Goddess you re inclin d 21
To raze the temple where you are enshrin d
And what s the miracle of cruelty
Kill that which gave you immortality
While glorious friendship whence your honour springs
Lies gasping in the Crowd of common things
And I m so odious that for being kind
Doubled and studied murthers are design d
Thy sin s all paradox for shouldst thou be
Thyself again th wouldst be severe to me 30
For thy repentance coming now so late
Would only change and not rel eve my fate
So dangerous is the consequence of ill
Thy least of crimes is to be cruel still
For of thy smiles I should yet more complain,
If I should live to be betray d again
I ive then (fair Tyrant) in security
From both my kindness and revenge be free
While I who to the swains had sung thy fame
And taught each echo to repeat thy name 40
Will now my private sorrow enter tain
To rocks and rivers not to thee complain
And though before our union cherish d me
Tis now my pleasure that we disagree
For from my passion your last rigour grew
And you kill d me because I worshipp d you
But my worst vows shall be your happiness
And not to be disturb d by my distress
And though it would my sacred flames pollute
To make my heart a scornèd pros titute 50
Yet I ll adore the author of my death
And kiss the hand that robs me of my breath

To Regina Collier on her cruelty to Philaster

Triumphant Queen of scorn! how ill doth sit
In all that sweetness such injurious Wit!
Unjust and Cruel? what can be your prize
To make one heart a double Sacrifice?
Where such ingenious rigour you do show
To break his heart you break his image too,

And by a tyranny that's strange and new,
You murther him because he worships you
No pride can raise you, or can make him start,
Since Love and Honour do enrich his heart 10
Be wise and good, lest when fate will be just,
She should o'erthrow those glories in the dust,
Rifle your beauties, and you thus forlorn
Make a cheap victim to another's scorn,
And in those fetters which you do upbraid,
Yourself a wretched captive may be made
Redeem the poison'd Age, let it be seen
There's no such freedom as to serve a Queen
But you I see are lately Round-head grown,
And whom you vanquish you insult upon 20

To Philaster, on his Melancholy for Regina

GIVE over now thy tears, thou vain
And double Murtherer,
For every minute of thy pain
Wounds both thyself and her
Then leave this dullness, for 'tis our belief,
Thy Queen must cure, or not deserve, thy grief

Philoclea's parting

KINDER than a condemnèd man's reprieve,
Was your dear company that bad me live
When by Rosania's silence I had been
The wretched'st martyr any age hath seen
But as when traitors faint upon the rack,
Tormenters strive to call their spirits back,
Not out of kindness to preserve their breath,
But to increase the torments of their Death
So was I raisèd to this glorious state,
To make my fall the more unfortunate 10
But this I know, none ever died before
Upon a sadder or a nobler score

To Rosania, now Mrs Montague, being with her

I

As men that are with visions grac'd,
Must have all other thoughts displac'd,
And buy those short descents of Light
With loss of sense or spirit's flight

II

So since thou wert my happiness,
I could not hope the rate was less,
And thus the Vision which I gain
Is short t' enjoy, and hard t' attain

III

Ah then! what a poor trifle's all
That thing which here we Pleasure call, 10
Since what our very souls hath cost
Is hardly got and quickly lost!

IV

Yet is there justice in the fate,
For should we dwell in blest estate,
Our joys thereby would so inflame,
We should forget from whence we came

V

If this so sad a doom can quit
Me for the follies I commit,

Let no estrangement on thy part
Add a new ruin to my heart 20

VI

When on myself I do reflect
I can no smile from thee expect
But if thy kindness hath no plea
Some freedom grant for charity

VII

Else the just World must needs deny
Our Friendship an eternity
This love will ne er that title hold
For mine s too hot and thine too cold

VIII

Divided rivers lose their name,
And so our too unequal flame 30
Parted will Passion be in me,
And an indifference in thee

IX

Thy absence I could easier find
Provided thou wert well and kind
Than such a presence as is this
Made up of snatches of my bliss

X

So when the Earth long gasps for rain
If she at last some few drops gain
She is more parchèd than at first
That small recruit increas d the thirst 40

To my Lucasia

Let dull philosophers enquire no more
In Nature s womb or causes strive t explore
By what strange harmony and course of things
Each body to the whole a tribute brings
What secret unions secret neighbourings make
And of each other how they do partake
These are but low experiments but he
That Nature s harmony entire would see
Must search agreeing souls sit down and view
How sweet the mixture is how full how true, 10
By what soft touches spirits greet and kiss
And in each other can complete their bliss
A wonder so sublime it will admit
No rude spectator to contemplate it
The object will refine and he that can
Friendship revere must be a noble man
How much above the common rate of things
Must they then be from whom this union springs!
But what s all this to me who live to be
Disprover of my own mortality? 20
And he that knew my unimprovèd soul
Would say I meant all friendship to control
But bodies move in time and so must minds
And though th attempt no easy progre s finds
Yet quit me not lest I should des p rate grow
And to such friendship add some patience now
O may good Heav n but so much virtue lend
To make me fit to be Lucasia s Friend!
But I ll forsake myself and seek a new
Self in her breast that s far more rich and true 30
Thus the poor Bee unmark d doth hum and fly
And dron d with age would unre garded die
Unless some lucky drop of precious gum
Do bless the insect with an Amber tomb
Then glorious in its funeral the Bee
Gets Eminence and gets Eternity

On Controversies in Religion

RELIGION, which true policy befriends,
Design'd by God to serve Man's noblest ends,
Is by that old Deceiver's subtle play
Made the chief party in its own decay,
And meets that eagle's destiny, whose breast
Felt the same shaft which his own feathers drest
For that great Enemy of souls perceiv'd,
The notion of a Deity was weav'd
So closely in Man's soul, to ruin that,
He must at once the World depopulate 10
But as those tyrants who their wills pursue,
If they expound old laws, need make no new
So he advantage takes of Nature's light,
And raises that to a bare useless height,
Or while we seek for Truth, he in the quest
Mixes a Passion, or an Interest,
To make us lose it, that I know not how,
'Tis not our practice, but our quarrel now
As in the Moon's eclipse some Pagans thought
Their barbarous clamours her deliverance wrought 20
So we suppose that truth oppressèd lies,
And needs a rescue by our enmities
But 'tis injustice, and the mind's disease,
To think of gaining Truth by losing Peace
Knowledge and Love, if true, do still unite,
God's Love and Knowledge are both infinite
And though indeed Truth does delight to lie
At some remoteness from a common eye,
Yet 'tis not in a thunder or a noise,
But in soft whispers and the stiller Voice 30
Why should we then Knowledge so rudely treat,
Making our weapon what was meant our meat?
'Tis Ignorance that makes us quarrel so,
The soul that's dark will be contracted too
Chimaeras make a noise, swelling and vain,
And soon resolve to their own smoke again
But a true light the spirit doth dilate,
And robs it of its proud and sullen state,
Makes Love admir'd because 'tis understood,
And makes us wise because it makes us good 40
'Tis to a right prospect of things that we
Owe our Uprightness and our Charity
For who resists a beam when shining bright,
Is not a sinner of a common height
That state's a forfeiture, and helps are spent,
Not more a Sin, than 'tis a punishment
The soul which sees things in their native frame,
Without Opinion's mask or Custom's name,
Cannot be clogg'd to Sense, or count that high
Which hath its estimation from a lie 50
(Mean, sordid things, which by mistake we prize,
And absent covet, but enjoy'd despise)

But scorning these hath robb'd them of their art
Either to swell or to subdue the Heart
And learn'd that generous frame to be above
The World in hopes below it all in love
Touch'd with divine and inward life doth run
Not resting till it hath its centre won
Moves steadily until it safe doth lie
In the root of all its immortality 65
And resting here hath yet activity
To grow more like unto the Deity
Good Universal Wise and Just as he
(The same in kind though differing in degree)
Till at the last 'tis swallowed up and grown
With God and with the whole Creation one
Itself so small a part, in the Whole is lost
And generals have particulars engrost
That dark contracted personality
Like mists before the Sun, will from it fly 70
And then the soul one shining sphere at length
With true Love's wisdom fill'd and purged strength
Beholds her highest good with open face
And like him all the World she can embrace

To the Honoured Lady E C

MADAM

I do not write to you that men may know
How much I'm honour'd that I may do so
Nor hope (though I your rich example give)
To write with more success than I can live
To cure the age, nor think I can be just
Who only dare to write because I must
I'm full of you, and something must express
To vent my wonder and your power confess
Had I ne'er heard of your illustrious name
Nor known the Scotch or English ancient fame 10
Yet if your glorious frame did but appear
I could have soon read all your grandeur there
I could have seen in each majestic ray
What greatness ancestors could e'er convey
And in the lustre of your eyes alone
How near you were allied to the Throne
Which yet doth lessen you who cannot need
Those bright advantages which you exceed
For you are such that your descent from Kings
Receives more honour from you than it brings 20
As much above their glories as our toil
A Court to you were but a hand some soil
And if we name the stock on which you grew
'Tis rather to do right to it than you
For those that would your greatest splendour see
Must read your soul more than your pedigree
For as the sacred Temple had without
Beauty to feed those eyes that gaz'd about
And yet had riches, state and wonder more
For those that stood within the shining door, 30

But in the Holy Place the admitted few,
Lustre receiv'd and inspiration too
So though your glories in your face be seen,
And so much bright instruction in your mien,
You are not known but where you will impart
The treasures of your more illustrious heart
Religion all her odours sheds on you,
Who by obeying vindicate her too
For that rich beam of Heaven was almost
In nice disputes and false pretences lost, 40
So doubly injur'd, she could scarce subsist
Betwixt the hypocrite and casuist,
Till you by great example did convince
Us of her nature and her residence
And chose to show her face, and ease her grief,
Less by your arguments than by your life,
Which if it should be copied out, would be
A solid body of divinity
Your principle and practice light would give
What we should do, and what we should believe: 50
For the extensive knowledge you profess,
You do acquire with more ease than confess,
And as by you knowledge has thus obtain'd
To be refin'd, and then to be explain'd
So in return she useful is to you,
In practice and in contemplation too
For by the various succours she hath lent,
You act with judgement, and think with content
Yet those vast parts with such a temper meet,
That you can lay them at Religion's feet 60
Nor is it half so bold as it is true,
That Virtue is herself oblig'd to you
For being drest in your subduing charms,
She conquers more than did the Roman arms
We see in you how much that Malice lied
That stuck on goodness any sullen pride,
And that the harshness some professors wear
Falls to their own, and not Religion's share
But your bright sweetness if it but appear,
Reclaims the bad, and softens the austere 70
Men talk'd of Honour too, but could not tell
What was the secret of that active spell
That beauteous mantle they to divers lent,
Yet wonder'd what the mighty nothing meant
Some did confine her to a worthy fame,
And some to Royal parents gave her name
You having claim unto her either way,
By what a King could give, a world could pay,
Have a more living honour in your breast,
Which justifies, and yet obscures the rest, 80
A principle from fame and pomp untied,
So truly high that it despises Pride,
Buying good actions at the dearest rate,
Looks down on ill with as much scorn as hate,

Acts things so generous and bravely hard
And in obliging finds so much reward
So self denying great so firmly just
Apt to confer strict to preserve a trust,
That all whose honour would be justified
Must by your standards have it stamp'd and tried 90
But your perfection heightens others crimes
And you reproach while you inform the times
Which sad advantage you will scarce believe
Or if you must you do conceal and grieve
You scorn so poor a foil as others ill
And are protector to th unhappy still,
Yet are so tender when you see a spot
You blush for those who for them selves could not
You are so much above your sex that we
Believe your Life your greatest courtesy 100
For women boast they have you while you live
A pattern and a representative
And future mothers who in child birth groan
Shall wish for daughters knowing you are one
The world hath Kings whose crowns are cemented
Or by the blood they boast, or that they shed
Yet these great idols of the stooping crew
Have neither pleasure sound nor honour true
They either fight or play, and power court
In trivial anger or in cruel sport 110
You who a nobler privilege enjoy,
(For you can save whom they can but destroy)
An Empire have where different mixtures kiss
You're grave not sour, and kind but not remiss
Such sweetened Majesty, such humble State,
Do love and reverence at once create
Pardon (dear Madam) these untaught essays
I can admire more fitly than I praise
Things so sublime are dimly understood
And you are born so great and are so good 120
So much above the honour of your name
And by neglect do so secure your fame
Whose beauty's such as captivates the wise
Yet only you of all the World despise
That have so vast a knowledge so subdued
Religion so adorn'd and so pursued
A wit so strong that who would it define
Will need one ten times more acute than mine
Yet rul'd so that its vigour manag'd thus
Becomes at once graceful and generous 130
Whose honour has so delicate a sense
Who always pardon never give offence
Who needing nothing yet to all are kind
Who have so large a heart so rich a mind
Whose Friendship still's of the obliging side
And yet so free from Tyranny and Pride,

Who do in love like Jonathan descend,
And strip yourself to clothe your happy friend,
Whose kindness and whose modesty is such,
T' expect so little and deserve so much, 140
Who have such candid worth, such dear concern,
Where we so much may love, and so much learn,
Whose every wonder though it fills and shines,
It never to an ill excess declines,
But all are found so sweetly opposite,
As are in Titian's pieces shade and light
That he that would your great description try,
Though he write well, would be as lost as I,
Who of injurious Zeal convicted stand,
To draw you with so bold and bad a hand, 150
But that, like other glories, I presume
You will enlighten, where you might consume.

Parting with Lucasia, A Song

I

WELL, we will do that rigid thing
Which makes spectators think we part,
Though Absence hath for none a sting
But those who keep each other's heart

II

And when our sense is dispossest,
Our labouring souls will heave and pant,
And gasp for one another's breast,
Since their conveyances they want.

III

Nay, we have felt the tedious smart
Of absent Friendship, and do know
That when we die we can but part,
And who knows what we shall do now? 12

IV

Yet I must go we will submit,
And so our own disposers be,
For while we nobly suffer it,
We triumph o'er Necessity

V

By this we shall be truly great,
If having other things o'ercome,
To make our victory complete 19
We can be conquerors at home

VI

Nay then to meet we may conclude,
And all obstructions overthrow,
Since we our passion have subdu'd,
Which is the strongest thing I know

Against Pleasure. Set by Dr Coleman

I

THERE's no such thing as Pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays, and then controls

II

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair,
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch, 10
In being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess

III

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so Desire is done,
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making Us narrow, or our Joys

IV

We covet pleasure easily
But it not so possess,
For many things must make it be
But one may make it less
Nay were our state as we could choose it
Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it

V

What art thou then thou wingèd air
More weak and swift than Fame?
Whose next successor is Despair
And its attendant Shame
Th' experienc'd Prince then reason had
Who said of pleasure It is mad

A Prayer

ETERNAL Reason Glorious Majesty
Compar'd to whom what can be said to be?
Whose attributes are Thee who art alone
Cause of all various things and yet but One
Whose Essence can no more be search'd by man
Than Heav'n Thy Throne begraspèd with a span
Yet if this great Creation was design'd
To several ends fitted for every kind
Sure Man (the World's epitome) must he
Form'd to the best that is to study Thee
And as our dignity 'tis duty too
Which is summ'd up in this to know and do
These comely rows of creatures spell Thy Name
Whereby we grope to find from whence they came
By Thy own chain of causes brought to think
There must be one then find that highest link
Thus all created Excellence we see
Is a resemblance faint and dark of Thee
Such shadows are produc'd by the moon beams
Of trees or houses in the running streams
Yet by impressions born with us we find
How good great, just Thou art how unconfin'd
Here we are swallowed up and gladly dwell
Safely adoring what we cannot tell
All we know is Thou art supremely good
And dost delight to be so understood
A spicy mountain on the universe
On which Thy richest odours do disperse
But as the sea to fill a vessel heaves
More greedily than any cask receives
Besieging round to find some gap in it
Which will a new infusion admit
So dost Thou covet that Thou mayst dispense
Upon the empty World Thy influence
Lov'st to disburse Thyself in kindness Thus
The King of Kings waits to be gracious
On this account O God enlarge my heart
To entertain what Thou wouldst fain impart
Nor let that soul by several titles Thine
And most capacious form'd for things Divine
(So nobly meant that when it most doth miss
'Tis in mistaken pantings after bliss)
Degrade itself in sordid things delight
Or by profaner mixtures lose its right

Oh! that with fixt unbroken thoughts it may
Admire the light which does obscure the day
And since 'tis Angels' work it hath to do,
May its composure be like Angels too
When shall these clogs of Sense and Fancy break,
That I may hear the God within me speak? 50
When with a silent and retirèd art
Shall I with all this empty hurry part?
To the Still Voice above, my soul advance,
My light and joy plac'd in his countenance?
By whose dispense my soul to such frame brought,
May tame each treach'rous, fix each scatt'ring thought,
With such distinctions all things here behold,
And so to separate each dross from gold,
That nothing my free Soul may satisfy, 59
But t' imitate, enjoy, and study thee

To Mrs M A upon Absence

I

'Tis now since I began to die
Four months, yet still I gasping live,
Wrapp'd up in sorrow do I lie,
Hoping, yet doubting a reprieve
Adam from Paradise expell'd
Just such a wretched being held

II

'Tis not thy love I fear to lose,
That will in spite of absence hold,
But 'tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison'd gold 10
Which though the sum be ne'er so great,
Enriches nothing but conceit

III

What angry star then governs me
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to fate as well as thee,
Kept from thy face, link'd to thy heart?
Because my love all love excels,
Must my grief have no parallels?

IV

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see 20
Copies of my wild state appear,
But I am their epitome
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own

To Mrs Mary Awbrey

Soul of my soul, my Joy, my Crown, my Friend,
A name which all the rest doth comprehend,
How happy are we now, whose souls are grown,
By an incomparable mixture, one
Whose well-acquainted minds are now as near
As Love, or Vows, or Friendship can endear?
I have no thought but what's to thee reveal'd,
Nor thou desire that is from me conceal'd
Thy heart locks up my secrets richly set,
And my breast is thy private cabinet
Thou shed'st no tear but what my moisture lent, 11
And if I sigh, it is thy breath is spent
United thus, what horror can appear
Worthy our sorrow, anger, or our fear?
Let the dull World alone to talk and fight,
And with their vast ambitions Nature fright,

Let them despise so innocent a flame
While Envy Pride and Faction play their game
But we by Love sublimd so high shall rise
To pity Kings and Conquerors despise 20
Since we that sacred union have engrost
Which they and all the factious World have lost

In Memory of Mr Cartwright

Stay Prince of Fancy stay, we are not fit
To welcome or admire thy raptures yet
Such horrid Ignorance benights the times
That Wit and Honour are become our crimes
But when those happy Powrs which guard thy dust
To us and to thy Memry shall be just,
And by a flame from thy blest Genius lent
Rescue us from our dull imprisonment
Unsequester our Fancies and create
A worth that may upon thy glories wait 10
We then shall understand thee and descry
The splendour of restorcd Poetry
Till when let no bold hand profane thy shrine
Tis high Wit Treason to debase thy coin

Mr Francis Finch the Excellent Palaemon

This is confest presumption for had I
All that rich stock of ingenuity
Which I could wish for this yet would it be
Palaemons blot a pious injury
But as no votaries are scorn d when they
The meanest victim in Religion pay
Not that the Powr they worship needs a gum
But that they speak their thanks for all with some
So though the most contemptible of all
That do themselves Palaemons servants call 10
I know that Zeal is more than sacrifice
(For God did not the widows mite despise)
And that Palaemon hath Divinity
And Mercy is his highest property
He that doth such transcendent merit own
Must have imperfect offrings or none
He s one rich lustre which doth rays dispense
As Knowledge will when set in Innocence
For Learning did select his noble breast
Where (in her native majesty) to rest 20
Free from the tyranny and pride of Schools
Who have confin d her to pedantic rules
And that gentiler[1] error which does take
Offence at Learning for her habits sake
Palaemon hath redeem d her, who may be
Esteem d himself an University
And yet so much a gentleman that he
Needs not (though he enjoys) a pedigree
Sure he was built and sent to let us know

[1] Spelling of 'gentiler' retained for reasons elsewhere given

What man completed could both be and do 30
Freedom from vice is in him Nature's part,
Without the help of discipline or art
He 's his own happiness and his own law,
Whereby he keeps Passion and Fate in awe
Nor was this wrought in him by Time and growth,
His Genius had anticipated both
Had all men been Palaemons, Pride had ne'er
Taught one man Tyranny, the other Fear,
Ambition had been full as monstrous then
As this ill World doth render worthy men 40
Had men his spirit, they would soon forbear
Grovelling for dirt, and quarrelling for air
Were his harmonious soul diffus'd in all,
We should believe that men did never fall
It is Palaemon's soul that hath engrost
Th' ingenuous candour that the World hath lost,
Whose own mind seats him quiet, safe and high,
Above the reach of Time or Destiny
'Twas he that rescu'd gasping Friendship when
The bell toll'd for her funeral with men 50
'Twas he that made Friends more than Lovers burn,
And then made Love to sacred Friendship turn
'Twas he turn'd Honour inward, set her free
From titles and from popularity
Now fix'd to Virtue, she begs praise of none,
But 's witness'd and rewarded both at home
And in his breast this Honour 's so enshrin'd,
As the old Law was in the Ark confin'd
To which posterity shall all consent,
And less dispute than Acts of Parliament 60
He 's our original, by whom we see
How much we fail, and what we ought to be
But why do I to copy him pretend?
My rhymes but libel whom they would commend
'Tis true, but none can reach what's set so high,
And though I miss, I've noble company
For the most happy language must confess,
It doth obscure Palaemon, not express

To Mrs M A at parting

I

I HAVE examin'd and do find,
Of all that favour me,
There's none I grieve to leave behind
But only, only thee
To part with thee I needs must die,
Could parting sep'rate thee and I

II

But neither Chance nor Compliment
Did element our Love,
'Twas sacred Sympathy was lent
Us from the quire above 10
That Friendship Fortune did create,
Still fears a wound from Time or Fate

III

Our chang'd and mingled souls are grown
To such acquaintance now,
That if each would resume their own,
Alas! we know not how
We have each other so engrost,
That each is in the union lost

IV

And thus we can no Absence know
Nor shall we be confin'd 20
Our active souls will daily go
To learn each other's mind
Nay should we never meet to Sense,
Our souls would hold Intelligence

V

Inspired with a flame divine,
I scorn to court a stay,
For from that noble soul of thine
I ne'er can be away
But I shall weep when thou dost grieve
Nor can I die whilst thou dost live 30

VI

By my own temper I shall guess
At thy fidelity
And only like my happiness
Because it pleaseth thee
Our hearts at any time will tell
If thou or I be sick, or well

VII

All Honour sure I must pretend
All that is good or Great
She that would be Rosania's Friend
Must be at least complete 40
If I have any bravery
'Tis cause I have so much of thee

VIII

Thy leiger[1] soul in me shall lie
And all thy thoughts reveal
Then back again with mine shall fly
And thence to me shall steal
Thus still to one another tend
Such is the sacred Name of Friend

IX

Thus our twin souls in one shall grow
And teach the World new love 50
Redeem the age and sex and show
A flame Fate dares not move
And courting Death to be our friend
Our lives together too shall end

X

A dew shall dwell upon our Tomb
Of such a quality
That fighting armies thither come
Shall reconciled be
We'll ask no Epitaph but say
ORINDA and ROSANIA 60

To my dearest Antenor, on his Parting

THOUGH it be just to grieve when I must part
With him that is the Guardian of my Heart,
Yet by a happy change the loss of mine
Is with advantage paid in having thine.
And I (by that dear guest instructed) find
Absence can do no hurt to souls combin'd
As we were born to love brought to agree
By the impressions of Divine decree
So when united nearer we became
It did not weaken, but increase our flame 10
Unlike to those who distant joys admire
But slight them when possest of their desire
Each of our souls did its own temper fit
And in the other's mould so fashion'd it
That now our inclinations both are grown
Like to our interests and persons one
And souls whom such an union fortifies
Passion can ne'er destroy, nor Fate surprise.

[1] The spelling 'leiger' may be worth keeping though leaguer (cf leaguer lass) is best known in this meaning Some however dispute the identity of these two and identify leiger' in the sense of resident stationary with ledger These words in the passages in which they occur admit of a good deal of argument and were probably not seldom confused originally

Now as in watches, though we do not know
When the hand moves, we find it still doth go 20
So I, by secret sympathy inclin'd,
Will absent meet, and understand thy mind,
And thou at thy return shalt find thy heart
Still safe, with all the love thou didst impart
For though that treasure I have ne'er deserv'd,
It shall with strong religion be preserv'd
And besides this thou shalt in me survey
Thyself reflected while thou art away
For what some forward arts do undertake,
The images of absent friends to make, 30
And represent their actions in a glass,
Friendship itself can only bring to pass,
That magic which both Fate and Time beguiles,
And in a moment runs a thousand miles
So in my breast thy picture drawn shall be,
My Guide, Life, Object, Friend, and Destiny
And none shall know, though they employ their wit,
Which is the right Antenor, thou, or it

Engraven on Mr. John Collier's Tomb-stone at Bedlington

HERE what remains of him doth lie,
Who was the World's epitome,
Religion's darling, merchants' glory,
Men's true delight, and Virtue's story,
Who, though a prisoner to the grave,
A glorious freedom once shall have
Till when no monument is fit,
But what 's beyond our love and wit

On the little Regina Collier, on the same Tomb-stone

VIRTUE'S blossom, Beauty's bud,
The pride of all that 's fair and good,
By Death's fierce hand was snatchèd hence
In her state of Innocence
Who by it this advantage gains,
Her wages got without her pains

Friendship

LET the dull brutish World that know not Love,
Continue heretics, and disapprove
That noble flame, but the refinèd know,
'Tis all the Heaven we have here below
Nature subsists by Love, and they do tie
Things to their causes but by sympathy
Love chains the different Elements in one
Great harmony, link'd to the Heav'nly Throne
And as on earth, so the blest quire above
Of Saints and Angels are maintain'd by Love, 10
That is their business and felicity,
And will be so to all Eternity
That is the ocean, our affections here
Are but streams borrow'd from the fountain there
And 'tis the noblest argument to prove
A beauteous mind, that it knows how to Love

Those kind impressions which Fate
can't control
Are Heaven's mintage on a worthy
soul
For Love is all the Arts epitome
And is the sum of all Divinity 20
He's worse than beast that cannot
love and yet
It is not bought for money pains or
wit
For no chance or design can spirits
move
But the eternal destiny of Love
And when two souls are changd
and mixèd so
It is what they and none but they
can do
This this is Friendship, that
abstracted flame
Which grovelling mortals know not
how to name
All Love is sacred and the marriage-
tie
Hath much of honour and divinity
But Lust Design or some unworthy
ends 31
May mingle there which are despisd
by Friends
Passion hath violent extremes and
thus
All oppositions are contiguous
So when the end is servd their Love
will bate
If Friendship make it not more
fortunate
Friendship that Loves elixir that
pure fire
Which burns the clearer cause it
burns the higher
For Love like earthly fires (which
will decay
If the material fuel be away) 40
Is with offensive smoke accompanied
And by resistance only is supplied
But Friendship like the fiery element,
With its own heat and nourishment
content
Where neither hurt nor smoke nor
noise is made
Scorns the assistance of a foreign aid
Friendship (like Heraldry) is hereby
known
Richest when plainest bravest when
alone
Calm as a virgin and more innocent
Than sleeping doves are and as
much content 50
As Saints in visions, quiet as the
night
But clear and open as the summer's
light
United more than spirits faculties
Higher in thoughts than are the
eagle's eyes
What shall I say? when we true
friends are grown
We are like—Alas we are like our
selves alone

The Enquiry

I

If we no old historian's name
Authentic will admit
But think all said of Friendship's
fame
But Poetry or Wit
Yet what's reverd by minds so pure
Must be a bright Idea sure

II

But as our immortality
By inward sense we find
Judging that if it could not be
It would not be designd 10
So here how could such copies fall
If there were no original?

III

But if truth be in ancient song
Or story we believe
If the inspird and graver throng
Have scornèd to deceive
There have been hearts whose
friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft
and brave

IV

Among that consecrated few
Some more seraphic shade 20
Lend me a favourable clew
Now mists my eyes invade

Why, having fill'd the World with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

V

Why is't so difficult to see
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
So differently kind?
Hath Nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart, 30

VI

Why are the bands of Friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the rest forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to Indifference?

VII

If Friendship sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
Or flame encounter flame? 40
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of Love or Fate?

VIII

Had Friendship ne'er been known to men,
(The Ghost at last confest)
The World had been a stranger then
To all that Heaven possest
But could it all be here acquir'd,
Not Heaven itself would be desir'd

To my Lucasia, in defence of declared Friendship

I

O MY Lucasia, let us speak our Love,
And think not that impertinent can be,
Which to us both doth such assurance prove,
And whence we find how justly we agree

II

Before we knew the treasures of our Love,
Our noble aims our joys did entertain,
And shall enjoyment nothing then improve?
'Twere best for us then to begin again

III

Now we have gain'd, we must not stop, and sleep
Out all the rest of our mysterious reign. 10
It is as hard and glorious to keep
A victory, as it is to obtain

IV

Nay, to what end did we once barter minds,
Only to know and to neglect the claim?
Or (like some wantons) our pride pleasure finds,
To throw away the thing at which we aim

V

If this be all our Friendship does design,
We covet not enjoyment then, but Power
To our opinion we our bliss confine,
And love to have, but not to smell, the flower 20

VI

Ah! then let misers bury thus their gold,
Who though they starve, no farthing will produce
But we lov'd to enjoy and to behold,
And sure we cannot spend our stock by use

VII

Think not 'tis needless to repeat desires,
The fervent turtles always court and bill,
And yet their spotless passion never tires,
But does increase by repetition still.

VIII

Although we know we love, yet while our soul
Is thus imprison'd by the flesh we wear
There's no way left that bondage to control
But to convey transactions through the ear

IX

Nay though we read our passions in the eye
It will oblige and please to tell them too
Such joys as these by motion multiply
Were't but to find that out souls told us true

X

Believe not then that being now secure
Of either's heart we have no more to do
The spheres themselves by motion do endure
And they move on by circulation too

XI

And as a river when it once hath paid
The tribute which it to the ocean owes,
Stops not but turns and having curl'd and play'd
On its own waves the shore it overflows

XII

So the soul's motion does not end in bliss
But on herself she scatters and dilates
And on the object doubles till by this
She finds new joys which that reflux creates

XIII

But then because it cannot all contain
It seeks a vent by telling the glad news
First to the heart which did its joys obtain
Then to the heart which did those joys produce

XIV

When my soul then doth such excursions make
Unless thy soul delight to meet it too
What satisfaction can it give or take
Thou being absent at the interview?

XV

'Tis not distrust, for were that plea allow'd
Letters and visits all would useless grow
Love's whole expression then would be its cloud
And it would be refin'd to nothing so

XVI

If I distrust 'tis my own worth for thee
'Tis my own fitness for a love like thine,
And therefore still new evidence would see
To assure my wonder that thou canst be mine

XVII

But as the morning Sun to drooping flowers
As weary travellers a shade do find
As to the parched violet evening showers
Such is from thee to me a look that's kind

XVIII

But when that look is drest in words 'tis like
The mystic pow'r of music's unison
Which when the finger doth one viol strike
The other's string heaves to reflection

XIX

Be kind to me, and just then to our love,
To which we owe our free and dear converse,
And let not tract of Time wear or remove
It from the privilege of that commerce

XX

Tyrants do banish what they can't requite
But let us never know such mean desires,
But to be grateful to that love delight
Which all our joys and noble thoughts inspires 80

A Reverie[1]

A CHOSEN privacy, a cheap content,
And all the peace a friendship ever lent,
A rock which civil Nature made a seat,
A willow that repulses all the heat,
The beauteous quiet of a summer's day,
A brook which sobb'd aloud and ran away,
Invited my repose, and then conspir'd
To entertain my Fancy thus retir'd
As Lucian's ferry-man aloft did view
The angry World, and then laugh'd at it too 10
So all its sullen follies seem to me
But as a too-well acted tragedy
One dangerous Ambition doth befool,
Another envies to see that man rule
One makes his love the parent of his rage,
For private friendship publicly t' engage
And some for Conscience, some for Honour die,
And some are meanly kill'd they know not why
More different than men's faces are their ends,
Whom yet one common ruin can make friends 20
Death, dust and darkness they have only won,
And hastily unto their periods run
Death is a Leveller, Beauty, and Kings,
And Conquerors, and all those glorious things,
Are tumbled to their graves in one rude heap,
Like common dust as quiet and as cheap
At greater changes who would wonder then,
Since Kingdoms have their Fates as well as men?
They must fall sick and die, nothing can be
In this World certain, but uncertainty 30
Since Pow'r and Greatness are such slippery things,
Who'd pity cottages, or envy Kings?
Now least of all, when, weary of deceit,
The World no longer flatters with the great
Though such confusions here below we find,
As Providence were wanton with mankind·
Yet in this chaos some things do send forth,
(Like jewels in the dark) a native worth
He that derives his high Nobility,
Not from the mention of a pedigree,
Who thinks it not his praise that others know 41
His ancestors were gallant long ago,

[1] Spelt in orig as usual 'resvery'

Who scorns to boast the glories of his blood
And thinks he can't be great that is not good
Who knows the World and what we Pleasure call
Yet cannot sell one conscience for them all,
Who hates to hoard that gold with an excuse
For which he can find out a nobler use
Who dares not keep that life that he can spend
To serve his God, his Country and his Friend 50
Who flattery and falsehood doth so hate
He would not buy ten lives at such a rate
Whose soul than diamonds more rich and clear
Naked and open as his face doth wear
Who dares be good alone in such a time
When Virtue's held and punish'd as a crime
Who thinks dark crooked plots a mean defence
And is both safe and wise in Innocence,
Who dares both fight and die but dares not fear
Whose only doubt is if his cause be clear 60
Whose Courage and his Justice equal worn
Can dangers grapple, overcome and scorn
Yet not insult upon a conquer'd foe
But can forgive him and oblige him too
Whose Friendship is congenial with his soul
Who where he gives a heart, bestows it whole
Whose other ties and titles here do end
Or buried or completed in the Friend,
Who ne'er resumes the soul he once did give
While his Friend's honesty and honour live 70
And if his Friend's content could cost the price
Would count himself a happy sacrifice
Whose happy days no pride infects nor can
His other titles make him slight the man
No dark ambitious thoughts do cloud his brow
Nor restless cares when to be great and how
Who scorns to envy wealth where e'er it be,
But pities such a golden slavery
With no mean fawnings can the people court
Nor wholly slight a popular report
Whose house no orphan groans do shake or blast 81
Nor any riot help to serve his taste
Who from the top of his prosperities
Can take a fall, and yet without surprise,
Who with the same august and even state
Can entertain the best and worst of fate
Whose suffering's sweet if Honour once adorn it
Who slights Revenge, yet does not fear but scorn it
Whose happiness in every fortune lives,
For that no fortune either takes or gives 90
Who no unhandsome ways can bribe his Fate
Nay out of prison marches through the gate,
Who losing all his titles and his pelf
Nay all the World can never lose himself,

This Person shines indeed, and he that can
Be Virtuous is the great Immortal Man

A Country-life

How sacred and how innocent
A country-life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!
This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself,
Till Pride exchangèd peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf
'Twas here the Poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude, 10
The brave they here with Honour fir'd,
And civiliz'd the rude,
That Golden Age did entertain
No passion but of Love,
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move
None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed
Happy in friendship and in health,
On roots, not beasts, they fed 20
They knew no Law nor Physic then,
Nature was all their Wit
And if there yet remain to men
Content, sure this is it
What blessings doth this World afford
To tempt or bribe desire?
Her courtship is all fire and sword,
Who would not then retire?
Then welcome, dearest Solitude,
My great felicity, 30
Though some are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we
Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice
It is not brave to be possest
Of Earth, but to despise
Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow,
I have a better Fate than Kings,
Because I think it so 40
When all the stormy World doth roar
How unconcern'd am I!
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high
Secure in these unenvied walls
I think not on the State,
And pity no man's case that falls
From his Ambition's height
Silence and Innocence are safe,
A heart that's nobly true 50
At all these little arts can laugh
That do the World subdue
While others revel it in State,
Here I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a Fate
As wealth and pomp admit
Let some in courtship take delight,
And to th' Exchange resort,
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love, but sport 60
These never know a noble flame,
'Tis lust, scorn, or Design
While Vanity plays all their game,
Let Peace and Honour mine
When the inviting Spring appears,
To Hyde Park let them go,
And hasting thence be full of fears
To lose Spring-Garden show
Let others (nobler) seek to gain
In knowledge happy fate, 70
And others busy them in vain
To study ways of State
But I, resolvèd from within,
Confirmèd from without,
In privacy intend to spin
My future minutes out
And from this hermitage of mine
I banish all wild toys,
And nothing that is not Divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys 80
There are below but two things good,
Friendship and Honesty,
And only those of all I would
Ask for felicity
In this retir'd and humble seat
Free from both war and strife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But choose to spend my life

To Mrs Wogan, my Honoured Friend, on the Death of her Husband

Dry up your tears there s enough shed by you
And we must pay our share of sorrows too
It is no private loss when such men fall
The World s concern d and grief is general
But though of our misfortune we complain
To him it is injurious and vain
For since we know his rich integrity
His real sweetness and full harmony
How free his heart and house were to his friends
Whom he oblig'd without design or ends, 10
How universal was his courtesy
How clear a soul how even and how high
How much he scorn d disguise or meaner arts
But with a native honour conquer'd hearts,
We must conclude he was a treasure lent
Soon weary of this sordid tenement
The Age and World deserv'd him not and he
Was kindly snatch d from future misery
We can scarce say he s dead but gone to rest
And left a monument in ev ry breast
For you to grieve then in this sad excess 21
Is not to speak of love, but make it less
A noble soul no friendship will admit
But what s Eternal and Divine as it
The soul is hid in mortal flesh we know
And all its weaknesses must undergo
Till by degrees it does shine forth at length
And gathers Beauty Purity, and Strength
But never yet doth this immortal ray
Put on full splendour till it put off clay 30
So infant Love is in the worthiest breast,
By Sense and Passion fetter'd and oppress
But by degrees it grows still more refin d
And scorning clogs only concerns the mind
Now as the soul you lov'd is here set free
From its material gross capacity
Your love should follow him now he is gone
And quitting Passion put Perfection on
Such Love as this will its own good deny
If its dear object have felicity 40
And since we cannot his great loss reprieve
Let s not lose you in whom he still doth live
For while you are by grief secluded thus
It doth appear your funeral to us

In memory of the most justly Honoured, Mrs Owen of Orielton

As when the ancient World by Reason liv'd
The Asian Monarchs deaths were never griev d,
Their glorious lives made all their Subjects call
Their rites a triumph not a funeral
So still the Good are Princes and their fate
Invites us not to weep but imitate

rson shines indeed, and he
: can
ious is the great Immortal
n

A Country-life

cred and how innocent
ntry-life appears,
e from tumult, discontent,
flattery or fears!
s the first and happiest life,
man enjoy'd himself,
ide exchangèd peace for
fe,
happiness for pelf
ere the Poets were inspir'd,
taught the multitude, 10
ive they here with Honour
d,
civiliz'd the rude,
olden Age did entertain
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So still the Good are Princes and their fate
Invites us not to weep but imitate

re intends a progress of each stage
reby weak man creeps to succeed-
ing Age,
ens him for that change for which he 's made,
re th' active soul is in her centre staid 10
since none stript of infancy complain,
se 'tis both their necessity and gain
ge and Death by slow approaches come,
by that just inevitable doom
which the soul (her cloggy dross once gone)
on perfection, and resumes her own
e then we mourn a happy soul, O why
urb we her with erring piety?
o 's so enamour'd on the beauteous ground,
en with rich autumn's livery hung round, 20
to deny a sickle to his grain,
not undress the teeming Earth again?
ts grow for use, mankind is born to die,
l both fates have the same necessity
n grieve no more, sad relatives, but learn,
not, but profit by your just concern
d over her life's volume wise and good,
'cause she must be so, but 'cause she wou'd
chosen Virtue still a constant friend,
saw the times which chang'd, but did not mend 30
l as some are so civil to the Sun,
ey'd fix his beams, and make the Earth to run
So she unmov'd beheld the angry Fate
Which tore a Church, and overthrew a State
Still durst be good, and own the noble truth,
To crown her Age which had adorn'd her Youth
Great without pride, a soul which still could be
Humble and high, full of calm majesty
She kept true state within, and could not buy
Her satisfaction with her Charity 40
Fortune or birth ne'er rais'd her mind, which stood,
Not on her being rich, but doing good
Oblig'd the World, but yet would scorn to be
Paid with requitals, thanks or vanity
How oft did she what all the World adore,
Make the poor happy with her useful store?
So general was her bounty, that she gave
Equality to all before the grave
By several means she different persons tied,
Who by her goodness only were allied 50
Her Virtue was her temper, not her fit;
Fear'd nothing but the crimes which some commit,
Scorn'd those dark arts which pass for wisdom now,
Nor to a mean ignoble thing could bow
And her vast prudence had no other end,
But to forgive a foe, endear a friend
To use, but slight, the World, and fixt above,
Shine down in beams of Piety and Love

Why should we then by poor unjust complaint
Prove envious sinners 'cause she is a Saint? 60
Close then the monument, let not a tear
That may profane her ashes now appear
For her best obsequies are that we be
Prudent and Good Noble and Sweet, as she

A Friend

I

Love Nature's plot this great creations soul
The being and the harmony of things
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole
From whence man's happiness and safety springs
The earliest whitest blessedst times did draw
From her alone their universal Law

II

Friendship's an abstract of this nobler flame
'Tis Love refin'd and purg'd from all its dross
The next to Angels love if not the same
As strong as Passion is though not so gross 10
It antedates a glad eternity
And is an Heaven in epitome

III

Nobler than kindred or than marriage hand
Because more free, wedlock felicity
Itself doth only by this union stand
And turns to friendship or to misery
Force or Design matches to pass may bring
But Friendship doth from Love and Honour spring

IV

If souls no sexes have for men t exclude
Woman from Friendship's vast capacity 20
Is a design injurious or rude
Only maintain'd by partial tyranny
Love is allow'd to us and Innocence
And noblest friendships do proceed from thence

V

The chiefest thing in friends is Sympathy
There is a secret that doth friendship guide
Which makes two souls before they know agree
Who by a thousand mixtures are allied
And chang'd and lost so that it is not known
Within which breast doth now reside their own 30

VI

Essential Honour must be in a friend
Not such as every breath fans to and fro
But born within is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin though sure that none should know
Where Friendship's spoke Honesty's understood
For none can be a friend that is not good

VII

Friendship doth carry more than common trust
And Treachery is here the greatest sin
Secrets deposèd then none ever must
Presume to open but who put them in 40
They that in one chest lay up all their stock,
Had need be sure that none can pick the lock

VIII

A breast too open Friendship does not love,
For that the other's trust will not conceal,
Nor one too much reserv'd can it approve,
Its own condition this will not reveal.
We empty passions for a double end,
To be refresh'd and guarded by a friend

IX

Wisdom and Knowledge Friendship does require,
The first for counsel, this for company, 50
And though not mainly, yet we may desire
Both Complaisance and Ingenuity
Though everything may love, yet 'tis a rule,
He cannot be a friend that is a fool

X

Discretion uses parts, and best knows how,
And Patience will all qualities commend·
That serves a need best, but this doth allow
The weaknesses and passions of a friend.
We are not yet come to the quire above
Who cannot pardon here, can never love 60

XI

Thick waters show no images of things
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design or flattery
For vulgar souls no part of Friendship share·
Poets and friends are born to what they are

XII

Friends should observe and chide each other's faults,
To be severe then is most just and kind,
Nothing can 'scape their search who knew the thoughts
This they should give and take with equal mind 70
For Friendship, when this freedom is denied,
Is like a painter when his hands are tied

XIII

A friend should find out each necessity,
And then unask'd relieve 't at any rate
It is not Friendship, but Formality,
To be desir'd for Kindness keeps no state
Of friends he doth the benefactor prove,
That gives his friend the means t' express his love

XIV

Absence doth not from Friendship's right excuse
Them who preserve each other's heart and fame, 80
Parting can ne'er divide, it may diffuse,
As a far stretch'd-out river's still the same
Though presence help'd them at the first to greet,
Their souls know now without those aids to meet

XV

Constant and solid, whom no storms can shake,
Nor death unfix, a right friend ought to be,
And if condemnèd to survive, doth make

No second choice but Grief and Memory
But Friendship s best fate is, when it can spend
A life a fortune all to serve a Friend 90

L Accord du Bien

I

ORDER, by which all things are made
And this great World s foundation laid
Is nothing else but Harmony
Where different parts are brought t agree

II

As empires are still best maintain d
Those ways which first their great ness gain d
So in this universal frame
What made and keeps it, is the same

III

Thus all things unto peace do tend
Even discords have it for their end
The cause why elements do fight 11
Is but their instinct to unite

IV

Music could never please the sense
But by united excellence
The sweetest note which numbers know,
If struck alone would tedious grow

V

Man the whole World s epitome,
Is by creation Harmony
'Twas Sin first quarrell d in his breast
Then made him angry with the rest

VI

But goodness keeps that unity, 21
And loves its own society
So well that seldom we have known
One real worth to dwell alone

VII

And hence it is we Friendship call
Not by one virtue s name but all
Nor is it when bad things agree
Thought union but conspiracy

VIII

Nature and Grace such enemies
That when one fell t other did rise
Are now by Mercy even set 31
As stars in constellations met

IX

If Nature were herself a sin,
Her Author (GOD) had guilty bin
But Man by sin contracting stain
Shall purg d from that be clear again

X

To prove that Nature s excellent
Even Sin itself s an argument
Therefore we Nature s stain deplore
Because itself was pure before 40

XI

And Grace destroys not but refines
Unveils our Reason then it shines
Restores what was depress d by sin
The fainting beam of God within

XII

The mainspring (Judgement) recti fied
Will all the lesser motions guide
To spend our Labour, Love and Care
Not as things seem but as they are

XIII

Tis Fancy lost Wit thrown away
In trifles to employ that ray 50
Which then doth in full lustre shine
When both ingenious and divine

XIV

To eyes by humour vitiated
All things seem falsely coloured
So tis our prejudicial thought
That makes clear objects seem in fault

XV

They scarce believe united good
By whom twas never understood
They think one Grace enough for one
And tis because their selves have none 60

XVI

We hunt extremes and run so fast
We can no steady judgement cast

He best surveys the circuit round,
Who stands i' th' middle of the ground

XVII

That happy mean would let us see
Knowledge and Meekness may agree,
And find, when each thing hath its name,
Passion and Zeal are not the same.

XVIII

Who studies God doth upwards fly,
And heighth still lessens to our eye,
And he that knows God, soon will see 71
Vast cause for his humility

XIX

For by that search it will be known
There's nothing but our Will our own
And who doth so that stock employ,
But finds more cause for shame than joy?

XX

We know so little and so dark,
And so extinguish our own spark,
That he who furthest here can go,
Knows nothing as he ought to know.

XXI

It will with the most learnèd suit, 81
More to inquire than dispute
But vapours swell within a cloud,
'Tis Ignorance that makes us proud

XXII

So when their own vain heart belies,
Like inflammations quickly rise
But that soul which is truly great,
Is lowest in its own conceit

XXIII

Yet while we hug our own mistake,
We censures, but not judgements, make, 90
And thence it is we cannot see
Obedience stand with liberty

XXIV

Providence still keeps even state,
But he can best command his fate,
Whose art by adding his own voice,
Makes his necessity his choice

XXV

Rightly to rule one's self must be
The hardest, largest monarchy
Whose passions are his masters grown,
Will be a captive in a throne. 100

XXVI

He most the inward freedom gains,
Who just submissions entertains
For while in that his reason sways,
It is himself that he obeys

XXVII

But only in Eternity
We can these beauteous unions see.
For Heaven itself and Glory is
But one harmonious constant bliss

Invitation to the Country

Be kind, my dear Rosania, though 'tis true
Thy friendship will become thy penance too,
Though there be nothing can reward the pain,
Nothing to satisfy or entertain,
Though all be empty, wild, and like to me,
Who make new troubles in my company
Yet is the action more obliging great,
'Tis Hardship only makes Desert complete
But yet to prove mixtures all things compound,
There may in this be some advantage found, 10
For a retirement from the noise of towns,
Is that for which some kings have left their crowns
And conquerors, whose laurel press'd the brow,
Have chang'd it for the quiet myrtle-bough
For titles, honours, and the World's address,
Are things too cheap to make up happiness,

The easy tribute of a giddy race
And paid less to the person than the place
So false reflected and so short content
Is that which Fortune and Opinion lent 20
That who most tried it have of Fate complain d
With titles burthen d and to great ness chain d
For they alone enjoy d what they possest
Who relish d most and understood it best
And yet that understanding made them know
The empty swift dispatch of all below
So that what most can outward things endear,
Is the best means to make them disappear
And even that Tyrant (Sense) doth these destroy
As more officious to our grief than joy 30
Thus all the glittering World is but a cheat
Obtruding on our sense things gross for great
But he that can inquire and undis guise
Will soon perceive the sting that *hidden lies*
And find no joys merit esteem but those
Whose scene lies only at our own dispose
Man unconcern d without himself may he
His own both prospect and security
Kings may be slaves by their own passions hurl d
But who commands himself com mands the World 40
A country life assists this study best
Where no distractions do the soul arrest
There Heav'n and Earth lie open to our view
There we search Nature and its Author too,
Possess d with freedom and a real state
Look down on Vice and Vanity and Fate
There (my Rosania) will we mingling souls
Pity the folly which the World controls
And all those grandeurs which the World do prize 49
We either can enjoy or will despise

In Memory of Mrs E H

As some choice plant cherish d by sun and air,
And ready to requite the gard ner s care
Blossoms and flourishes but then we find
Is made the triumph of some ruder wind
So thy untimely grave did both entomb
Thy sweetness now and wonders yet to come
Hung full of hopes thou sell st a lovely prize
Just as thou didst attract all hearts and eyes
Thus we might apprehend for had thy years
Been lengthen d to have paid those vast arrears 10
The World expected we should then conclude
The Age of Miracles had been renew d
For thou already hast with ease found out
What others study with such pains and doubt
That frame of soul which is content alone
And needs no entertainment but its own

Thy even mind, which made thee good and great,
Was to thee both a shelter and retreat
Of all the tumults which this World do fill,
Thou wert an unconcern'd spectator still 20
And, were thy duty punctually supplied,
Indifferent to all the World beside
Thou wert made up within resolv'd and fix'd,
And wouldst not with a base allay be mix'd,
Above the World, couldst equally despise
Both its temptations and its injuries,
Couldst sum up all, and find not worth desire
Those glittering trifles which the most admire,
But with a nobler aim, and higher born,
Look down on greatness with contempt and scorn 30
Thou hadst no arts that others this might see,
Nor lov'dst a trumpet to thy piety
But silent and retir'd, calm and serene,
Stol'st to thy blessed Haven hardly seen
It were vain to describe thee then, but now
Thy vast accession harder is to know,
How full of light, and satisfied thou art,
So early from this treach'rous World to part,
How pleas'd thou art reflections now to make,
And find thou didst not things below mistake, 40
In how abstracted converse thou dost live,
How much thy knowledge is intuitive,
How great and bright a glory is enjoy'd
With Angels, and in mysteries, employ'd
'Tis sin then to lament thy fate, but we
Should help thee to a new eternity,
And by successive imitation strive,
Till time shall die, to keep thee still alive,
And (by thy great example furnish'd) be
More apt to live than write thy Elogy[1] 50

On Rosania's Apostasy, and Lucasia's Friendship

GREAT Soul of Friendship, whither art thou fled?
Where dost thou now choose to repose thy head?
Or art thou nothing but voice, air and name,
Found out to put souls in pursuit of fame?
Thy flames being thought immortal, we may doubt
Whether they e'er did burn that see them out
Go, wearied Soul, find out thy wonted rest,
In the safe harbour of Orinda's Breast,
There all unknown adventures thou hast found
In thy late transmigrations expound,
That so Rosania's darkness may be known 11
To be her want of lustre, not thy own
Then to the great Lucasia have recourse,
There gather up new excellence and force,
Till by a free unbiass'd clear commerce,
Endearments which no tongue can e'er rehearse,

[1] This form once more

Lucasia and Orinda shall thee give
Eternity and make even Friendship live

Hail, great Lucasia thou shalt doubly shine,
What was Rosania's own is now twice thine 20
Thou saw'st Rosania's chariot and her flight
And so the double portion is thy right
Though 'twas Rosania's spirit be content
Since 'twas at first from thy Orinda sent

To my Lady Elizabeth Boyle, singing Now affairs[1], &c

SUBDUING Fair! what will you win
To use a needless dart?
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came exposed to all your charms,
Gainst which the first half hour
I had no will to take up arms
And in the next no power

How can you choose but win the day
Who can resist your siege 10
Who in one action know the way
To vanquish and oblige?

Your voice which can in melting strains
Teach Beauty to be blind
Confines me yet in stronger chains
By being soft and kind

Whilst you my trivial fancy sing
You it to wit refine,
As leather once stamp'd by a King
Became a current coin 20

By this my verse is sure to gain
Eternity with men
Which by your voice it will obtain
Though never by my pen

I'd rather in your favour live
Than in a lasting name
And much a greater rate would give
For Happiness than Fame

Submission

'Tis so and humbly I will resign
Nor dare dispute with Providence Divine
In vain alas! we struggle with our chains
But more entangled by the fruitless pains
For as in th great Creation of this All
Nothing by chance could in such order fall
And what would single be deform'd confest
Grows beauteous in its union with the rest
So Providence like Wisdom we allow,
(For what created once does govern now) 10
And the same Fate that seems to one reverse
Is necessary to the Universe
All these particular and various things
Link'd to their causes by such secret springs
Are held so fast, and govern'd by such art
That nothing can out of its order start
The World's Gods watch where nothing is so small
But makes a part of what composes all
Could the least pin be lost or else displac'd
The World would be disorder'd and defac'd 20
It beats no pulse in vain but keeps its time
And undiscern'd to its own height doth climb

[1] See Appendix first Song from *Pompey*

Strung first and daily wound up by His hand
Who can its motions guide and understand
No secret cunning then nor multitude
Can Providence divert, cross or delude
And her just full decrees are hidden things,
Which harder are to find than births of springs
Yet all in various consorts[1] fitly sound,
And by their discords Harmony compound 30
Hence is that Order, Life and Energy,
Whereby Forms are preserv'd though Matters die,
And, shifting dress, keep their own living state
So that what kills this, does that propagate
This made the ancient Sage in rapture cry,
That sure the World had full eternity
For though itself to Time and Fate submit,
He's above both who made and governs it,
And to each creature hath such portion lent,
As Love and Wisdom sees convenient 40
For He's no Tyrant, nor delights to grieve
The beings which from him alone can live
He's most concern'd, and hath the greatest share
In Man, and therefore takes the greatest care
To make him happy, who alone can be
So by submission and conformity
For why should changes here below surprise,
When the whole World its revolution tries?
Where were our springs, our harvests' pleasant use,
Unless Vicissitude did them produce?
Nay, what can be so wearisome a pain, 51
As when no alterations entertain?
To lose, to suffer, to be sick and die,
Arrest us by the same necessity
Nor could they trouble us, but that our mind
Hath its own glory unto dross confin'd
For outward things remove not from their place,
Till our souls run to beg their mean embrace,
Then doting on the choice make it our own,
By placing trifles in th' Opinion's throne 60
So when they are divorc'd by some new cross,
Our souls seem widow'd by the fatal loss·
But could we keep our grandeur and our state,
Nothing below would seem unfortunate,
But Grace and Reason, which best succours bring,
Would with advantage manage everything,
And by right judgement would prevent our moan,
For losing that which never was our own
For right opinion's like a marble grot,
In summer cool, and in the winter hot, 70
A principle which in each fortune lives,
Bestowing catholic preservatives
'Tis this resolves, there are no losses where
Virtue and Reason are continued there

[1] = 'concerts,' as commonly

The meanest soul might such a fortune share
But no mean soul could so that fortune bear
Thus I compose my thoughts grown insolent,
As th Irish harper doth his instrument
Which if once struck doth murmur and complain
But the next touch will silence all again 80

2 Cor v 19 God was in Christ reconciling the World to Himself

When God contracted to Humanity,
Could sigh and suffer could be sick and die
When all the heap of miracles combind
To form the greatest which was save Mankind
Then God took stand in Christ studying a way
How to repair the ruin d World s decay
His Love, Pow r Wisdom must some means procure
His Mercy to advance, Justice secure
And since Man in such misery was hurl d,
It cost him more to save than make the World 10
Oh! what a desp rate load of sins had we,
When God must plot for our felicity!
When God must beg us that He may forgive
And die Himself before Mankind could live!
And what still are we, when our King in vain
Begs His lost rebels to be friends again!
What floods of Love proceed from Heaven s smile
At once to pardon and to reconcile!
What God Himself hath made He cannot hate
For tis one act to love and to create 20
And He s too perfect full of Majesty
To need additions from our misery
He hath a father s not a tyrant s joy
Shows more His pow'r to save than to destroy
Did there ten thousand Worlds to ruin fall
One God could save, one Christ redeem them all
Be silent then ye narrow souls take heed
Lest you restrain the Mercy you will need
But O my soul from these be different
Imitate thou a nobler precedent 30
As God with open arms the World does woo
Learn thou like God to be enlargèd too
As He begs thy consent to pardon thee,
Learn to submit unto thy enemy
As He stands ready thee to entertain
Be thou as forward to return again,
As He was crucified for and by thee,
Crucify thou what caus d His Agony
And like to Him be mortified to sin
Die to the World as He died for it then 40

The World

We falsely think it due unto our friends
That we should grieve for their untimely ends
He that surveys the world with serious eyes
And strips her from her gross and weak disguise,
Shall find tis injury to mourn their fate,
He only dies untimely who dies late

For if 'twere told to children in the womb,
To what a stage of mischiefs they must come,
Could they foresee with how much toil and sweat
Men count that gilded nothing, being great, 10
What pains they take not to be what they seem,
Rating their bliss by others' false esteem,
And sacrificing their content, to be
Guilty of grave and serious vanity,
How each condition hath its proper thorns,
And what one man admits, another scorns,
How frequently their happiness they miss,
So far even from agreeing what it is,
That the same person we can hardly find,
Who is an hour together in one mind 20
Sure they would beg a period of their breath,
And what we call their birth would count their death
Mankind is mad, for none can live alone,
Because their joys stand by comparison
And yet they quarrel at society,
And strive to kill they know not whom, nor why
We all live by mistake, delight in dreams,
Lost to ourselves, and dwelling in extremes,
Rejecting what we have, though ne'er so good,
And prizing what we never understood 30
Compar'd t' our boisterous inconstancy
Tempests are calm, and Discords harmony
Hence we reverse the World, and yet do find
The God that made can hardly please our mind
We live by chance and slip into events,
Have all of beasts except their innocence
The soul, which no man's pow'r can reach, a thing
That makes each woman man, each man a King,
Doth so much lose, and from its height so fall,
That some contend to have no soul at all 40
'Tis either not observ'd, or at the best
By Passion fought withal, by Sin deprest
Freedom of Will (God's image) is forgot,
And if we know it, we improve it not
Our thoughts, though nothing can be more our own,
Are still unguided, very seldom known
Time 'scapes our hands as water in a sieve,
We come to die ere we begin to live
Truth, the most suitable and noble prize,
Food of our spirits, yet neglected lies 50
Error and shadows are our choice, and we
Owe our perdition to our own decree
If we search Truth, we make it more obscure,
And when it shines, cannot the light endure,
For most men now, who plod, and eat, and drink,
Have nothing less their bus'ness than to think
And those few that inquire, how small a share
Of Truth they find, how dark their notions are!

That serious evenness that calms the breast,
And in a tempest can bestow a rest, 60
We either not attempt or else decline,
By ev'ry trifle snatch'd from our design
(Others he must in his deceits involve
Who is not true unto his own resolve.)
We govern not ourselves, but loose the reins
Counting our bondage to a thousand chains,
And with as many slaveries content
As there are tyrants ready to torment
We live upon a rack extended still
To one extreme or both but always ill 70
For since our fortune is not understood
We suffer less from bad than from the good
The sting is better dress'd and longer lasts,
As surfeits are more dangerous than fasts
And to complete the misery to us
We see extremes are still contiguous
And as we run so fast from what we hate
Like squibs on ropes to know no middle state
So outward storms strengthen'd by us we find
Our Fortune as disordered as our mind 80
But that's excus'd by this it doth its part,
A treacherous World befits a treacherous heart
All ill's our own the outward storms we loath
Receive from us their birth their sting or both
And that our Vanity be past a doubt
'Tis one new vanity to find it out
Happy are they to whom God gives a grave
And from themselves as from His wrath doth save
'Tis good not to be born, but if we must,
The next good is, soon to return to dust 90
When th' uncag'd soul fled to Eternity
Shall rest, and live and sing, and love, and see
Here we but crawl and grovel play and cry
Are first our own then others enemy
But there shall be defac'd both stain and score
For Time and Death and Sin shall be no more

The Soul

I

How vain a thing is Man whose noblest part
That soul which through the World doth roam[1]
Traverses Heav'n, finds out the depth of Art
Yet is so ignorant at home?

II

In every brook or mirror we can find
Reflections of our face to be
But a true optic to present our mind
We hardly get, and darkly see

III

Yet in the search after ourselves we run
Actions and causes we survey 10

[1] Orig rome doubtless on the principle of which Spenser is the most distinguished exponent It may be worth observing that this quatrain of 10 8 10 8 is not very common and for good reasons The immense improvement in *The Palace of Art* by the change to 10 8 10, 6 is an excellent subject for metrical study

And when the weary chase is almost done,
Then from our quest we slip away

IV

'Tis strange and sad, that since we do believe
We have a soul must never die,
There are so few that can a reason give
How it obtains that life, or why

V

I wonder not to find those that know most,
Profess so much their ignorance,
Since in their own souls greatest wits are lost,
And of themselves have scarce a glance 20

VI

But somewhat sure doth here obscurely lie,
That above dross would fain advance,
And pants and catches at Eternity,
As 'twere its own inheritance

VII

A soul self-mov'd which can dilate, contract,
Pierces and judges things unseen
But this gross heap of Matter cannot act,
Unless impulsèd from within

VIII

Distance and Quantity, to bodies due,
The state of souls cannot admit,
And all the contraries which Nature knew 31
Meet there, nor hurt themselves, nor it

IX

God never body made so bright and clean,
Which Good and Evil could discern
What these words Honesty and Honour mean,
The soul alone knows how to learn

X

And though 'tis true she is imprison'd here,
Yet hath she notions of her own,
Which Sense doth only jog, awake, and clear,
But cannot at the first make known 40

XI

The soul her own felicity hath laid,
And independent on[1] the sense,
Sees the weak terrors which the World invade
With pity or with negligence

XII

So unconcern'd she lives, so much above
The rubbish of a sordid jail,
That nothing doth her energy improve
So much as when those structures fail

XIII

She's then a substance subtile, strong and pure,
So immaterial and refin'd 50
As speaks her from the body's fate secure,
And wholly of a diffrent kind

XIV

Religion for reward in vain would look,
Virtue were doom'd to misery,
All actions were like bubbles in a brook,
Were 't not for Immortality

XV

But as that Conqueror who millions spent
Thought it too mean to give a mite,
So the World's Judge can never be content
To bestow less than Infinite 60

[1] It may be doubted whether we have done well to substitute 'independent *of*' (as is often done) while keeping 'dependent *on*'

XVI

Treason against Eternal Majesty
Must have eternal Justice too,
And since unbounded Love did satisfy
He will unbounded Mercy show

XVII

It is our narrow thoughts shorten these things
By their companion flesh inclin d,
Which feeling its own weakness glad ly brings
The same opinion to the mind

XVIII

We stifle our own Sun and live in shade
But where its beams do once appear 70
They make that person of himself afraid
And to his own acts most severe

XIX

For ways to sin close and our breast disguise
From outward search, we soon may find
But who can his own soul bribe or surprise
Or sin without a sting behind?

XX

He that commands himself is more a Prince
Than he who nations keeps in awe
Who yield to all that does their soul convince,
Shall never need another Law 80

Happiness

NATURE courts Happiness, although it be
Unknown as the Athenian Deity
It dwells not in man s sense, yet he supplies
That want by growing fond of its disguise
The false appearances of joy deceive,
And seeking her unto her like we cleave
For sinking Man hath scarce sense left to know
Whether the plank he grasps will hold or no
While all the business of the World is this,
To seek that good which by mistake they miss 10
And all the several Passions men express
Are but for Pleasure in a diff'rent dress
They hope for Happiness in being great
Or rich or lov'd, then hug their own conceit
But the good man can find this treasure out
For which in vain others do dig and doubt
And hath such secret full Content within
Though all abroad be storms yet he can sing
His peace is made, all s quiet in that place
Where Nature s cur'd and exercis d by Grace 20
This inward calm prevents his enemies
For he can neither envy nor despise
But in the beauty of his ordered mind
Doth still a new rich satisfaction find
Innocent epicure l whose single breast
Can furnish him with a continual feast
A Prince at home and sceptres can refuse
Valuing only what he cannot lose
He studies to do good, (a man may be
Harmless for want of opportunity)
But he s industrious kindness to dispense 31
And therein only covets eminence

Others do court applause and fame, but he
Thinks all that giddy noise but Vanity
He takes no pains to be observ'd or seen,
While all his acts are echoed from within
He 's still himself, when company are gone,
Too well employ'd ever to be alone
For studying God in all his volumes, he
Begins the business of Eternity, 10
And unconcern'd without, retains a power
To suck (like bees) a sweet from ev'ry flower
And as the Manna of the Israelites
Had several tastes to please all appetites
So his Contentment is that catholic food,
That makes all states seem fit as well as good
He dares not wish, nor his own fate propound,
But, if God sends, reads Love in every wound
And would not lose for all the joys of sense
The glorious pleasures of obedience
His better part can neither change nor lose, 51
And all God's will can bear, can do, can choose

Death

I

How weak a star doth rule mankind,
Which owes its ruin to the same
Causes which Nature had design'd
To cherish and preserve the frame!

II

As commonwealths may be secure,
And no remote invasion dread,
Yet may a sadder fall endure
From traitors in their bosom bred

III

So while we feel no violence, 9
And on our active health do trust,
A secret hand doth snatch us hence,
And tumbles us into the dust

IV

Yet carelessly we run our race,
As if we could Death's summons wave,
And think not on the narrow space
Between a table and a grave

V

But since we cannot Death reprieve,
Our souls and fame we ought to mind,
For they our bodies will survive
That goes beyond, this stays behind 20

VI

If I be sure my soul is safe,
And that my actions will provide
My tomb a nobler epitaph,
Than that I only liv'd and died

VII

So that in various accidents
I Conscience may, and Honour, keep,
I with that ease and innocence
Shall die, as infants go to sleep

To the Queen's Majesty, on her late Sickness and Recovery

THE public gladness that 's to us restor'd,
For your escape from what we so deplor'd,
Will want as well resemblance as belief,
Unless our joy be measur'd by our grief
When in your fever we with terror saw
At once our hopes and happiness withdraw,

And every crisis did with jealous fear
Inquire the news we scarce durst stay to hear
Some dying Princes have their servants slain
That after death they might not want a train 10
Such cruelty were here a needless sin
For had our fatal fears prophetic been[1]
Sorrow alone that service would have done
And you by Nations had been waited on
Your danger was in every visage seen
And only yours was quiet and serene
But all our zealous grief had been in vain
Had not great Charles's call'd you back again
Who did your suff'rings with such pain discern
He lost three Kingdoms once with less concern 20
Labring your safety he neglected his
Nor fear'd he death in any shape but this
His Genius did the bold distemper tame
And his rich tears quench'd the rebellious flame
As[2] once the Thracian Hero lov'd and griev'd
Till he his lost felicity retriev'd,
And with the moving accents of his woe
His spouse recover'd from the shades below
So the King's grief your threaten'd loss withstood
Who mourn'd with the same fortune that he woo'd 30
And to his happy passion we have been
Now twice oblig'd for so ador'd a Queen
But how severe a choice had you to make
When you must Heav'n delay or Him forsake?
Yet since those joys you made such haste to find
Had scarce been full if he were left behind
How well did Fate decide your inward strife
By making him a present of your life?
Which rescu'd blessing he must long enjoy
Since our offences could it not destroy 40
For none but Death durst rival him in you
And Death himself was baffled in it too

Upon Mr Abraham Cowley's Retirement

ODE

I

No no unfaithful World thou hast
Too long my easy heart betray'd
And me too long thy foot ball made
But I am wiser grown at last
And will improve by all that I have past
I know 'twas just I should be practis'd on
For I was told before
And told in sober and instructive lore
How little all that trusted thee have won
And yet I would make haste to be undone 10
Now by my suff'ring I am better taught
And shall no more commit that stupid fault

[1] So in orig., showing that 'bin' for this rhyme is more or less of an accident. Orig. at.

Go, get some other fool,
Whom thou mayst next cajole
On me thy frowns thou dost in vain bestow,
For I know how
To be as coy and as reserved[1] as thou

II

In my remote and humble seat
Now I'm again possest 19
Of that late fugitive, my breast,
From all thy tumults and from all thy heat
I'll find a quiet and a cool retreat,
And on the fetters I have worn
Look with experienc'd and revengeful scorn,
In this my sov'reign privacy
'Tis true I cannot govern thee,
But yet myself I may subdue,
And that's the nobler empire of the two
If ev'ry Passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive, 30
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, than to indulge them all

III

For thy inconstant sea, no more
I'll leave that safe and solid shore
No, though to prosper in the cheat,
Thou shouldst my Destiny defeat,
And make me be belov'd, or rich, or great
Nor from myself shouldst me reclaim
With all the noise and all the pomp of Fame
Judiciously I'll these despise, 40
Too small the bargain, and too great the price,
For them to cozen twice
At length this secret I have learn'd,
Who will be happy, must be unconcern'd,
Must all their comfort in their bosom wear,
And seek their treasure and their power there

IV

No other wealth will I aspire,
But that of Nature to admire,
Nor envy on a laurel will bestow,
Whilst I have any in my garden grow
And when I would be great, 51
'Tis but ascending to a seat
Which Nature in a lofty rock hath built,
A throne as free from trouble as from guilt
Where when my soul her wings does raise
Above what worldlings fear or praise,
With innocence and quiet pride I'll sit,
And see the humble waves pay tribute to my feet[2]
O life divine, when free from joys diseas'd,
Not always merry, but 'tis always pleas'd! 60

V

A heart, which is too great a thing
To be a present for a Persian King,
Which God Himself would have to be His court,
Where Angels would officiously resort,
From its own height should much decline,
If this converse it should resign
(Ill-natur'd World!) for thine
Thy unwise rigour hath thy empire lost,
It hath not only set me free,
But it hath made me see, 70
They only can of thy possession boast,
Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most

[1] Orig 'reserv'e' (with suggestion of French?)
[2] The rhyme here is worth comparison with that of 'been' (so spelt) with 'sin'

For lo the man whom all mankind admir'd
(By every Grace adorn'd, and every Muse inspir'd)
Is now triumphantly retir'd
The mighty Cowley this hath done
And over thee a Parthian conquest won
Which future ages shall adore
And which in this subdues thee more
Than either Greek or Roman ever could before 80

The Irish Greyhound

Behold this creature's form and state,
Which Nature therefore did create
That to the World might be exprest
What men there can be in a beast
And that we in this shape may find
A lion of another kind
For this heroic beast does seem
In majesty to rival him
And yet vouchsafes to man to show
Both service and submission too 10
From whence we this distinction have
That beast is fierce but this is brave
This dog hath so himself subdu'd
That hunger cannot make him rude
And his behaviour does confess
True courage dwells with gentleness
With sternest wolves he dares engage,
And acts on them successful rage
Yet too much courtesy may chance
To put him out of countenance 20
When in his opposer's blood
Fortune hath made his virtue good,
This creature from an act so brave
Grows not more sullen but more grave
Man's guard he would be not his sport
Believing he hath ventur'd for it,
But yet no blood or shed or spent
Can ever make him insolent
Few men of him to do great things have learn'd
And when they are done, to be so unconcern'd 30

Song

To the Tune of *Sommes nous pas trop heureux*

I

How prodigious is my fate,
Since I can't determine clearly
Whether you'll do more severely
Giving me your love or hate!
For if you with kindness bless me
Since from you I soon must part,
Fortune will so dispossess me
That your Love will break my heart.

II

But since Death all sorrow cures
Might I choose my way of dying 10
I could wish the arrow flying
From Fortune's quiver not from yours
For in the sad unusual story
How my wretched heart was torn
It will more concern your glory
I by absence fell than scorn

A Dialogue betwixt Lucasia and Rosania imitating that of gentle Thyrsis[1]

Ros My Lucasia, leave the mountain tops
And like a nearer air
Luc How shall I then forsake my lovely flocks
Bequeathed to my care?

[1] A coincidence with the lines in *The Princess* Canto vii Come down O maid The internal rhyme, *after* the first quatrain is curious. It might be better to print the lines separately—

'Shepherdess,
Thy flocks will not be less, &c

Ros Shepherdess, thy flocks will not be less,
Although thou shouldst come hither
Luc But I fear, the world will be severe,
Should I leave them to go thither
Ros O! my friend, if you on that depend,
You'll never know content 10
Luc Rather I near thee would live and die,
Would fortune but consent
Ros But did you ask leave to love me too,
That others should deprive me?
Luc Not all mankind, a stratagem can find
Which from that heart should drive me
Ros Better 't had been, I thee had never seen,
Than that content to lose
Luc Such are thy charms, I'd dwell within thine arms
Could I my station choose 20
Ros When life is done, the World to us is gone,
And all our cares do end
Luc Nay, I know there's nothing sweet below,
Unless it be a friend
Ros Then whilst we live, this joy let's take and give,
Since death us soon will sever
Luc But I trust, when crumbled into dust,
We shall meet and love for ever

Song

To the Tune of Adieu, Phillis

'Tis true our life is but a long disease,
Made up of real pain and seeming ease
You stars, who these entangled fortunes give,
O tell me why
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a task to live?

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
It costs us dearer than it can repay
For Time or Fortune all things so devours,
Our hopes are crost, 10
Or else the object lost,
Ere we can call it ours

An Epitaph on my honoured Mother-in-Law, Mrs. Phil[l]ips of Portheynon in Cardiganshire, who died Jan 1, anno 166⅔.

Reader, stay, it is but just,
Thou dost not tread on common dust
For underneath this stone does lie
One whose name can never die
Who from an honour'd lineage sprung,
Was to another matchèd young,
Whose happiness she ever sought,
One blessing was, and many brought
And to her spouse her faith did prove
By fifteen pledges of their love 10
But when by Death of him deprived
An honourable widow liv'd
Full four and twenty years, wherein
Though she had much afflicted been
Saw many of her children fall,
And public ruin threaten all
Yet from above assisted, she
Both did and suffer'd worthily
She to the Crown and Church adher'd,
And in their sorrows them rever'd, 20
With piety which knew no strife,
But was as sober as her life
A furnish'd table, open door,
That for her friends, this for the poor,

She kept, yet did her fortune find
Too narrow for her nobler mind,
Which seeking objects to relieve
Did food to many orphans give
Who in her life no want did know,
But all the poor are orphans now 30
Yet hold her fame is much too safe
To need a written epitaph
Her fame was so confess'd that she
Can never here forgotten be,
Till Cardigan itself become
To its own ruin'd heaps a tomb

Lucasia Rosania, and Orinda parting at a Fountain July, 1663

I

HERE here are our enjoyments done,
And since the love and grief we wear
Forbids us either word or tear
And Art wants here expression
See Nature furnish us with one

II

The kind and mournful nymph which here
Inhabits in her humble cells
No longer her own sorrow tells,
Nor for it now concern'd appears
But for our parting sheds these tears 10

III

Unless she may afflicted be,
Lest we should doubt her innocence
Since she hath lost her best pretence
Unto a matchless purity,
Our love being clearer far than she

IV

Cold as the streams that from her flow,
Or (if her privater recess
A greater coldness can express)
Then cold as those dark beds of snow
Our hearts are at this parting blow 20

V

But Time, that has both wings and feet,
Our suffering minutes being spent,
Will visit us with new content
And sure if kindness be so sweet
'Tis harder to forget than meet

VI

Then though the sad adieu we say
Yet as the wine we hither bring
Revives and then exalts the spring,
So let our hopes to meet allay
The fears and sorrows of this day 30

A Farewell to Rosania

My dear Rosania, sometimes be so kind
To think upon the friend thou leav'st behind
And wish thee here, to make thy joys complete
Or else me there to share thy blest retreat
But to the heart which for thy loss doth mourn
The kindest thought is that of quick return

To my Lady Anne Boyle saying I looked angrily upon her

ADOR'D Valeria, and can you conclude
Orinda lost in such ingratitude
And so mis spell the language of my face,
When in my heart you have so great a place?
Ah! be assur'd I could no look direct
To you, not full of passion and respect
Or if my looks have play'd that treacherous part
And so much misinterpreted my heart
I shall forgive them that one false hood less
Than all their folly, and their ugliness, 10

And had much rather choose they should appear
Always unhandsome, than once unsincere
But I must thank your error, which procures
Me such obliging jealousy as yours
For at that quarrel I can ne'er repine,
Which shows your kindness, though it questions mine
To your concern I pardon your distrust,
And prize your love, ev'n when it is unjust

On the Welsh Language

If Honour to an ancient name be due,
Or Riches challenge it for one that's new,
The British language claims in either sense,
Both for its age, and for its opulence
But all great things must be from us remov'd,
To be with higher reverence belov'd
So landscapes which in prospects distant lie,
With greater wonder draw the pleasèd eye
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin hurl'd?
Once the fam'd scene of all the fighting world 10
Where's Athens now, to whom Rome Learning owes,
And the safe laurels that adorn'd her brows?
A strange reverse of Fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she's now obscure
Ev'n Rome herself can but some footsteps show
Of Scipio's times, or those of Cicero
And as the Roman and the Grecian State,
The British fell, the spoil of Time and Fate
But though the Language hath the beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great Remains to boast 20
For 'twas in that, the sacred Bards of old,
In deathless numbers did their thoughts unfold
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile plains,
They civiliz'd and taught the list'ning swains,
Whilst with high raptures, and as great success,
Virtue they clothed in Music's charming dress
This Merlin spoke, who in his gloomy cave,
Ev'n Destiny herself seem'd to enslave
For to his sight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own 30
And with such state, predictions from him fell,
As if he did decree, and not foretell
This spoke King Arthur, who, if Fame be true,
Could have compell'd mankind to speak it too
In this once Boadicca[1] valour taught,
And spoke more nobly than her soldiers fought
Tell me what hero could be more than she,
Who fell at once for Fame and Liberty?
Nor could a greater sacrifice belong,
Or to her children's, or her country's wrong 40
This spoke Caractacus, who was so brave,
That to the Roman Fortune check he gave

[1] *Sic* in orig, and the form, which has some authority, is wanted for the verse

And when their yoke he could decline no more
He it so decently and nobly wore
That Rome herself with blushes did believe
A Britain[1] would the Law of Honour give
And hastily his chains away she threw
Lest her own captive else should her subdue

To the Countess of Thanet, upon her Marriage

SINCE you who credit to all wonders bring
That lovers can believe or poets sing,
Whose only shape and fashion does express,
Your virtue is your nature not your dress,
In whom the most admir'd extremes appear,
Humble and fair, prudent and yet sincere[2]
Whose matchless worth transmits such splendid rays
As those that envy it are fore'd to praise
Since you have found such an illus *trious sphere*
And are resolv'd to fix your glories there, 10
A heart whose bravery to his sex secures
As much renown as you have done to yours,
And whose perfections in obtaining you
Are both discover'd and rewarded too
Twere almost equal boldness to invent
How to increase your merit, or content
Yet sure the Muses somewhat have to say,
But they will send it you a better way
The Court which so much to your lustre owes
Must also pay you its officious vows 20
But whilst this shows respect, and those their art
Let me too speak the language of my heart
Whose ruder offrings dare approach your shrine
For you who merit theirs can pardon mine
Fortune and Virtue with such heat contend
(As once for Rome) now to make you their friend
As you so well can this prefer to that
As you can neither fear nor mend your fate
Yet since the votes of joy from all are due
A love like mine must find some wishes too 30
May you in this bright constella tion set
Still show how much the Good out *shine the Great*
May you be courted with all joys of sense
Yet place the highest in your innocence
Whose praise may you enjoy, but not regard
Finding within both motive and reward
May Fortune still to your commands be just
Yet still beneath your kindness or your trust

[1] This is not impossible though 'a Br ton is more likely
[2] This line in orig illustrates the futility of retaining typographical peculiarities in di criminately Besides Humble Fair and Prudent there have capitals sincere not Let him who can, distinguish

May you no trouble either feel or fear,
But from your pity for what others wear, 40
And may the happy owner of your breast,
Still find his passion with his joys increas'd,
Whilst every moment your concern makes known,
And gives him too, fresh reason for his own
And from their Parents may your Offspring have
All that is wise and lovely, soft and brave
Or if all wishes we in one would give,
For him, and for the world, Long may you live

Epitaph[1] on her Son H. P. at St Syth's Church, where her body also lies interred

WHAT on Earth deserves our trust,
Youth and Beauty both are dust
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again
Seven years childless marriage past,
A Son, a Son is born at last
So exactly limb'd and fair,
Full of good spirits, mien, and air,
As a long life promisèd,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead 10
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confin'd
Therefore, as fit in Heav'n to dwell,
He quickly broke the prison shell
So the subtle alchymist,
Can't with Hermes' Seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But 'twill bid him long good night
And so the Sun, if it arise
Half so glorious as his eyes, 20
Like this Infant, takes a shroud,
Buried in a morning cloud

On the Death of my Lord Rich, only son to the Earl of Warwick, who died of the small-pox, 1664

HAVE not so many lives of late
Suffic'd to quench the greedy thirst of Fate?
Though to increase the mournful purple flood,
As well as noble, she drank Royal blood,
That not content, against us to engage
Our own wild fury, and usurpers' rage,
By sickness now, when all that storm is past,
She strives to hew our heroes down as fast,
And by the prey she chooses, shows her aim
Is to extinguish all the English Fame 10
Else had this generous Youth we now have lost,
Been still his friends' delight, and country's boast,
And higher rais'd the illustrious name he bore,
Than all our chronicles had done before
Had Death consider'd ere he struck this blow,
How many noble hopes 'twould overthrow,
The Genius of his House (who did complain
That all her worthies now died o'er again),
His flourishing, and yet untainted years,
His father's anguish, and his mother's tears, 20
Sure he had been persuaded to relent,
Nor had for so much early sweetness, sent

[1] See Introduction

That fierce disease which knows not how to spare
The young the great, the knowing or the fair
But we as well might flatter every wind
And court the tempests to be less unkind,
As hope from churlish Death to snatch his prey
Who is as funous and as deaf as they
And who hath cruelly surpris d in him,
His parents joy and all the World s esteem 30
Say treacherous Hopes that whisper in our ear
Still to expect some steady comfort here
And though we oft discover all your arts
Would still betray our disappointed hearts
What new delusion can you now prepare
Since this pale object shows how false you are?
Twill fully answer all you have to plead
If we reply great Warwick s heir is dead
Blush human Hopes and Joys and then be all 39
In solemn mourning[1] at this funeral
For since such expectations brittle prove,
What can we safely either hope or love?

The Virgin

THE things that make a Virgin please
She that seeks, will find them these,
A Beauty, not to Art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great,
An eye wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindness, and of wit
An undissembled Innocence
Apt not to give, nor take offence
A conversation at once free
From Passion, and from Subtlety, 10
A face that s modest yet serene,
A sober and yet lively mien
The virtue which does her adorn,
By Honour guarded not by Scorn,
With such wise lowliness endu d,
As never can be mean or rude,
That prudent negligence enrich
And Time s her silence and her speech[2]
Whose equal mind does always move
Neither a foe, nor slave to love, 20
And whose Religion s strong and plain
Not superstitious nor profane

Upon the Graving of her Name upon a Tree in Barn Elms Walks

ALAS how barbarous are we
Thus to reward the courteous Tree
Who its broad shade affording us
Deserves not to be wounded thus!
See how the yielding bark complies
With our ungrateful injuries!
And seeing this, say how much then
Trees are more generous then men
Who by a nobleness so pure,
Can first oblige and then endure 10

[1] Orig morning
[2] This very metaphysical couplet seems to mean 'If you add riches to her wise retiringness Time will have nothing bad and everything good to say of her' But I could add other interpretations, and am not sure of any

To my dearest Friend Mrs. A Owen, upon her greatest loss

As when two sister-rivulets who crept
From that dark bed of snow wherein they slept,
By private distant currents under ground,
Have by macanders[1] either's bosom found,
They sob aloud, and break down what withstood,
Swoln by their own embraces to a flood
So when my sympathy for thy dear grief
Had brought me near, in hope to give relief,
I found my sorrow heighten'd when so join'd,
And thine increas'd by being so combin'd, 10
Since to the bleeding hopes of many years,
I could contribute nothing but my tears,
Fears which to thy sad fate were justly due,
And to his loss, by all who that loss knew,
For thy Charistus was so much above
The eloquence of all our grief and love,
That it would be injurious to his hearse,
To think to crowd his worth into a verse
Could I by miracle such praise indite,
Who with more ease and justice weep than write, 20
He was all that which History can boast,
Or bolder Poetry had e'er engross'd
So pious, just, noble, discreet, and kind,
Their best ideas know not how to find
His strong Religion not on trifles spent,
Was useful, firm, early, and eminent,
Never betray'd to indigested heat,
Nor yet entic'd from what was safely great
And this so soon, as if he had foresight,
He must begin betimes whose noon is night 30
His virtue was his choice, and not his chance,
Not mov'd by Age, nor born of Ignorance
He well knew whom, and what he did believe,
And for his faith did not dispute, but live,
And liv'd just like his infant innocence,
But that was crown'd with free obedience
How did he scorn design, and equally
How much abhorr'd this age's vanity!
He neither lik'd its tumults, nor its joys,
Slighted alike Earth's pleasures, and her noise 40
But unconcern'd in both, in his own mind
Alone could power and satisfaction find
A treasury of merit there lay hid,
Which though he ne'er confess'd, his actions did
His modesty unto his virtue lent
At once a shadow and an ornament
But what could hide those filial rites he paid?
How much he lov'd, how prudently obey'd?

[1] The orig has the diphthong , but as it also has capital initial and italic spelling, it is open to any one to contend that Orinda, or her printer, was uncertain whether the word had yet become a common noun I wish it had kept the diphthong as such

How as a brother did he justly share
His kind concern betwixt respect and care? 50
And to a wife how fully did he prove
How wisely he could judge, how fondly love?
As husbands serious but as lovers kind
He valu'd all of her but lov'd her mind
And with a passion made this riddle true
'Twas ever perfect and yet still it grew
Such handsome thoughts his breast did ever fill
He durst do anything but what was ill,
Unlike those gallants who so use their time
As opportunity to act their crime 60
And lost in wine or vanity when young
They die too soon because they liv'd too long
But he has hallowed so his early death
'Tis almost shame to draw a longer breath
I can no more they that can must have learn'd
To be more eloquent and less concern'd
But all that noble justice to his name
His own good Angel will commit to Fame
Could grief recall this happiness again
Of thy dear sorrow I would ne'er complain 70
But such an opportunity would take
To grieve an useless life out for thy sake
But since it cannot I must pray thee live
That so much of Charistus may survive
And that thou do not act so harsh to Love
As that his glory should thy sorrow move
Endure thy loss till Heav'n shall it repay
Upon thy last and glorious wedding day
When thou shalt know him more and quickly find
The love increas'd by being so refin'd 80
And there possess him without parting fears
As I my friendship free from future tears

Orinda to Lucasia parting October 1661, at London

ADIEU dear Object of my Love's excess
And with thee all my hopes of happiness
With the same fervent and unchanged heart
Which did its whole self once to thee impart
(And which though fortune has so sorely bruis'd
Would suffer more to be from this excus'd)
I to resign thy dear converse submit
Since I can neither keep, nor merit it
Thou hast too long to me confined been
Who ruin am without passion within 10
My mind is sunk below thy tenderness
And my condition does deserve it less
I'm so entangl'd and so lost a thing
By all the shocks my daily sorrow[s] bring
That wouldst thou for thy old Orinda call
Thou hardly couldst unravel her at all

And should I thy clear fortunes interline
With the incessant miseries of mine?
No, no, I never lov'd at such a rate,
To tie thee to the rigours of my fate 20
As from my obligations thou art free,
Sure thou shalt be so from my injury
Though every other worthiness I miss,
Yet I'll at least be generous in this
I'd rather perish without sigh or groan,
Than thou shouldst be condemn'd to give me one,
Nay, in my soul I rather could allow
Friendship should be a sufferer, than thou
Go then, since my sad heart has set thee free,
Let all the loads and chains remain on me 30
Though I be left the prey of sea and wind,
Thou, being happy, wilt in that be kind,
Nor shall I my undoing much deplore,
Since thou art safe, whom I must value more
Oh! mayst thou ever be so, and as free
From all ills else, as from my company,
And may the torments thou hast had from it,
Be all that Heaven will to thy life permit
And that they may thy virtue service do,
Mayst thou be able to forgive them too 40
But though I must this sharp submission learn,
I cannot yet unwish thy dear concern
Not one new comfort I expect to see,
I quit my Joy, Hope, Life, and all but thee,
Nor seek I thence aught that may discompose
That mind where so serene a goodness grows
I ask no inconvenient kindness now,
To move thy passion, or to cloud thy brow,
And thou wilt satisfy my boldest plea
By some few soft remembrances of me, 50
Which may present thee with this candid thought,
I meant not all the troubles that I brought
Own not what Passion rules, and Fate does crush,
But wish thou couldst have done 't without a blush,
And that I had been, ere it was too late,
Either more worthy, or more fortunate
Ah, who can love the thing they cannot prize?
But thou mayst pity though thou dost despise
Yet I should think that pity bought too dear,
If it should cost those precious eyes a tear 60
Oh, may no minute's trouble thee possess,
But to endear the next hour's happiness,
And mayst thou when thou art from me remov'd,
Be better pleas'd, but never worse belov'd
Oh, pardon me for pouring out my woes
In rhyme now, that I dare not do 't in prose
For I must lose whatever is call'd dear,
And thy assistance all that loss to bear,

And have more cause than e er I had before,
To fear that I shall never see thee more

On the first of January, 1657

TH Eternal Centre of my life and me,
Who when I was not gave me room to be
Hath since (my time preserving in his hands)
By moments number'd out the precious sands,
Till it is swell d to six and twenty years
Chequer'd by Providence with smiles and tears
I have observ d how vain all glories are,
The change of Empire, and the chance of War
Seen Faction with its native venom burst
And Treason struck by what itself had nurs d
Seen useless crimes whose owners but made way
For future candidates to wear the bay

To my Lady M Cavendish choosing the name of Policrite

THAT Nature in your frame has taken care
As well your birth as beauty do declare
Since we at once discover in your face
The lustre of your eyes and of your race
And that your shape and fashion does attest,
So bright a form has yet a brighter Guest,
To future times authentic fame shall bring
Historians shall relate, and Poets sing
But since your boundless mind upon my head
Some rays of splendour is content to shed,
And lest I suffer by the great surprise
Since you submit to meet me in disguise
Can lay aside what dazzles vulgar sight
And to Orinda can be Policrite
You must endure my vows and find the way
To entertain such rites as I can pay
For so the Pow r Divine new praise acquires,
By scorning nothing that it once inspires
I have no merits that your smile can win
Nor offering to appease you when I sin,
Nor can my useless homage hope to raise,
When what I cannot serve I strive to praise
But I can love and love at such a pitch
As I dare boast it will ev n you enrich
For kindness is a mine when great and true
Of nobler ore than ever Indians knew,
Tis all that mortals can on Heav'n bestow
And all that Heav'n can value here below

Against Love

HENCE Cupid! with your cheating toys
Your real Griefs and painted Joys
Your Pleasure which itself destroys

Lovers like men in fevers burn and rave,
And only what will injure them do crave
Men's weakness makes Love so severe,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the shackles which they wear
Who to another does his heart submit,
Makes his own Idol, and then worships it 10
Him whose heart is all his own,
Peace and liberty does crown,
He apprehends no killing frown
He feels no raptures which are joys diseas'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

A Dialogue of Friendship multiplied

Musidorus

WILL you unto one single sense
Confine a starry Influence,
Or when you do the rays combine,
To themselves only make them shine?
Love that's engross'd by one alone,
Is envy, not affection

Orinda

No, Musidorus, this would be
But Friendship's prodigality;
Union in rays does not confine,
But doubles lustre when they shine,
And souls united live above 11
Envy, as much as scatter'd Love
Friendship (like rivers) as it multiplies
In many streams, grows weaker still and dies

Musidorus

Rivers indeed may lose their force,
When they divide or break their course,
For they may want some hidden Spring,
Which to their streams recruits may bring
But Friendship's made of purest fire,
Which burns and keeps its stock entire 20
Love, like the Sun, may shed his beams on all,
And grow more great by being general

Orinda

The purity of Friendship's flame,
Proves that from sympathy it came,
And that the hearts so close do knit,
They no third partner can admit,
Love like the Sun does all inspire,
But burns most by contracted fire
Then though I honour every worthy guest,
Yet my Lucasia only rules my breast 30

Rosania to Lucasia on her Letters

AH! strike outright, or else forbear,
Be more kind, or more severe,
For in this chequer'd mixture I
Cannot live, and would not die
And must I neither? Tell me why

When thy pen thy kindness tells,
My heart transported leaps and swells
But when my greedy eye does stray,
Thy threaten'd absence to survey,
That heart is struck, and faints away 10

To give me title to rich land,
And the fruition to withstand,
Or solemnly to send the key
Of treasures I must never see,
Would it contempt, or bounty be?

This is such refin'd distress,
That thy sad lovers sigh for less,

Though thou their hopes hast over thrown
They lose but what they ne'er have known 19
But I am plunder'd from my own

How canst thou thy Rosania prize
And be so cruel and so wise?
For if such rigid policy
Must thy resolves dispute with me
Where then is Friendship's victory?

Kindness is of so brave a make
I will rather death than bondage take
So that if thine no power can have
Give it and me one common grave
But quickly either kill or save 30

To my Antenor, March 16, 166½

My dear Antenor now give o'er
For my sake talk of graves no more,
Death is not in your power to gain
And is both wish'd and fear'd in vain
Let's be as angry as we will
Grief sooner may distract than kill,
And the unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as Love
Those whose own sword their death did give
Afraid were or asham'd to live, 10
And by an act so desperate
Did poorly run away from Fate
'Tis braver much t' outride the storm
Endure its rage and shun his harm[1],
Affliction nobly undergone
More greatness shows than having none
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At last may lift us from the ground
And when our Fortune's most severe
The less we have the less we fear 20
And why should we that grief permit
Which can nor mend nor shorten it?
Let's wait for a succeeding good
Woes have their ebb as well as flood
And since the Parliament have rescu'd you
Believe that Providence will do so too

A Triton to Lucasia going to Sea shortly after the Queen's arrival

I

My Master Neptune took such pains of late
To quiet the commotions of his state[2]
That he might give through his fierce winds and seas
Safe passage to the Royal Portuguese
That he e'er since at home has kept
And in his crystal palace slept
Till a swift wind told him to-day
A stranger was to pass this way
Whom he hath sent me out to view
And I must tell him Madam it is you 10

II

He knows you by an honourable fame
Who hath not heard Lucasia's worthy name?
But should he see you too I doubt he will
Grow amorous and here detain you still
I know his humour very well
So best can the event foretell
But wishing you better success
And that my Master's guilt be less
I will say nothing of your form
Till you are past the danger of a storm 20

[1] The concurrence of 'its' and 'his' is rather curious especially in view of the rather recent establishment of the former Of course both *may* not refer to storm but Orinda would hardly have made Fate masculine, and Death is some way behind

[2] Quite a Drydenian line cf *MacFlecknoe*, l 10

III

Fear nothing else, for eyes so sweet as these,
No power that is sea-born can displease,
You are much more than Nymph or Goddess bright,
I saw 'm [1] all at supper t'other night
They with far less attraction draw,
They give us Love, you give us Law
Your charms the winds and seas will move,
But 'tis no wonder, not to Love
Your only danger is, lest they
Stiff with amazement should becalm your way 30

IV

But should they all want breath to make a gale,
What's sent in prayers for you will fill your sail,
What brought you hither will your way secure,
Courage and Kindness can no slip endure,
The winds will do as much for you

V

Yet since our birth the English Ocean boasts,
We hope sometimes to see you on these coasts,
And we will order for you as you pass,
Winds soft as lovers' vows, waves smooth as glass
Each Deity shall you befriend, 40
And all the Sea-Nymphs shall attend,
But if because a ship 's too strait [2],
Or else unworthy such a freight,
A coach more useful would appear,
That and six Danish steeds you know are here

Orinda upon little Hector Philips

I

[3] TWICE forty months of wedlock I did stay,
Then had my vows crown'd with a lovely boy
And yet in forty days he dropt away,
O swift vicissitude of human joy!

II

I did but see him, and he disappear'd,
I did but pluck the rosebud and it fell,
A sorrow unforeseen and scarcely fear'd,
For ill can mortals their afflictions spell

III

And now (sweet Babe!) what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee? 10
Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all my art,
So piercing groans must be thy Elogy [4]

IV

Thus whilst no eye is witness of my moan,
I grieve thy loss (Ah, Boy too dear to live!),
And let the unconcernèd World alone,
Who neither will nor can refreshment give.

V

An off'ring to [5] for thy sad tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early herse,

[1] *Sic* in orig, and just worth noting for prosody's sake
[2] Orig 'straight', but this confusion is incessant
[3] Again see Introduction
[4] *Sic* The reader may choose between 'eulogy' and 'elegy'—the latter being of course the more obvious
[5] *Sic* in orig It is of course wrong, but to substitute 'too' would make an awkward clash with the next line I am inclined to read 'offering' in full and to suppose that she wrote '*to* thy' first, and substituted 'for' without cancelling 'to'—when the thirst of the age for apostrophes would do the rest

Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy mother's verse 20

To the Lady E Boyle

Ah lovely Celimena! why
Are you so full of charms
That neither sex can from them fly,
Nor take against them arms?
Others in time may gain a part
But you at once snatch all the heart

Dear Tyrant why will you subdue
Orinda's trivial heart
Which can no triumph add to you
Not meriting your dart? 10
And sure you will not grant it one,
If not for my sake for your own

For it has been by tenderness
Already so much bruis'd
That at your altars I may guess
It will be but refus'd
For never Deity did prize
A torn and maimèd sacrifice

But oh! what madness can or dare
Dispute this noble chain, 20
Which 'tis a greater thing to wear
Than empires to obtain?
To be your slave I more design
Than to have all the World be mine

Those glorious fetters will create
A merit fit for them,
Repair the breaches made by Fate
And whom they own redeem
What thus ennobles and thus cures
Can be no influence but yours 30

Pardon th' ambition of my aim,
Who love you at that rate,
That story cannot boast a flame
So lasting and so great
I can be only kind and true
But what else can be worthy you?

To my Lord Duke of Ormond upon the late Plot

Though you great Sir be Heav'n's immediate care
Who show'd you danger and then broke the snare
And our first gratitude to that be due,
Yet there is much that must be paid to you
For 'tis your prudence Ireland's peace secures
Gives her her safety and (what's dearer) yours
Whilst your prevailing Genius does dispense
At once its conduct and its influence
Less honour from a battle won is got,
Than to repel so dangerous a plot
Fortune with Courage may play booty there 11
But single Virtue is triumphant here
In vain the bold ungrateful rebels aim
To overturn when you support the same
You who three potent Kingdoms late have seen
Tremble with fury, and yet steadfast been
Who an afflicted Majesty could wait,
When it was seemingly forsook by Fate
Whose settled loyalty no storms dismayed
Nor the more flattering mischiefs could dissuade 20
And having scap'd so dangerous a coast
Could you now fall, expiring Treason's boast?
Or was it hop'd by this contemnèd crew
That you could Fortune and not them subdue?

But whilst these wretches at this impious rate,
Will buy the knowledge of your mighty fate,
You shall preserve your King's entrusted crown,
Assisted by his fortune and your own
And whilst his sword Kingdoms abroad bestows,
You, with the next renown, shall this dispose. 30

To the Countess of Roscommon, with a Copy of *Pompey*

GREAT Pompey's Fame from Egypt made escape,
And flies to you for succour in this shape
A shape, which, I assur'd him, would appear,
Nor fit for you to see, nor him to wear
Yet he says, Madam, he's resolv'd to come,
And run a hazard of a second doom
But still he hopes to bribe you, by that trust
You may be kind, but cannot be unjust,
Each of whose favours will delight him more
Than all the laurels that his temples wore 10
Yet if his name and his misfortunes fail,
He thinks my intercession will prevail,
And whilst my numbers would relate his end,
Not like a Judge you'll listen, but a Friend,
For how can either of us fear your frown,
Since he and I are both so much your own
But when you wonder at my bold design,
Remember who did that high task enjoin,
Th' illustrious Orrery, whose least command
You would more wonder if I could withstand 20
Of him I cannot which is hardest tell,
Or not to praise him, or to praise him well,
Who on that height from whence true glory came,
Does there possess and thence distribute fame,
Where all their lyres the willing Muses bring,
To learn of him whatever they shall sing,
Since all must yield, whilst there are books or men,
The universal empire to his pen,
Oh! had that powerful Genius but inspir'd
The feeble hand, whose service he requir'd, 30
It had your Justice then, not Mercy pray'd,
Had pleas'd you more, and better him obey'd.

On the Death of the truly honourable Sir Walter Lloyd, Knight

AT obsequies where so much grief is due,
The Muses are in solemn mourning too,
And by their dead astonishment confess,
They can lament this loss, though not express
Nay, if those ancient Bards had seen this herse,
Who once in British shades spoke living verse,

Their high concern for him had made them be
Apter to weep than write his Elogy[1]
When on our land that flood of woes was sent,
Which swallow'd all things sacred as it went, 10
The injur'd Arts and Virtues made his breast
The ark wherein they did securely rest
For as that old one was toss'd up and down
And yet the angry billows could not drown,
So Heav'n did him in this worse deluge save
And made him triumph o'er th' unquiet wave
Who while he did with that wild storm contest
Such real magnanimity exprest
That he dar'd to be loyal, in a time
When 'twas a danger made, and thought a crime 20
Duty and not Ambition was his aim
Who studied Conscience ever more than Fame
And thought it so desirable a thing
To be preferr'd to suffer for his King
That he all Fortune's spite had pardon'd her
Had she not made his Prince a sufferer
For whose lov'd cause he did both act and grieve
And for it only did endure to live
To teach the World what Man can be and do
Arm'd by Allegiance and Religion too 30
His head and heart mutual assistance gave
That being still so wise and this so brave
That 'twas acknowledg'd all he said and did
From Judgement and from Honour did proceed
Such was the useful mixture of his mind
'Twas at once meek and knowing, stout and kind,
For he was civil bountiful and learn'd
And for his friends so generously concern'd
That both his heart and house his hand and tongue
To them more than himself, seem'd to belong 40
As if to his wrong'd party he would be
Both an example and apology
For when both swords and pens ceas'd the dispute
His life alone Rebellion did confute
But when his vows propitious Heaven had heard
And our unequall'd King at length appear'd
As aged Simeon did his spirits yield
When he had seen his dearest hopes fulfill'd
He gladly saw the morning of that day
Which Charles his growing splendour did display 50
Then to eternal joys made greater haste
Because his present ones flow'd in so fast
From which he fled out of a pious fear
Lest he by them should be rewarded here
While his sad country by his death have lost
Their noblest pattern, and their greatest boast

Orinda to Lucasia

I

OBSERVE the weary birds ere night be done
How they would fain call up the tardy Sun

[1] This hybrid has been already noted

With feathers hung with dew,
And trembling voices too,
They court their glorious planet to appear,
That they may find recruits of spirits there,
The drooping flowers hang their heads,
And languish down into their beds
While brooks more bold and fierce than they,
Wanting those beams, from whence 10
All things drink influence,
Openly murmur and demand the day,

II

Thou, my Lucasia, art far more to me,
Than he to all the under-world can be;
From thee I've heat and light,
Thy absence makes my night
But ah! my friend, it now grows very long,
The sadness weighty, and the darkness strong
My tears (its due[1]) dwell on my cheeks,
And still my heart thy dawning seeks, 20
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou mayst come too late,
And not restore my life, but close my eyes

To Celimena

FORBEAR, fond heart (say I), torment no more
That Celimena whom thou dost adore,
For since so many of her chains are proud,
How canst thou be distinguish'd
the crowd?
But say, bold Trifler, what dost th
pretend?
Wouldst thou depose thy Saint in
thy Friend?
Equality of friendship is requir'd
Which here were criminal to
desir'd

An Answer to another persuading a Lady to Marriag

I

FORBEAR, bold Youth, all 's Heav
here,
And what you do aver,
To others courtship may appear.
'Tis sacrilege to her

II

She is a public Deity,
And were't not very odd
She should depose herself to be
A petty household god?

III

First make the Sun in private shi
And bid the World adieu,
That so he may his beams confin
In compliment to you

IV

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her beams which a
More bright and large than thi

Lucasia and Orinda partin with Pastora and Phil at Ipswich

I

IN your converse we best can rea
How constant we should be,
But, 'tis in losing that, we need
All your philosophy

[1] *Sic* in orig, and quite probable with 'absence' But 'dew' with 'darkness' possible, and a play on the two words perhaps most likely of all

II

How perish'd is the joy that's past
  The present how unsteady!
What comfort can be great and last
  When this is gone already?

III

Yet that it subtly may torment
  The memory does remain
For what was when enjoy'd Content,
  Is in its absence Pain

IV

If you'll restore it we'll not grieve
  That Fate does now us sever,
'Tis better by your gift to live,
  Than by our own endeavour

Epitaph on my truly honoured Publius Scipio

To the officious marble we commit
A name above the art of time or wit
'Tis righteous valiant Scipio whose life we
Found the best sermon and best history
Whose courage was no aguish brutish heat[1]
But such as spoke him good, as well as great,
Which first engag'd his arms to prop the state
Of the almost undone Palatinate,
And help the Netherlands to stem the tide
Of Rome's Ambition, and the Austrian Pride
Which shall in every History be fam'd
Wherein Breda or Frankendale are nam'd
And when forc'd by his country's angry stars
To be a party in her Civil Wars
He so much conduct by his valour taught
So wisely govern'd and so bravely fought
That th' English Annals shall this record bear
None better could direct or further dare
Form'd both for war and peace was brave in fight
And in debate judicious and upright
Religion was his first and highest care
Which rul'd his heart in peace, his hand in war
Which at the least sin made him tremble still
And rather stand a breach than act an ill
For his great heart did such a temper show
Stout as a rock yet soft as melting snow
In him so prudent and yet so sincere
The serpent much the dove did more appear
He was above the little arts of State
And scorn'd to sell his peace to mend his Fate
Anxious of nothing but an inward spot,
His hand was open, but his conscience not
Just to his word to all religions kind
In duty strict in bounty unconfin'd
And yet so modest 'twas to him less pain
To do great things, than hear them told again
Perform sad Stone thy honourable trust
Unto his memory and thyself be just
For his immortal name shall thee befriend
And pay thee back more fame than thou canst lend.

[1] Orig 'brutish' which could be forced into a sense but very idly

To Mr. Sam. Cooper, having taken Lucasia's Picture given December 14, 1660

I

If noble things can noble thoughts infuse,
Your art might ev'n in me create a Muse,
And what you did inspire, you would excuse

II

But if it such a miracle could do,
That Muse would not return you half your due,
Since 'twould my thanks, but not the praise pursue

III

To praise your art is then itself more hard,
Nor would it the endeavour much regard,
Since it and Virtue are their own reward

IV

A pencil from an Angel newly caught, 10
And colours in the Morning's bosom sought,
Would make no picture, if by you not wrought

V

But done by you it does no more admit
Of an encomium from the highest wit,
Than that another hand should equal it

VI

Yet whilst you with creating power vie,
Command the very spirit of the eye,
And then reward it with eternity

VII

Whilst your each touch does Life and Air convey,
Fetch the soul out, like overcoming day, 20
And I my friend repeated here survey

VIII

I by a passive way may do you right,
Wearing in that, what none could e'er indite,
Your panegyric, and my own delight

Parting with a Friend

I

Whoever thinks that joys below
Can lasting be and great,
Let him behold this parting blow,
And cure his own deceit

II

Alas! how soon are Pleasures done
Where Fortune has a power!
How like to the declining Sun,
Or to the wither'd flower!

III

A thousand unconcernèd eyes
She'll suffer us to see, 10
But of those[1] we chiefly prize,
We must deprivèd be

IV

But we may conquer if we will,
The wanton Tyrant teach,
That we have something left us still
Which grows not in her reach

V

That unseen string which fastens hearts,
Nor time, nor chance e'er tied,
Nor can it be in either's arts
Their unions to divide 20

VI

Where sympathy does Love convey,
It braves all other powers,
Lucasia, and Rosania, say,
Has it not formèd ours?

VII

If forty weeks' converse has not
Been able yet to tie

[1] One feels inclined to insert 'joys' or 'which' or something similar

Your souls in that mysterious knot
How wretched then am I!

VIII

But if I read in either's mind,
As sure I hope to do 30
That each to other is combin'd,
Absence will make it true

IX

No accident will e'er surprise
Or make your kindness start,
Although you lose each other's eyes,
You'll faster keep the heart

X

Letters as kind as turtle doves,
And undisguis'd as thought,
Will entertain those fervent Loves
Which have each other bought 40

XI

Till Fortune vexed with the sight
Of Faith so free from stain,
Shall then grow weary of her spite,
And let you meet again

XII

Wherein may you that rapture find
That sister Cherals[1] have
When I am in my rocks confin'd,
Or seal'd up in my grave

To my dearest Friend, upon her shunning Grandeur

SHINE out Rich Soul! to Greatness be,
What it can never be to thee
An ornament Thou canst restore
The lustre which it had before
These ruins own it, and twill live
Thy favour's more than Kings can give
Hast more above all titles then[2]
The bearers are bove common men,
And so heroic art within 9
Thou must descend to be a Queen
Yet honour may convenient prove,
By giving thy soul room to move
Affording scene unto that mind
Which is too great to be confin'd
Wert thou with single virtue stor'd
To be approv'd but not ador'd
Thou might'st retire, but who e'er meant
A palace for a tenement?
Heaven has so built thee, that we find
Thee buried when thou art confin'd
If thou in privacy wouldst live, 21
Yet lustre to thy virtues give
To stifle them for want of air
Injurious is to Heaven's care
If thou wilt be immured[3] where
Shall thy obliging soul appear?
Where shall thy generous prudence be
And where thy magnanimity?
Nay, thy own darling thou dost hide
Thy self-denial is denied 30
For he that never greatness tries
Can never safely it despise
That Antoninus writ well when
He held a sceptre and a pen
Less credit Solomon does bring
As a philosopher than king
So much advantage flows from hence
To write by our experience
Diogenes I must suspect
Of envy more than wise neglect 40
When he his Prince so ill did treat
And so much spurnèd at the great
A censure is not clear from those
Whom Fate subjects or does depose
Nor can we Greatness understand
From an oppress'd or fallen hand
But 'tis some Prince must that define
Or one that freely did resign
A great Almanzor teaches thus
Or else a Dionysius 50
For to know Grandeur we must live
In that and not in perspective,
Vouchsafe the trial then that thou
Mayst safely wield yet disallow

[1] *Chorals (?) connected with 'choir* Orinda elsewhere uses 'Quire as = 'the assembly of the blest

[2] Then = 'than as so often

[3] Orig immur'd with the usual thirst for apostrophes

The world's temptations, and be still
Above whatever would thee fill
Convince mankind, there's somewhat more
Great than the titles they adore
Stand near them, and 'twill soon be known
Thou hast more splendour of thy own, 60
Yield to the wanting Age, and be
Channel of true nobility
For from thy womb such heroes need must rise,
Who honours will deserve, and can despise

To Pastora being with her Friend

I

WHILE you the double joy obtain
Of what you give, and what you gain
Friendship, who owes you so much fame,
Commands my tribute to your name

II

Friendship that was almost forlorn,
Sunk under every critic's scorn,
But that your Genius her protects,
Had fled the World, at least the sex

III

You have restorèd them and us,
Whence both are happy, Caesar thus 10
Ow'd Rome the glories of his reign,
And Rome ow'd him as much again

IV

You in your friend those joys have found
Which all relations can propound,
What Nature does 'mong them disperse,
You multiply in her converse

V

You her enjoyment have pursu'd
In company, and solitude,
And wheresoever she'll retire,
There's the diversion you desire 20

VI

Your joys by this are more immense,
And heat contracted grows intense,
And friendship to be such to you,
Will make these pleasures, honours too

VII

Be to each other that Content,
As to your sex y' are ornament,
And may your hearts by mixture lost,
Be still each other's bliss and boast

VIII

Impossible your parting be
As that you e'er should disagree, 30
And then even Death your friend will prove,
And both at once (though late) remove

IX

But that you may severely[1] live,
You must th' offending World forgive,
And to employ your charity,
You have an object now in me

X

My pen so much for you unfit,
Presents my heart, though not my wit,
Which heart admires what you express,
More than what Monarchs do possess 40

XI

Fear not infection from my Fate,
Though I must be unfortunate,
For having paid my vows due, I
Shall soon withdraw, wither and die

[1] Securely (?).

To my Lord and Lady Dungannon on their Marriage, May 11, 1662

To you who in yourselves do comprehend
All you can wish, and all we can commend,
Whom worth does guide, and destiny obey
What offerings can the useless Muses pay?
Each must at once suspend her charming lyre
Till she hath learnt from you what to inspire
Well may they wonder to observe a knot,
So curiously by Love and Fortune wrought
To which propitious Heaven did decree,
All things on earth should tributary be 10
By gentle sure but unperceiv'd degrees,
As the Sun's motion, or the growth of trees
Does Providence our wills to hers incline
And makes all accidents serve her design
Her pencil (Sir) within your breast did draw
The picture of a face you never saw
With touches which so sweet were and so true,
By them alone th' original you knew
And at that sight with satisfaction yield
Your freedom which till then maintain'd the field 20
'Twas by the same mysterious power too
That she has been so long reserv'd for you,
Whose noble passion with submissive art
Disarm'd her scruples and subdu'd her heart.
And now that at the last your souls are tied
Whom floods nor difficulties could divide
Ev'n you that beauteous union may admire
Which was at once Heaven's care and your desire.
You are so happy in each other's love,
And in assur'd protection from above, 30
That we no wish can add unto your bliss
But that it should continue as it is
O! may it so and may the Wheel of Fate
In you no more change than she feels, create
And may you still your happinesses find
Not on your fortune growing, but your mind
Whereby the shafts of chance as vain will prove,
As all things else did that oppos'd your Love
Be kind and happy to that great degree
As may instruct latest posterity, 40
From so reverd a precedent[1] to frame
Rules to their duty, to their wishes aim
May the vast sea for your sake quit his pride
And grow so smooth while on his breast you ride
As may not only bring you to your port
But show how all things do your virtues court
May every object give you new delight
May Time forget his scythe and Fate his spite

[1] Orig. 'President' but the error is common and president could only be forced into sense

And may you never other sorrow know,
But what your pity feels for others' woe 50
May your compassion be like that Divine,
Which relieves all on whom it does but shine,
Whilst you produce a race that may inherit
All your great stock of Beauty, Fame, and Merit

To his Grace Gilbert, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, July 10, 1664

THAT private shade, wherein my Muse was bred,
She always hop'd might hide her humble head,
Believing the retirement she had chose
Might yield her, if not pardon, yet repose,
Nor other repetitions did expect,
Than what our Echoes from the rocks reflect
But hurried from her cave with wild affright,
And dragg'd maliciously into the light,
(Which makes her like [the] Hebrew Virgin mourn
When from her face her veil was rudely torn) 10
To you (my Lord) she now for succour calls,
And at your feet, with just confusion falls
But she will thank the wrong deserv'd her hate,
If it procure her that auspicious fate,
That the same wing may over her be cast,
Where the best Church of all the World is plac'd,
And under which when she is once retir'd,
She really may be come to be inspir'd,
And by the wonders which she there shall view,
May raise herself to such a theme as you, 20
Who were preserv'd to govern and restore
That Church whose Confessor you were before,
And show by your unwearied present care,
Your suff'rings are not ended, though hers are.
For whilst your crosier her defence secures,
You purchase her rest with the loss of yours,
And Heav'n who first refin'd your worth, and then,
Gave it so large and eminent a scene,
Hath paid you what was many ways your due,
And done itself a greater right than[1] you 30
For after such a rough and tedious storm
Had torn the Church, and done her so much harm,
And (though at length rebuk'd, yet) left behind
Such angry relics, in the wave and wind,
No Pilot could, whose skill and faith were less,
Manage the shatter'd vessel with success
The Piety of the Apostles' times
And Courage to resist this Age's crimes,
Majestic sweetness, temper'd and refin'd,
In a polite, and comprehensive mind, 40

[1] Orig, as before, 'then'

Were all requir'd her ruins to repair,
And all united in her Primate are
In your aspect so candid and serene
The conscience of such virtue may be seen
As makes the sullen schismatic consent
A Churchman may be great and innocent
This shall those men reproach if not reduce
And take away their fault or their excuse
Whilst in your life and government appear
All that the pious wish and factious fear 50
Since the prevailing Cross her ensigns spread,
And Pagan Gods from Christian Bishops fled
Time's curious eye till now hath never spied
The Church's helm so happily supplied
Merit and Providence so fitly met,
The worthiest Prelate in the highest seat

If noble things can noble thoughts infuse
Your life (my Lord) may, even in me produce
Such raptures that of their rich fury proud
I may perhaps, dare to proclaim aloud, 60
Assur'd the World that ardour will excuse,
Applaud the subject, and forgive the Muse

TRANSLATIONS

La Solitude de St Amant [1]

Englished

I

O! SOLITUDE my sweetest choice
Places devoted to the night
Remote from tumult, and from noise
How you my restless thoughts delight!
O Heavens! what content is mine
To see those trees which have appear'd
From the nativity of Time
And which all ages have reverd,
To look to day as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen! 10

II

A cheerful wind does court them so
And with such amorous breath en fold
That we by nothing else can know
But by their height that they are old
Hither the demi gods did fly
To seek a sanctuary when
Displeased Jove once pierc'd the sky
To pour a deluge upon men

[1] O! Que j'aime la Solitude
Que ces lieux sacrez a la nuict,
Eloignez du monde & de bruit
Plaisent a mon inquietude!
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens
De voir ces Bois qui se trouverent
A la nativité du Temps
Et que tous les Siècles reverent,
Estre encore aussi beaux & vers
Qu'aux premiers jours de l'Univers.

This (see Preface) will satisfy the reasonable demands of Orinda's first editor without giving the whole

And on these boughs themselves did save,
Whence they could hardly see a wave 20

III

Sad Philomel upon this thorn,
So curiously by Flora dress'd,
In melting notes, her case forlorn,
To entertain me, hath confess'd
O! how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which the unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure 29
Such woes, as only death can cure

IV

What pretty desolations make
These torrents vagabond and fierce,
Who in vast leaps their springs forsake,
This solitary Vale to pierce
Then sliding just as serpents do
Under the foot of every tree,
Themselves are changed to rivers too,
Wherein some stately Nayade[1],
As in her native bed, is grown
A Queen upon a crystal throne 40

V

This fen beset with river plants,
O! how it does my senses charm!
Nor elders, reeds, nor willows want,
Which the sharp steel did never harm
Here Nymphs which come to take the air,
May with such distaffs furnish'd be,
As flags and rushes can prepare,
Where we the nimble frogs may see,
Who frighted to retreat do fly,
If an approaching man they spy 50

VI

Here water-fowl repose enjoy,
Without the interrupting care,
Lest Fortune should their bliss destroy
By the malicious fowler's snare
Some ravish'd with so bright a day,
Their feathers finely prune and deck,
Others their amorous heats allay,
Which yet the waters could not check
All take their innocent content
In this their lovely element 60

VII

Summer's, nor Winter's bold approach,
This stream did never entertain,
Nor ever felt a boat or coach,
Whilst either season did remain
No thirsty traveller came near,
And rudely made his hand his cup,
Nor any hunted hind hath here
Her hopeless life resignèd up,
Nor ever did the treacherous hook
Intrude to empty any brook 70

VIII

What beauty is there in the sight
Of these old ruin'd castle-walls,
On which the utmost rage and spight
Of Time's worst insurrection falls?
The witches keep their Sabbath here,
And wanton devils make retreat,
Who in malicious sport appear,
Our sense both to afflict and cheat,
And here within a thousand holes
Are nests of adders and of owls 80

IX

The raven with his dismal cries,
That mortal augury of Fate,
Those ghastly goblins gratifies,
Which in these gloomy places wait

[1] The retention of the trisyllabic value of the French *Naiade* and the accentuation of the *e* are interesting, though the latter is of course unjustifiable Saint-Amant has the word in the middle of the line

'Ou quelque Nayade superbe'

But, after all, the classical teaching of Hackney may have been slightly defective, and Orinda may have thought that 'Naiad*es*' authorized a singular 'Naiad*ee*'

On a curs d tree the wind does move
A carcase which did once belong
To one that hang d himself for love
Of a fair Nymph that did him wrong
Who though she saw his love and truth
With one look would not save the youth 90

X

But Heaven which judges equally
And its own laws will still main tain
Rewarded soon her cruelty
With a deserv d and mighty pain
About this squalid heap of bones
Her wand ring and condemned shade
I aments in long and piercing groans
The destiny her rigour made
And the more to augment her fright
Her crime is ever in her sight 100

XI

I here upon antique marbles trac d,
Devices of past times we see
Here age hath almost quite defac d
What lov rs carv d on every tree
The cellar here, the highest room
Receives when its old rafters fail
Soil d with the venom and the foam
Of the spider and the snail
And th ivy in the chimney we
Find shaded by a walnut tree 110

XII

Below there does a cave extend
Wherein there is so dark a grot
That should the Sun himself descend
I think he could not see a jot
Here sleep within a heavy lid
In quiet sadness locks up sense
And every care he does forbid
Whilst in the arms of negligence
Lazily on his back he s spread
And sheaves of poppy are his bed 120

XIII

Within this cool and hollow cave
W here Love itself might turn to ice
Poor Echo ceases not to rave
On her Narcissus wild and nice
Hither I softly steal a thought
And by the softer music made
With a sweet lute in charms well taught
Sometimes I flatter her sad shade
Whilst of my chords I make such choice,
They serve as body to her voice 130

XIV

When from these ruins I retire
This horrid rock I do invade
Whose lofty brow seems to inquire
Of what materials mists are made
From thence descending leisurely
Under the brow of this steep hill
It with great pleasure I descry
By waters undermin d until
They to Palaemon s seat did climb
Compos d of sponges and of slime 140

XV

How highly is the fancy pleas d
To be upon the ocean s shore
When she begins to be appeas d
And her fierce billows cease to roar!
And when the hairy Tritons are
Riding upon the shaken wave
With what strange sounds they strike the air
Of their trumpets hoarse and brave
Whose shrill report does every wind
Unto his due submission bind! 150

XVI

Sometimes the sea dispels the sand
Trembling and murmuring in the bay,
And rolls itself upon the shells
Which it both brings and takes away
Sometimes exposes on the strand
Th effects of Neptune s rage and scorn
Drown d men dead monsters cast on land
And ships that were in tempest torn 155
With diamonds and ambergreece
And many more such things as these

XVII

Sometimes so sweetly she does smile,
A floating mirror she might be,
And you would fancy all that while
New Heavens in her face to see
The Sun himself is drawn so well,
When there he would his picture view,
That our eye can hardly tell
Which is the false Sun, which the true,
And lest we give our sense the lie,
We think he's fallen from the sky 170

XVIII

Bernieres! for whose belovèd sake
My thoughts are at a noble strife,
This my fantastic landskip take,
Which I have copied from the life
I only seek the deserts rough,
Where all alone I love to walk,
And with discourse refin'd enough,
My Genius and the Muses talk,
But the converse most truly mine,
Is the dear memory of thine 180

XIX

Thou mayst in this Poem find,
So full of liberty and heat,
What illustrious rays have shin'd
To enlighten my conceit
Sometimes pensive, sometimes gay,
Just as that fury does control,
And as the object I survey,
The notions grow up in my soul,
And are as unconcern'd and free 189
As the flame which transported me

XX

O! how I Solitude adore,
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue,
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me 199
From seeing, and from serving thee

Tendres desirs out of a French Prose

Go, soft desires, Love's gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming Sylvia seize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my disease,
But if you miss her breast whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and visit mine no more

Amanti ch' in pianti, &c

LOVERS who in complaints yourselves consume,
And to be happy once perhaps presume,
Your Love and hopes alike are vain,
Nor will they ever cure your pain
They that in Love would joy attain,
Their passion to their power must frame,
Let them enjoy what they can gain,
And never higher aim

Complaints and Sorrows, from me now depart,
You think to soften an ungentle heart, 10
When it not only wards such blows,
But from your sufferance prouder grows
They that in Love would joy, &c

A Pastoral of Mons. de Scudery's in the first volume of 'Almahide'

Englished

SLOTHFUL deceiver, come away,
With me again the fields survey,
And sleep no more, unless it be
My fortune thou shouldst dream of me

A Pastoral of Mons de Scudery's

The sky from which the night is fled,
Is painted with a matchless red
Tis day the morning greets my eyes
Thou art my Sun wilt thou not rise?

Now the black shadows of the night
From Heaven and Earth are put to flight 10
Come and dispel each lingering shade
With that light which thy eyes have made

That planet which so like thee seems
In his long and piercing beams,
At once illuminates and gilds
All these valleys and these fields

The winds do rather sigh than blow
And rivers murmur as they go
And all things seem to thee to say
Rise fair one tis a lovely day 20

Come and the liquid pearls descry
Which glittering mong the flowers lie
Day finds them wet when it appears
And tis too often with my tears

Hearken and thou wilt much approve
The warbling consort[1] of this grove
Complete the pleasure of our ears
Mixing thy harmony with theirs

Feathered musician step aside
Thyself within these bushes hide 30
While my Amintas voice affords
Her charming notes to clothe my words

Hasten to sing them, then my fair,
And put this proud one to despair
Whose voice the bass and trebles part
With so marvellous an art

Come Philomel and now make use
Of all thy practice can produce
All the harmonious secrets thou
Canst try will do no service now 40

Thou must to her this glory give
For nothing can thy fame relieve
Then ere thou dost the conquest try
Choose to be silent here or die

Come my Shepherdess survey
(While a hundred pipes do play)
From every fold from every shed
How the herds and flocks are fed

Hear the pleasing harmless voice
Of thy lambs now[2] they rejoice 50
While with their bleating notes are mixed
Their pretty bounds and leaps betwixt

See see how from the thatchèd rooms
Of these our artless cabins comes
A rustic troop of jolly swains
From every side unto the plains

Their sheep hooks steel so bright and clear
How it shines both far and near
A bag pipe here and there a flute
With merrier whistles do dispute 60

Hear thy flocks which for thee bleat
In language innocent and sweet,
See here thy shepherd who attends em
And from the ravenous wolf defends em

Thy Melampus him endears
And leaps and sports when he appears
He complains that thy sloth is such
And my poor heart does that as much

Among the rest here s a ram we
So white so blithe so merry see 70
In all our flocks there is not one
Deserves such praise as he alone

On the grass he butts and leaps
Flatters and then away he skips
So gentle and yet proud is he
That surely he hath learned of thee

[1] = 'concert as often
[2] Now is possible, but one rather suspects how

The fairest garlands we can find,
Unworthy are, his horns to bind,
But flowers that death can never know,
Are fittest to adorn his brow 80

He is full of modest shame,
And as full of amorous flame,
Astrologers in heaven see
A beast less beautiful than he

I have for thee a sheep-hook brought,
On which thy shepherd hard hath wrought,
Here he thy character hath trac'd,
Is it not neatly interlac'd?

To that a scrip is tied for thee,
Which woven is so curiously, 90
That the art does the stuff excel,
And gold itself looks not so well

Here's in a cage that he did make,
All the birds that he could take,
How glorious is their slavery,
If they be not despis'd by thee!

A garland too for thee hath staid,
And 'tis of fairest flowers made
Aurora had this offering kept,
And for its loss hath newly wept 100

A lovely fawn he brings along,
Nimble, as thyself, and young,
And greater presents he would bring,
But that a shepherd is no king

Come away, my lovely bliss,
To such divertisement as this,
And bring none to these lovely places,
But only Venus, and the Graces

Whatever company were nigh, 109
Would tedious be, when thou art by,
Venus and Fortune would to me
Be troublesome, if I had thee

She comes! from far, the lovely maid
Is by her shining charms betray'd
See how the flowers sprout up, to meet
A noble ruin from her feet

How sprightly, and how fair is she!
How much undone then must I be?
My torment is, I know, severe,
But who can think on't when she's near? 120

My heart leaps up within my breast,
And sinks again with joy opprest,
But in her sight to yield my breath,
Would be an acceptable death

Come then, and, in this shade, be sure,
That thy fair skin shall be secure,
For else the Sun would wrong, I fear,
The colours which do flourish there

His flaming steeds do climb so fast,
While they to our horizon haste, 130
That by this time his radiant coach,
Does to his highest house approach

His fiercer rays in heat, and length,
Begin to rob us of our strength,
Directly on the Earth they dart,
And all the shadows are grown short

This valley hath a private seat,
Which is a cool and moist retreat,
Where th'angry Planet which we spy,
Can ne'er invade us with his eye 140

Behold this fresh and florid grass,
Where never yet a foot did pass,
A carpet spreads for us to sit,
And to thy beauty offers it

Th delicate apartment is
Roof'd o'er with agèd stooping trees,
Whose verdant shadow does secure
This place a native furniture

The courts of Naiades are such, 149
In shades like these, ador'd so much,
Where thousand fountains round about
Perpetually gush water out

How finely this thick moss doth look,
Which limits this transparent brook,
Whose sportful wave does swell and spread,
And is on flags and rushes shed!

Within this liquid crystal, see
The cause of all my misery,
And judge by that, (fair murtheress)
If I could love thy beauty less 160

Thy either eye does rays dispense
Of modesty and innocence,
And with thy seriousness, we find
The gladness of an infant join'd

Thy frowns delight though they torment
From thy looks life and death are sent
And thy whole air does on us throw
Arrows which cureless wounds be stow

The stature of a mountain pine 169
Is crooked when compar d to thine
Which does thy sex to envy move
As much as it does ours to love

From thy dividing lips do fly
Those pointed shafts that make us die
Nor have our gardens e er a rose
That to thy cheeks we dare oppose

When by a happy liberty
We may thy lovely bosom see
The whitest curds nor falling snow
Can any such complexion show 180

Thyme and Marjoram whose scent
Of all perfume s most innocent
Less fragrancy than thy breath have
Which all our senses does enslave

Even when thou scornest thou canst please
And make us love our own disease
The blushes that our cherries wear
Do hardly to thy lips come near

When upon the smoother plains
Thou to dance wilt take the pains
No hind when she employs her feet
Is half so graceful or so fleet 192

Of thy garments fair and white
The neatness gives us most delight
And I had rather them behold
Than clothes embroiderèd with gold

I nothing in the world can see
So rare as unadorned thee
Who art (as it must be confess d)
Not by thy clothes but beauty dress d 200

Thy lovely hair thou up hast tied
And in an unwrought veil dost hide,
In the meantime thy single face
All other beauties does disgrace

Yes yes thy negligence alone
Does more than all their care hath done
The Nymphs in all their pompous dress
Do entertain my fancy less

A nosegay all thy jewel is
And all thy art consists in this 10
And what from this pure spring does pass
Is all thy paint and all thy glass

Adorèd beauty here may we
Ourselves in lovely glasses see
Come then I pray thee let us look
I in thy eyes thou in the brook

Within this faithful mirror see
The object which hath conquer d me
Which though the stream does well impart, 219
Tis better form d here in my heart

In th entertainment of thy mind
When tis to pensiveness inclin d
Count if thou canst these flowers and thou
The sum of my desires wilt know

Observe these turtles kind and true
Hearken how frequently they woo
They faithful lovers are and who
That sees thee would not be so too?

Of them my fair Aminta learn 29
At length to grant me thy concern
Follow what thou in them dost see
And thou wilt soon be kind to me

Those mighty bulls are worth thy sight
Who on the plains so stoutly fight
Fiercely each other s brow they hit
Where beauty does with anger meet

Love is the quarrel they maintain
As twas the reason of their pain
So would thy faithful shepherd do
If he should meet his rival too 40

Thy shepherd fair and cruel one
In all these villages is known
Such is his father's herd and flock
The plain is cover'd with the stock

He the convenient'st pastures knows,
And where the wholesome water flows,
Knows where the coolest shadows are,
And well hath learn'd a shepherd's care

Astrology he studies too, 249
As much as shepherds ought to do,
Nay, Magic nothing hath so dim,
That can be long conceal'd from him

When any do these secrets dread,
He for himself hath this to plead,
That he by them such herbs can pick,
As cure his sheep when they are sick

He can foresee the coming storm,
Nor hail, nor clouds, can do him harm, 258
And from their injuries can keep,
Safely enough his lambs and sheep

He knows the season of the year,
When shepherds think it fit to shear
Such inoffensive sheep as these,
And strip them of their silver fleece

He knows the scorching time of day,
When he must lead his flock away
To valleys which are cool and near,
To chew the cud, and rest them there.

He dares the fiercest wolves engage,
When 'tis their hunger makes them rage, 270
The frighted dogs, when they retire,
He with new courage can inspire

He sings and dances passing well,
And does in wrestling too excel,
Yes, fair maid, and few that know him,
But these advantages allow him

At our feast, he gets the praise,
For his enchanting roundelays,
And on his head have oftenest been
The garlands and the prizes seen 280

When the scrip and crook he quits,
And free from all disturbance sits,
He can make the bag-pipes swell,
And oaten reeds his passion tell

When his flame does him excite,
In amorous songs to do the right,
He makes the verses which he uses,
And borrows none of other Muses

He neglects his own affairs,
To serve thee with greater cares, 290
And many shepherdesses would
Deprive thee of him if they could

Of Alceste he could tell,
And Silvia's eye, thou know'st it well
But as his modesty is great,
He blushes if he them repeat.

When in the crystal stream he looks,
If there be any truth in brooks,
He finds, thy scorn can never be
Excus'd by his deformity 300

His passion is so high for thee,
As 'twill admit no new degree
Why wilt not thou his love requite,
Since kindness gives so much delight?

Aminta hark'ned all this while,
Then with a dext'rous, charming smile,
Against her will, she let him see,
That she would change his destiny

I promise nothing, then said she,
With an obliging air, and free, 310
But I think, if you will try,
The wolves are crueller than I.

When my sheep unhealthy are,
I have compassion, I have care,
Nor pains, nor journeys then I grudge,
By which you may my nature judge

When any of them goes astray,
All the hamlets near us may
Perceive me, all in grief and fear,
Run and search it everywhere 320

And when I happen once to find
The object of my troubled mind,
As soon as ever it I spy,
O! how overjoy'd am I!

I flatter her, and I caress,
And let her ruffle all my dress,
The vagabond I kindly treat,
And mint and thyme I make her eat

When my sparrow does me quit
My throbbing heart makes after it,
And nothing can relief afford, 331
For my fair inconstant bird[1]

When my dog hath me displeas d
I am presently appeas d,
And a tear is in my eye,
If I have but made him cry

I never could a hatred keep
But to the wolf that kills my sheep
Gentle and kind and soft I am
And just as harmless as a lamb 340

Dispel thy fear cease thy complaint,
O Shepherd timorous and faint[1]
For I m a mistress very good
If you ll but serve me as you shou d

Words of a favourable strain
(Cried out that now transported swain)
Which do in thy Leontius fate
So glad and swift a change create

But look about, for now I mark
The fields already growing dark 350
And with those shadows cover'd all
Which from the neighbouring mountains fall

The wingèd quire on every tree
By carolling melodiously,
Do the declining Sun pursue
With their last homage and adieu

From the next cottages I hear
Voices well known unto my ear
They are of our domestics who
Do pipe, and hollow for us too 360

The flocks and herds do homewards go
I hear them hither bleat and low
Thy eyes which mine so much admire,
Tell me tis time we should retire

Go, then destroying fair one go,
Since I perceive it must be so
Sleep sweetly all the night but be
At least, so kind to dream of me

Translation of *Thomas a Kempis* into Verse out of Mons Corneille s lib 3 cap 2 Englished

SPEAK Gracious Lord, Thy servant hears
For I both am and will be so
And in Thy pleasant paths will go
When the Sun shines or disappears

Give me Thy Spirit that I may perceive[2]
What by my soul Thou wouldst have done
Let me have no desire but one
Thy will to practise and believe

But yet Thy eloquence disarm
And as a whisper to my heart, 10
Let it, like dew plenty impart,
And like that let it freely charm

The Jews fear'd thunderbolts would fall
And that Thy words would Death procure
Nor in the desert could endure
To hear their Maker speak at all

They court Moses to declare Thy will[3]
And begg d to hear no more thy voice
They could not stand the dreadful noise 19
Lest it should both surprise and kill

[1] This rhyme is an instance of a law which has not I think, been generally noticed as prevailing in late seventeenth century poetry that *for rhyme s sake a combination of letters may take a value which it actually possesses only in another word* In word' itself *ord* does rhyme to *ird*.

[2] Spirit is of course constantly monosyllabic and even if not lends itself easily to trisyllabic substitution But the rest of the line makes it almost certain that Orinda by oversight put in a foot too much

[3] This apparently hopeless verse is perhaps best mended into a *decasyllable* (*cf* the first lines of st 2 and 8) by reading courted

Without those terrors, I implore,
And other favours I entreat,
With confident, though humble heart[1],
I beg what Samuel did of yore

Though Thou art all that I can dread,
Thy voice is music to my ears
Speak, Lord, then, for Thy servant hears,
And will obey what Thou hast said

I ask no Moses that for Thee should speak,
Nor Prophet to enlighten me, 30
They all are taught and sent by Thee,
And 'tis Thy voice I only seek.

Those beams proceed from Thee alone,
Which through their words on us do flow,
Thou without them canst all bestow,
But they without Thee can give none

They may repeat the sound of words,
But not confer their hidden force,
And without Thee, their best discourse,
Nothing but scorn to men affords 40

Let them Thy miracles impart,
And vigorously Thy will declare,
Their voice, perhaps, may strike the ear,
But it can never move the heart

Th' obscure and naked Word they sow,
But thou dost open our dim eye,
And the dead letter to supply,
The Living Spirit dost bestow

Mysterious truths to us they brought,
But Thou expound'st the riddle too, 50
And Thou alone canst make us do
All the great things that they have taught

They may indeed the way direct,
But Thou enablest us to walk,
I' th' ear alone sticks all they talk,
But thou dost even the heart dissect

They wash the surface of the mind,
But all her fruit Thy goodness claims,
All that e'er enlightens, or enflames,
Must be to that alone assign'd 60

APPENDIX

Songs from *Pompey*

SONG (*Pompey*, Act I)

SINCE affairs of the State are already decreed[2],
Make room for affairs of the Court,
Employment and Pleasure each other succeed,
Because they each other support
Were Princes confin'd
From slackening their mind,
When by Care it is ruffled and curl'd,

[1] It is probably useless to try to mend this rhyme, though 'heat' in the earlier metaphysicals would not be impossible

[2] It must be admitted that Orinda is not happy in these anapaests, and too much justifies in particular the generally unjust scorn of Bysshe for 'the disagreeableness of their measure'

A crown would appear
Too heavy to wear,
And no man would govern the world 10

If the Gods themselves who have power enough,
In diversions are various and oft
Since the business of Kings is angry and rough
Their intervals ought to be soft
Were Princes confin d, &c

To our Monarch we owe, whatsoe er we enjoy
And no grateful subjects were those
Who would not the safety, he gives them employ
To contribute to his repose
Were Princes confin d, &c. 20

SONG (*Pompey*, Act II)

1

SEE how victorious Caesar's pride
Does Neptune s bosom sweep l
And with Thessalian fortune ride
In triumph o er the deep

2

What rival of the Gods is this
Who dares do more than they?
Whose feet the Fates themselves do kiss,
And Sea and Land obey

1

What can the fortunate withstand?
For this resistless He, 10
Rivers of blood brings on the land,
And bulwarks on the sea.

2

Since Gods as well as Men submit
And Caesar's favour woo
Virtue herself may think it fit
That Egypt court him too

1

But Pompey head s a rate too dear,
For by that impious price
The God less noble will appear
Than does the Sacrifice 20

2

If Justice be a thing divine
The Gods should it maintain
For us t attempt what they decline
Would be as rash as vain

CHORUS

How desperate is our Prince s fate?
What hazard does he run?
He must be wicked to be great
Or to be just undone

SONG (*Pompey* Act III)

FROM lasting and unclouded day
From joys refin d above allay
And from a spring without decay—

I come, by Cynthia s borrow d beams
To visit my Cornelia s dreams,
And give them yet sublimer themes

Behold the man thou lov'dst before
Pure streams have wash d away his gore,
And Pompey now shall bleed no more

By Death my Glory I resume 10
For twould have been a harsher doom
T outlive the liberty of Rome

By me her doubtful fortune tried
Falling bequeaths my Fame this pride,
I for it liv'd, and with it died

Nor shall my vengeance be with stood
Or unattended with a flood
Of Roman and Egyptian blood

Caesar himself it shall pursue,
His days shall troubled be and few,
And he shall fall by treason too 21

He by severity divine
Shall be an offering at my shrine,
As I was his he must be mine.

Thy stormy life regret no more
For Fate shall waft thee soon ashore,
And to thy Pompey thee restore

Where past the fears of sad removes
We'll entertain our spotless loves,
In beauteous and immortal groves 30

There none a guilty crown shall wear,
Nor Caesar be Dictator there,
Nor shall Cornelia shed a tear.

SONG (*Pompey*, Act IV)

PROUD monuments of royal dust!
Do not your old foundations shake,
And labour to resign their trust?
For sure your mighty guests should wake,
Now their own Memphis lies at stake

Alas! in vain our dangers call,
They care not for our destiny,
Nor will they be concern'd at all
If Egypt now enslav'd, or free,
A kingdom or a province be 10

What is become of all they did?
And what of all they had design'd,
Now Death the busy scene hath hid?
Where but in story shall we find
Those great disturbers of mankind?

When men their quiet minutes spent
Where myrtles grew and fountains purl'd,
As safe as they were innocent
What angry God among them hurl'd
Ambition to undo the World? 20

What is the charm of being great?
Which oft is gain'd and lost with sin,
Or if w' attain a royal seat,
With guiltless steps what do we win,
If Love and Honour fight within?

Honour the brightness of the mind!
And Love her noblest ecstasy
That does ourselves, this others bind
When you, great pair, shall disagree
What casuist can the umpire be? 30

Though Love does all the heart subdue,
With gentle, but resistless sway,
Yet Honour must that govern too
And when thus Honour wins the day,
Love overcomes the bravest way

SONG (*Pompey*, Act V)

1

ASCEND a throne, great Queen! to you
By Nature, and by Fortune due,
And let the World adore
One who Ambition could withstand,
Subdue Revenge, and Love command,
On Honour's single score.

2

Ye mighty Roman shades, permit
That Pompey should above you sit,
He must be deified. 9
For who like him, e'er fought or fell?
What hero ever liv'd so well,
Or who so greatly died?

1

What cannot glorious Caesar do?
How nobly does he fight and woo!
On crowns how does he tread!
What mercy to the weak he shows,
How fierce is he to living foes,
How pious to the dead!

2

Cornelia yet would challenge tears,
But that the sorrow which she wears,
So charming is, and brave. 21
That it exalts her honour more,
Than if she all the sceptres bore,
Her generous husband gave.

CHORUS

Then after all the blood that 's shed,
Let 's right the living and the dead:
Temples to Pompey raise,
Set Cleopatra on the throne,
Let[1] Caesar keep the World h' has won,
And sing Cornelia's praise. 30

FINIS

[1] Orig 'Let's.'

THE NIGHTINGALE

Sherenne and Mariana

A happy Husband

Eligies on the death of Queene Anne

Songs and Sonnets

by

PATRICK HANNAY gent

LONDON printed for Nathaniel Butter 162

INTRODUCTION TO PATRICK HANNAY

THE interest of the poems of Patrick Hannay though not wholly dependent upon is no doubt to some increased by that extreme rarity on which is based the calculation that there are not more than six known copies of the original, while Utterson reprinted but fifteen, and the only later edition (used in the present issue) is that of a private society—the Huntenan Club of Glasgow He is not a great poet and he comes in point of publication a very little before the strict 'Caroline period though he lived, according to some accounts well into it, and into it according to all[1] But he is quite of the type, and he contributes in *Sheretine and Mariana* one of those 'Heroic Poems of which the collection and communication to the student is one of the main objects of this book It has the peculiarity unusual in a piece of such length of being written in the first person, the story being told throughout by the heroine nor is this the only thing which makes it a useful document as to the strange difficulty with which straightforward prose fiction got itself born Hannay does not manage his six line stanza very well The more lyrical sixteen line stave of the earlier *Philomela* is less well suited for a poem which also is of considerable length but the poet is certainly less prosaic in it. In the original a musical setting is given for the first of these staves and the author seems (from the note given below) to have thought it possible that some one might like to sing the whole poem—seventy pages and nearly seventeen hundred lines! The idea is a curious one The Sonnets (the name being applied quite *ad libitum*) and Songs' are not uninteresting, but here seems to be no need to take up precious space with much comment upon them I am glad to have read Hannay, and to give others the opportunity of reading him

[1] The personal history and even identity of our poet are things deeply wrapped in mystery David Laing's rather elaborate genealogical introduction to the Hunterian reprint establishes practically nothing but that he was of the family of Hannay or Ahannay of Sorby in Galloway now represented by the Hannays of Kingsmuir in Fife and the Ramsford Hannays of Kirkdale in Kirkcudbright The Hannays seem to have christened themselves Patrick with the inveteracy of the Princes of Reuss in regard to another name and not to have tempered this with the numerical niceness of that house Laing does not seem to have accepted what the *Dictionary of National Biography* states with positiveness—that the poet was Master in Chancery in Ireland in the year 1627—or the rumour that he was drowned at sea two years later That he was of the Sorby family that he was Master of Arts and that he was known to persons of distinction at the court of James I during the last years of his reign, may be said to be the only positively known facts about him except the dates of his works which are for *The Happy Husband* and the Elegies on Queen Anne (same year but published separately) 1619 and for the Collected Poems 1622

Patrick Hannay

To the most illustrious Princess FRANCIS[1] Duchess of Lenox, Countess of Hertford and Richmond

SWEET Philomela's long concealèd woe,
From dark oblivion now I bring to light,
That (though it help her not) the world may know,
The cause she sobbeth out her notes by night
Which to you (greatest Lady) I present,
Fruit of some hours I with the Muses spent.

It is well known[2] honour hath been had
By patronizing of a work of worth,
Whilst skilful Art did cunningly o'er-shade
The Patron's weakness, and his praise point forth: 10
Here it's not so, my work mean, your worth main,
Hereby I honour may, you none attain

For such are you, whom Nature, Beauty, Grace,
So fair hath fram'd, adorn'd, so well endu'd
As if those three contended had to place
In you perfection, which their store hath shew'd.
With whom virtue hath join'd and mak'st appear,
Deservedly you move first in this sphere

So as thou canst not by a learn'der quill
Be honour'd, or receive an equal praise
Unto thy merits, they each press should fill, 21
Should go about with words thy worth to raise.
In it I'll rest: thy name which doth adorn
This frontispiece is my birds' April morn

If that your Grace do but my labours grace,
Each lady's lodging shall a grove be thought:
The nightingale shall sing in every place,
Nay, thereby shall a miracle be wrought
For if you but my Philomela cheer,
Her singing-spring-tide shall last all the year. 30

Ever most humbly devoted to your Grace's service,
PATRICK HANNAY

To his friend the Author

LET those that study how to praise a friend,
Or seek to flatter him beyond desert,
Shake hands with me, for I have no such end,
That befits him that hath a fawning heart
I only care to let the Author know
I love him, and his book, for virtue's sake
His work, his worth unto the world doth show,
Which for a pattern doth his practice take.
It needs no sycophant to set it forth,
(The wine is good, you well the bush may scorn) 10
My praise defective should detract the worth,
Which with such lustre doth each leaf adorn
All I will say is this, it's done so well,
Some may come nigh, some match, but none excel

EDWARD LEVENTHORPE.

[1] It is well known that the distinction between Francis and Frances was so little observed that the usual abbreviation of the latter, as of the former, was 'Frank'
[2] 'How' dropped before 'honour' (?)

To my loving Kinsman the Author

THY Philomela s sad (yet well sung) note
Wrong d Sheretine and Mariana s love
Home s Hushand Anna s Elegies so wrote,
Thy Songs and Sonnets passion deep did move
Do well approve that thy ingenious wit
For every measure every subject s fit

ROBERT HANNAY

Authori

QVIS tibi Hannæe veteri pro stemmate certet?
Gente à Romulidum gens tua quando venit,
Annæi micuere duo, vatesque sophusque
His etiam Hannæus tertius esse potest

IOHANNES DUNBAR[1]

To his much respected friend Master PATRICK HANNAY

HANNAY, thy worth bewrays well whence thou rt sprung
And that that honour'd Name thou dost not wrong
As if from Sorby s stock no branch could sprout,
But should with ripening time bear golden fruit
Thy ancestors were ever worthy found
Else Galdus grave had grac d no Hannay s ground
Thy father s father Donald well was known
To th English by his sword but thou art shown
To them by pen (times changing) Hannays are
Active in acts of worth be t peace or war
Go on in virtue After times will tell,
None but A Hannay could have done so well

IO MARSHALL

10 King *Gal dus* (that Worthy who so bravely fought with the Romans) lies buried in the lands of *Patrick Hanr ay* of *K rkdale* in *Gallou ay*

Of the Author

READER, I m brief, this Poem s penn d so well,
Of Muses Nine his is the Philomel

IOHN HARMAR

[1] The identification of the Senecas and the Hannays is ingenious especially considering the form Ahannay But I wish Iohannes Dunbar had written a better first line

Patrick Hannay

To his friend the Author

Laus tua, non tua res, cogit me scribere, vultus
Gratia sic dulcis os facit, haud jubet ars

M AEONIAN Chorus now incline to me,
A ssist my muse from your Parnassus high·
S ome influence infuse you in my brain,
T hat I this Author in a higher strain
E fforc'd may be to praise· a simple wit
R are ones to praise, nor able is nor fit.

P ierian virtues with Homerian wit,
A ffixèd are to thy ingenious brain
T he penning of these Poems proveth it
R ais'd from oblivion in a lofty vein·
I n this our age (though many do affect
C unning in verse, and would be counted rare)
K now I none worthy of the like respect,
E ver green Laurel must fall to thy share.

H erein yet do I nothing flatter thee,
A lthough in part thy parts I do display:
N or none will doubt thereof that doth thee see,
N eedless were feigning where such virtues sway·
A rt shows itself by thy sweet flowing pen,
Y ielding the Wreath to thee from rarest men.

I M. C

To the Author [1]

HERE view the map of greatness, regal states,
Kings thrown from thrones, crowns thrown from royal mates
Where treach'rous greed to reign, ambitious ends
Main rights divide, intrude false foes for friends
Here try the course of wars, there see that stem,
The awful Sceptre, glorious Diadem,
Which once Hungarian Kings majestic sway'd,
(Born to command, though never well obey'd)
How rear'd, subvers'd, replac'd, defac'd again,
Their Kingdom (uncontinu'd) did remain
But what in Thee (than rare) I most admire,
Is this fierce flame, fraught with Castalian fire;
Thy pleasant strain, fram'd in this art divine
And quick invention, th' essence of engine,
Wherein Apollo harps, the Muses prance
The fount-drawn forkèd sharps, with gleamings glance
This tragic tune to grace, the Nymphs adorn
Thee, with immortal fame, of lives forlorn
So do thy Lyrics, set in tripping measures,
Show skilful wit, sprung from Alcinoos treasures,
Which swim on Demthen, sweet Permessen pleasures
Thus may thy worth, thy curious works Thee raise;
Few have deserv'd (or can attain) more praise

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

[1] For Hannay's repayment of this *v sub fin* In l 11, 'than rare' must be wrong 'Thou rare,' as well as a dozen other things, occurs In l 21, 'Permessen' is of course 'Permessian' 'Demthen' is what anybody likes 'Engine,' l. 14 = *ingenium*, as later in Scots

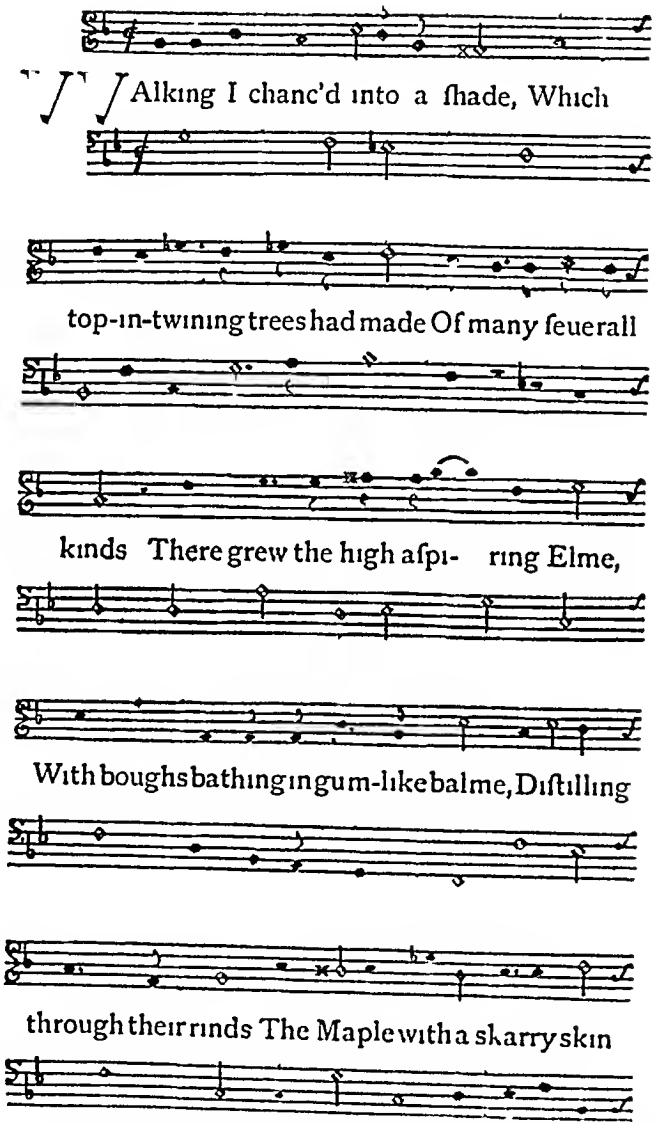
In Imaginem

T EXPRESS the Author face, brass, ink and Art
Have done their best, but for his better part
The Grecian Philomel in English tongue
Marian a Husband Elegies well sung
Have given a touch, as in a cloudy night
Obscurèd Phoebe shows her veilèd light
And at some turns where clouds do ill cohere
With full beams shines out from her silver sphere
So are his shaded passages of wit,
(Where birds do speak, and women in a fit) 10
Who could so well have told fair Marian s wrong
Or taught the Athenian bird a London song,
As he to whom the depth of love is known
And carving others can cut out his own
Which in some part is here so well exprest
None but himself can represent the rest

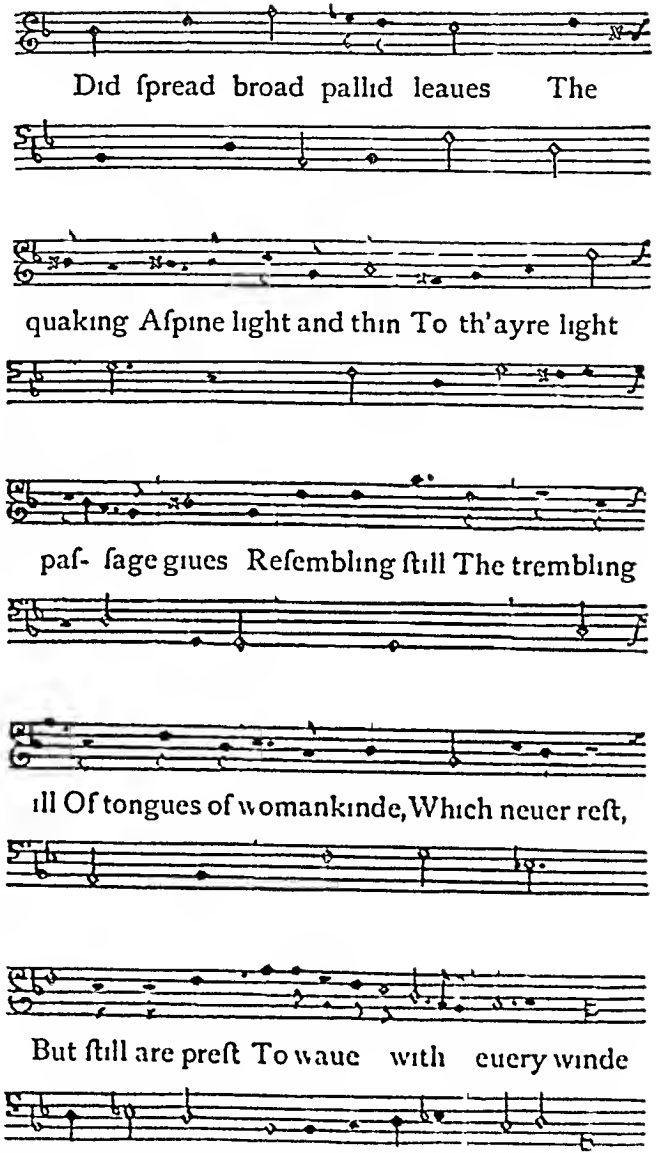
ROBERT ALANE

Philomela, or the *Nightingale*, which here follows is to be sung (by those that please) to the tune set down before in the frontispiece[1]

[1] See Introd It has been thought best to reproduce the music *exactly*



All the Rests (being Minim Rests) must be Crochet Rests.



Therefore I pray mend them with your pen, or remember them

PHILOMELA
THE NIGHTINGALE

THE ARGUMENT

PANDION *King of* Athens *takes a wife*
He dearly loves her she him with like strife
They issue have, two daughters (who excel)
Progne *the fair and fairer* Philomel
Fortune befriends not long, death her surpriseth
Pandion *grieves, new cause of grief ariseth*
Barbarians him invade, the Thracian King
Them foils and succours to the sieg'd doth bring
He s entertain d Cupid *with loving fires*
Of Progne *warms him she hath like desires* 10
He woos, she's won her father s glad he sped
With Princely pomp they solemnly do wed
Tereus *with* Progne *unto* Thrace *returns*
Thrace *joys therefore therefore sad* Athens *mourns*
Five years in Thrace *they glad together live*
Progne *for* Philomela *'gins to grieve*
Longs for her sight her husband doth entreat
To work a way they may together meet
He yields takes sail, to Athens *back returns*
Unlawful love of Philomel *him burns* 20
Her native beauty and her rich attire
Enrich'd by cunning Art he doth admire
With lust enrag'd he sore Pandion *prest*
That she might with him go at last did wrest
Unwilling grant he her commits with tears
To Tereus *charge his love suspecting fears*
He takes his faith moves her to swift return
They weeping part Pandion *left doth mourn*
They sail, see shore they land, no more delay
Tereus *can brook nor doth he her assay* 30
By words knowing it bootless to a wood
He drew her spoke his thought amaz'd she stood
He forc'd she faints revi'd revenge of wrong
She vow'd to take he fearful lest her tongue
Should bla e his crime he cuts't out with his blade
That woful wood a prison for her made
Then home returns, feigneth her funeral,
Progne *her mourns, she unto work doth fall*
Of party-coloured wool by skilful art
A web she made that did her woes impart 40

Progne *a sharp revenge doth undertake,*
Time favours her designs with Bacchus' *wake,*
She takes her out, comes home, her flatt'ring child
She kills and dresses, fury made her wild
To his sire for food she gives him, he doth eat
His own flesh, his fault Progne *lets him weet,*
The sisters he pursues, with rage he burn'd,
Both he and they on sudden birds are turn'd

I

WALKING I chanc'd into a shade,
Which top-in-twining trees had made
Of many several kinds
There grew the high aspiring elm,
With boughs bathing in gum-like balm,
Distilling through their rinds
The maple with a scarry skin
Did spread broad pallid leaves
The quaking Aspen light and thin
To th' air light passage gives 10
Resembling still
The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankind,
Which never rest,
But still are prest
To wave with every wind

II

The Myrtle made of nought but sweets,
Love-loathing *Daphne's* offspring greets,
Whose top no steel e'er lopp'd,
Nor under-boughs with biting beasts 20
Returning from their fodder-feasts,
For banquet ne'er had cropp'd
The lowly banks did bathe in dew,
Which from the tops distill'd
There Eglantine and Ivy grew,
Sweet Mint and Marjoram wild
With many more,
Pomona's store
Was plentifully plac'd,
That nought did want, 30
Nor seemed scant,
To please sight, scent, or taste

III

The blooming borders fresh and fair,
Were clad with clothes of colours rare,
Which fairest *Flora* fram'd
The Hyacinth, the self-lov'd lad,
Adonis, *Amaranthus* sad,
There pleasing places claim'd
The Primrose, pride of pleasing Prime,
With roses of each hue 40
The Cowslip, Pink, and savoury Thyme,
And Gilly-flower there grew.
The Marygold,
Which to behold
Her lover loaths the night,
Locking her leaves
She inward grieves,
When *Sol* is out of sight

IV

Upon the boughs and tops of trees,
Blithe birds did sit as thick as bees
On blooming beans do bait. 51
And every bird some loving note
Did warble through the swelling throat
To woo the wanton mate
There might be heard the throbbing thrush,
The bull-finch blithe her by,
The black-bird in another bush,
With thousands more her nigh
The ditties all,
To great and small, 60
Sweet *Philomel* did set,
In all the grounds
Of Music sounds,
Those darlings did direct

V

With pleasure which that place did bring,
Which seem'd to me perpetual spring,

I was inforc d to stay
Leaning me lowly on the ground
To hear the sweet celestial sound
These Sylvans did bewray 70
Ravish d with liking of their songs
I thought I understood
The several language to each longs
That lodges in the wood
Most Philomel
Did me compel
To listen to her song
In sugar d strains
While she complains
Of tyrant *Tereus'* wrong 80

VI

Compos d to sing her saddest dit
She shrouded in a shade did sit,
Under a budding briar,
Whose thickness so debarr'd the light,
It seem d an artificial night
Leaves link d in love so near
It seem d she was asham d to show
Herself in public place
By sight lest seers so might know
Her undeserv d disgrace 90
Hid from the eye
She thought none nigh
Was for to pen her plaints
She gins relate
Her adverse fate,
And thus her passion paints

VII

'When Prince *Pandion* held that state
Which was the mirthful Muses seat
With learning beautified, 99
Governing there with peaceful rest,
Where no disturbing storms distrest
Those that did there reside
In prime of youth he took a Dame,
By nature kind decor d
With beauty virtue vow d that frame
Should with her gifts be stor d
I know not which
Did seem most rich,
By lavishness in giving
Each gave so much 110
I think none such
Was left amongst the living

VIII

With equal heat love so combin d
Their hearts as they were still inclin d
To nill and will the same
Their minds so mingled were together
They had nought proper unto either
Both fires one common flame
Thus surfeiting on love s delight,
Where with a matching measure
The one the other doth requite 121
In equal pitch of pleasure,
Their days they spent
In sweet content
Deeming all others wretched,
Whose lesser joys
Mixt with annoys
To their full height not stretchèd

IX

To add unto their happiness
And further to increase their bliss 130
The heavenly powers conspire
Of which they (Joy drown d) did not dream
So perfect did their pleasures seem
They could no more desire
Yet was their comfort so increas t,
With offsprings happy store
As now they think they were not blest
With benefits before
Thus is it known
That none doth own 140
So much of earthly pleasure,
But that the heart
A little part
May hold a greater measure

X

We were by Muses Nine nurst up
We drunk with Heliconian cup
Their number did increase
The goodly gifts the Graces Three
Gave to us, we did multiply
To number numberless 150
No syllable could from us slide,
But in consenting sound
Our looks and gestures who espied
The graces in them found

Each had such feature,
And good stature.
As just proportion gra'd,
With colours rare
To make us fair,
By Nature's pencil pla'd. 160

XI

Thus did both heaven and earth conspire
To fill our father's dear desire,
With heapèd happiness.
But when things here are at the height,
Unlook'd for lot doth often light,
And drives them to distress.
As when the Moon hath fill'd her horn,
She straight begins to wane,
And when the flowing force is worn,
The tide then turns again: 170
For here no state
Is free from fate.
With Time all turns about:
Oft rise the small,
The great oft fall
When they do nothing doubt.

XII

If pleasures here were permanent,
Free from disturbing discontent,
Not any ways annoy'd,
We should not relish our delights, 180
So dull should be our appetites,
With senseless surfeit cloy'd.
Therefore that we may better taste,
Each sweet hath many sours,
The brightest blink is quickly past,
And banished with showers:
Also to show
That we do owe
To changing Time, we're tost
When least we fear, 190
It is most near,
And our designs are most.

XIII

So with my father did it fare,
Whom merciless death did unaware
Deprive of his belov'd.
My mother: sickness so her seiz'd,
As pain itself did seem displea'd,
And senses all remov'd:
She seiz'd with careless sleep, gave first
Pandora cause of cares: 200
Which *Athens* woe soon after rues,
And bath'd in bitter tears.
Thus ever still
Preceding ill
Is followed fast with more:
Ne'er comes alone
One cause of moan,
It's companied with store.

XIV

Before her death-bred grief was sing'd,
Barbarians were so enrag'd, 210
(Gaping for greedy gain,
Encouraged by his carelessness,
Whom they deem'd drunken with excess,
They doubt not to obtain)
As they will'd round rich *Athens* walls,
With warriors about,
So fainting fear our force appals,
It durst nowhere look out,
Fear forc'd some sound,
And did confound 220
In others resolution;
All were dejected,
So unexpected,
Was Fortune's revolution.

XV

In midst of this our great distress,
Which did our former fears increase,
Such troops we did behold,
As with their bravery brav'd the skies,
And dazzled the beholders' eye
With beam-reb'ating gold, 230
In front with lofty plume in pride,
Mounted on stately steed,
The likeliest of all did ride,
Who seem'd the rest to lead.
Curvet'ing oft,
Prancing aloft,
His courser proud disdains
To be control'd
By bit of gold,
Scorning commanding reins. 240

XVI

But when he did approach more near
He banishèd that former fear
Conceivèd by his sight
He forc d our foes soon to retire
Who to resist had small desire,
They faintly fell in flight
We musèd much what he should be
Who with unaskèd aid
So suddenly did set us free
And all our foes dismay d 250
All ran to see
As he came nigh
And fixt on him their sight,
And all those eyes
Which him espies
Were taken with delight

XVII

The streets as he did pass along
With gold were garnishèd and hung
All bravely beautified
The pavement pav d with pleasing flowers 260
The spoils of *Flora s* fragrant bowers
Where *Tereus* did ride
Such was his name who us restor d
Of warlike *Thracia* King
Whom in triumphant wise decor d
My father in did bring
In manner meet
Each other greet
And kindly entertain
T his Palace fair 2 0
To solace there
He brings him and his train

XVIII

There banqueting with dainties best
To please the too too curious taste
Which sea or land doth yield
With sweet discourses mixt among
Where a delightful pleasing tongue
Did rove in Rhet ric field
When *Tereus* saw my sister fair
Progne he pric d her such 280
As he believ d no beauties were
Beside she had so much
His heart desires,
His eye admires
Her pleasing form and feature
He thinks all else
She far excels
In goodly gifts of Nature

XIX

When that his fancy on her face
Doth feed there grows no other grace, 290
He thinks in other parts
It seems the curious cabinet
Where Nature had that treasure set
That most bewitches hearts
A rolling eye whence thousand flights
Of gold dipt darts do fly
Whereof the least with love delights
Could wound a deity
Th alluring glances
Which by chances 300
From those two suns did dart,
Love borrow'd still
When he had will
To fire a frosty heart

XX

A forehead where inthronizit
Grave majesty in state did sit
With humbleness attir d
Where meekness made the meaner hope
And majesty cut short the scope
Of Pride that high aspir d 310
Soft waving seas of sable hair—
That hue was judg d by love
The best and aptest to ensnare
Mild *Zephyrus* did move
In careless curls
He oft it hurls
He wantonness bewrays
He oft it flung
Her back along
And beauty best displays 320

XXI

A cheek where purest white with red
Of deepest dye was overspread

280 pric d] A modern would probably have written prized but the distinction is not necessary

305 inthronizit] The Scots participle kept for rhyme s sake is always worth noticing in these seventeenth century writers

And meeting so were mixt,
As neither red nor white they seem,
But both in one made beauties beam,
These colours two betwixt
Her ruby lips, when they do kiss,
Cover prime pearly rows,
When they that kind conjunction miss,
Arabian sweet outflows 330
One sure would think,
As she did drink,
That blood light *Bacchus* fills,
That it did pass,
As through a glass
Gray Claret wine distils

XXII

What shame permits not to espy,
He with Imagination's eye
Doth see, and values most
He views it o'er, and o'er again, 340
Seeks for a fault, but all in vain,
His labour there was lost,
It's seldom seen but some defect,
By prudent Nature's plac'd,
To make the best be more respect,
With glory more be grac'd,
Yet nowhere here
There doth appear
Least foil, all was so fair,
As fir'd him so, 350
He did not know,
To hope, or to despair

XXIII

Thus was he first enamourèd,
And still his loving fancy fed,
While on her face he gaz'd,
His prying prest a beauty-blush,
In crimson coat, her face to flush,
In *Cupid's* fire it blaz'd
Thus forc'd with fainting fever's fit,
His quaking heart did tremble, 360
Where love's deep grounded, there's no wit
Can his sure signs dissemble
He cools and burns,
Heart inward mourns
He hopes, he oft doth fear,
She may consent,
May not relent,
May yield, may chance not hear

XXIV

My father (as physician good)
By signs his sickness understood,
(Having like passion prov'd) 371
He knew the salve could soonest slack
His sickness and his pain beat back,
Was *Progne*, his belov'd
By matching him and her, he thinks
Such friendship to endear,
As bound by wedlock's holy links,
He needs no foe to fear
Thus policy,
Long time we see, 380
Hath ever had two ends,
One is a train,
But still the main
To private profit tends

XXV

He gives these lovers leave together,
Tereus speaks not alone left with her,
But in his heart doth pray
That she had boldness to begin,
In such a muse his mind was in,
He knew not what to say 390
Still rumbling is the little rill,
Deep rivers silent move,
That deepest passion is most still,
Experience doth prove
He much doth fear
She will not hear

336 'Gray' is very interesting as bearing on the much-vexed question of the history of the term 'Claret' 'Claret has never been used in France of a full red wine but only of the wines betwixt red and white.

345 Respect = 'respeckit,' 'respected'

361 I retain the italics in these passages, though there sometimes seems very little reason for them, because they appear to be intended as 'asides' of the author's, separate from Philomela's speech In some cases, however, the printer has almost certainly gone wrong with them

If he good will should proffer
His often dread
Not to come speed
Drives him he dares not offer 400

XXVI

She muses thus to see him mute
She fears he follow not his suit
(Which she deems her undoing)
When he resolvèd had to speak
What he should say he had to seek
(He was not wise in wooing)
When plainly we our passion tell
It maketh much in moving
A simple innocence so well
Bewrays a heart much loving 410
For ever those
Who (apt to glose)
Too speedy are in speech
Love do not show
But make maids know,
They kindly can beseech

XXVII

His speeches had more pleasing sound
With rhetoric did more abound
Unto my sister's sense
Then theirs who by their skilful art, 420
With sophistry can truth pervert
To clear a foul offence
She willingly doth hear him woo
She s pleas d to hear him plead,
She could at first encounter, bow
But doubts do make her dread
Lest quickly won
He should have done
His fancy should take flight
Oft soon obtain d 430
Are soon disdain d
Such lo e is counted light

XXVIII

Thus on she draws him with delay
She neither grants nor gives a nay
(For fear he flee the field)
Her yielding blush doth make him bold
To reinforce and to unfold
All means to make her yield
He vows protests and deeply swears
His love to her shall never 440
Languish with length of lingring years
Nor faith fail he doth give her
I grant she said
No more he staid
But at her word did take her,
With purple red
All overspread
Sweet virgin shame did make her

XXIX

My father knowing th had decreed
To wed and were thereon agreed
He left his pausing pain 451
For he had mused in his mind
To make her heart thereto inclin d
And beat his busy brain
Now all do haste with like desire
To solemnize those rites
Which holy *Hymen* doth require
Fore lawful love delights
They make such haste
The time they chas t 460
Which little list makes long
The smallest stay
That doth delay
Enjoying s judg d a wrong

XXX

The longèd day is come should crown
Their wish d desires sweet Doric sound
Doth deaf the itching ear
Shrill echo in the rocks did ring
Repeating what the sisters sing
In Prince *Apollo s* quire 470
Kind Nature s Quiristers increast
Mounting in crystal skies
The gods invite unto this feast
Which angry Heaven denies
They did envy
Felicity

398–400 This compressed phrase seems to mean his dread not to succeed [we must read *sped*] has such force with him *that* he does not offer There are others like it.
419 Then as constantly = than It will not be again noted
461 'List seems here to mean inclination

Should such on earth be seen ·
To Tragic end
These joys should tend,
The grievèd gods do mean 480

XXXI

The Furies' brands aloft did bear
For *Hymenean* candles clear,
Which lent a dismal light
The raven and the night-crow cry,
The ominous owl abroad doth fly
By day, and not by night
Juno, that blesseth first the bed
Of happy wedded lovers,
Came not, in saffron colours clad,
Hymen affrighted, hovers, 490
Not daring there
Make his repair,
(With presage dire dismay'd)
The Muses dread,
The Graces fled,
They were no less afraid

XXXII

Yet did they dally in delights,
And revel at unhallowed rites,
Till Time, (which nought can stay)
Told *Tereus* his love delays, 500
His home-left-*Thracian* dismays,
Their comfort can decay
They fear his safety, he farewell
· Must bid, *Progne* doth plaine
A pearly shower of liquid hail
Out o'er her cheeks did rain
A tender heart,
Such bitter smart,
With sorrow doth suppress,
When bitter cup 510.
Doth interrupt
New tasted happiness

XXXIII

Yet boots it not, she must be gone,
Tereus her trains (though weeping) on,
And we alike lament
Our sorrow so divided was,
Half with us staid, and half did pass,
Whither that couple went
They shipp'd, a lusty gale of wind
So prosp'rously did blow, 520
The sails suffice fill'd from behind,
There needeth none to row
They soon came nigh,
Where they would be,
And do perceive the land ,
They see the shore
All peopled o'er
With those he did command

XXXIV

For Fame, the air-wingèd post,
(By going greater) fills the coast 530
Of Thrace, with coming-cries ,
Her trumpet sounds his safe return,
The shores with blazing beacons burn,
Where cries confus'dly rise,
Which untir'd Echo in the hills
(With her redoubling voice)
So multiplies, the air it fills ,
The gods seem to rejoice
The multitude
Confus'dly stood 540
Upon the shelvy shore,
He happiest seems
Next *Neptune's* streams,
Can draw, though drown therefore

XXXV

The smaller (yet the sager) sort,
Do mind a more majestic sport,
Rough rudeness they disdain ,
Most stately triumphs they devise,
After the victor's gorgeous guise,
Tereus to entertain 550
Altars with incense sweetly smoke,
Priests *Io Paean* sing
The tottering steeples reel and rock,
(So rolling bells do ring)
This day so glad,
To those they add
Which sacred they observ'd,
From yearly mirth
For *Itys'* birth,
His first-born they ne'er swerv'd 560

XXXVI

WHAT time *Titan* our height had scal'd,
Summer had sweat, winter had hail'd,
Autumn had fill'd her lap,
Five times the Spring in fragrant flowers
Was deck'd, warm sliding sunny showers

The soaking earth did sap
When pleasing *Progne's* longing love
For *Philomela's* sight
Grew wakenfe and such thoughts did move
As lessens large delight 570
When we depart
From what our heart
With liking once hath lov'd
Absence intires
And more endears
The more it is remov'd

XXXVII

This absence kindling longing love
Makes *Progne* all her practiques prove
Defers not her desire 5 9
Woman (who would) delay disdains
Who doth deny and who detains
With hope hath equal hire
Fearing refusal she puts on
A look that most allures
And draws the eye nor that alone
Her of her suit assures
Such weighty words
Her wit affords
As for to move were meet,
With loving charms 590
Him in her arms
Kissing doth thus entreat

XXXVIII

Dearer to me then sweet repose
To misers seiz'd with ceaseless woes
Who ne'er of comfort tasted
More pleasing to me then is light
Unto the silly sleepless wight
Whom waking nights have wasted,
Who present put'st those fears to flight
Which absent make me die 600
As Titan *makes the ugly night,*
With forcing flames to fly
Methinks far more
I now adore
Love more if such desire
Could be increast
Which when at least
Was such could soar no higher

XXXIX

Great love in length doth often dull
Mine (though so main) is not at full 610
It daily doth increase
No intermission makes it stay
No surfeit takes its edge away
It grows but never less
Which by effects may be perceiv'd
For since I first was fir'd
No other happiness I crav'd
Than do as you desir'd
My chiefest grace
I there did place 620
Held that my high'st content
Gladdest did pass
The time that was
In loving service spent

XL

Dost think I doubt (the Prince replies)
Meanwhile looks babies in her eyes
And dallies with delight
Kind kisses on her fairest face,
With soft impressions he doth place,
Her lips have no respite 630
Her pretty parly so doth please,
Her lips so sweetly taste
He doubts which rather he had leese
Both are to be embrac'd
He bids her say
Yet still doth stay
With kissing her discourse
Whilst from her lips
He nectar sips
As from celestial source 640

XLI

Speak love (he said), then she proceeds
'If favour so affect my deeds
As deem them of desert
I'll boldly beg but such a suit,
As kindness cannot so confute
But I shall ease my heart
Since fate from fairest *Philomel*
(With that she deeply sigh'd)
And destinies have doom'd me dwell
To make the loss more light, 650

574 Intires = 'makes whole' 633 'leese' = 'lose.

Suffer me, sweet,
(If you think meet)
I may myself go see,
Or else devise,
Some other wise,
That she may come to me

XLII

The goodliest gift that thou canst give,
I for this grant with liking leave,
It seems to me the best
Promise *Pandion* swift return, 660
Whose aged eyes will overrun,
At this unlook'd request"
Thus having said with kind embrace,
Him in her arms she clings,
With soaking tears bedews his face,
Forc'd from her sunny springs
She doth attend,
How he will end,
To do or to deny
With speaking signs, 670
She him entwines,
Who makes her this reply

XLIII

"What, is this all? sweet, sue for more,
Thou seem'st a niggard of my store,
Out of my kingdom cull
And eke unto thy late request
Seek more, so more I shall be blest,
By being bountiful"
She only this He more would add
If he knew fit propine 680
It seems so slender he is sad,
None dearer can divine
Thus they do prove,
Which most should love,
That only was their strife,
Which breeds no wars,
Nor jealous jars,
'Twixt happy man and wife

XLIV

Then did he haste him to the sea,
That she might wit how willingly
He granted her desire 691
I leave the piteous plaints to tell,
That passion pour'd at this farewell,
Progne did nigh expire
Nor was this forc'd affection, feign'd
To move a more belief
Of sincere love, the tears that rain'd
Sprung from an inward grief.
Let *Ariost*
His foul-mouth'd host 700
Of *Iocund's* parting prate
Whose wife did swound,
But of that wound
A groom the grief did bate

XLV

This was not such, but as the show,
Such was the substance of the woe,
Which thus their souls possest
For she like lonely dove doth languish,
He goes with grief where bitter anguish
Bides in his boiling breast 710
At last *Pireus'* port he spies
The sailors raise a song,
The country, wakened with their cries,
Unto the shore do throng
They feed their sight
With sweet delight
Of this unlook'd for guest,
They thrust him so,
He scarce can go,
Rude people so him prest 720

XLVI

Pandion's state the street refrains,
Yet at the gate him entertains,
And lovingly embrac'd
The right hand friendship's firmest pledge,
They mutually for love engage,
(Yet no good signs it grac'd)
Without inquiry he doth tell
The cause why he doth come,
Is for his sister *Philomel*,
(Fresh beauty's budding bloom)
The presage bad, 731
His speech then had,
My future ill divin'd
It lowring brake,
That day of wrack,
Which dismal deadly shin'd

XLVII

The glad congratulation past,
He goes on with his Heart s behest,
  Which had him thither brought
He tells how pleasing *Progne* pines
Her mirth with melancholy dwines
  In solitary thought
He tells how for her *Philomel*
  Progne did pensive long
All her discourse on her doth dwell,
  She wholly hath her tongue
    He doth request
    With speeches best
And aptest to persuade
    As yet the end
    To nought did tend
But his love s life to glad

XLVIII

Straight he doth after me inquire,
Who him to see had like desire
  I to his presence rush d
He at my sight amazèd grew
He staid astonish d at my view
  (My face such fairness flush d)
Our salutations had no touch
  Of complimenting strains
Light love is lavish where it s much
  From flattery it refrains
    He kist embrac t
    About my waist
His winding arms he wrung
    I did him meet
    With love as great
And to his body clung

XLIX

My goodly garment all of gold
His griping made his eyes behold,
  And note more narrowly
For though my robe itself were rich
Musing *Minerva s* stately stitch
  It more did beautify
She had made it the masterpiece
  Of all her studious store
Art Art itself to pass did press,
  Her cunning to decore
    Reviewing still
    Deeming all ill
(Though well) if skill could better
    So jealousy
    The slyest spy
To needless work did set her

L

There was *Apollo* in a chair
Of burnish d gold, his flame like hair
  Against that brightness beam d
An ivory harp with silver strings
With trembling touch which lightly
    rings,
  Did sound or sounding seem d
With leafy laurel he was crown d
  And canopied o erhead
Wherein chaste *Daphne* lately wound
  Did quiver yet for dread
    The slender flim,
    Which hid each limb
So offer'd to the eye
    And was so wrought,
    You would have thought
It to be maid and tree

LI

Her leafy top (late hair) did shade
The welkin part it twilight made
  And part a mirthful morn
For lower was an azur'd sky
Where eastern beams did beautify
  Half half the stars adorn
Among the slender boughs some birds
  Their listning ears incline
Others hover about in herds
  To hear these dits divine
    Some s swelling breast
    The joy exprest
To hear how they did earn
    Some s opening bill
    Bewray d the will
These wantons had to learn

LII

A little lower from this state
Where Prince *Apollo* proudly sate
  With brightness overblown
The merry Muses rang d in ranks
Were seated on the sunny banks
  With favour sweets o ergrown
While one doth tune her lute or voice
  One notes one time doth measure
A silent sound an unheard noise

795 Note flim for 'film

813 'earn' = yearn'

Doth take the sight with pleasure
Some garments grave
Others did have,
Some light, some long, some short,
Some chaplets wore, 830
And some forbore,
Some mus'd, and some made sport

LIII

Nearer the border one might see
Orpheus and *Eurydice*,
Returning from the dead
He pláy'd, and with swift pace did haste,
Longing till she our air should taste,
Whom he to light did lead
But whether a desire of sight,
Or fear she did not follow, 840
Made him look back, his dear delight
The opening earth did swallow
He quickly snatch'd,
And would have catch'd,
But when it prov'd in vain,
Her look did shriek,
And in his cheek,
Pale grief was pictur'd plain.

LIV

A sea circled the lowest seam,
With welling waves, and of that stream 850
The people pastime take
Fearful on fish *Arion* sits,
He seeming seiz'd with quaking fits,
Did mournful music make.
The *Dolphins* dance now up, now down,
And as much pleasure have,
As he hath pain, for fear to drown,
He sings his life to save,
His hands scarce hold
(With fear and cold 860
Benumb'd) his instrument.
The swelling wave
The motion gave,
The saving sound that lent.

LV

This gorgeous garment large and wide,
Before was with a button tied,
And careless hung about
My forepart was of purest lawn,
Whereon the fairest flowers were drawn,
That Nature e'er brought out 870
Their roots a seeming earth did hide,
Clad in a grassy green,
The stalk stood out, as if beside
The ground a growing sien:
Some thought a scent
Out from them went,
(So wrought they on conceit,)
One maketh faith,
He tasted hath
Some leaf that fell of late 880

LVI

Thus was I cloth'd My breast was bare,
Never till then was white so fair,
Which made the world profane,
And dare the mighty gods upbraid,
That they such pureness never made,
Nor could to such attain
Whereat the gods incensèd grew,
And did together 'gree,
Even with a curse their skill to show,
Blaming world's-blasphemy 890
No year doth fail
But snow or hail,
Since candies o'er the earth,
Whose joy doth vanish,
For it doth banish
The beauty of its birth

LVII

Yet he had not well view'd my face,
Which beauty-bringing years did grace
With rays of most respect
The buds he left so fair had flourish'd, 900
So kindly Nature had them nourish'd,
As he did not expect

874 sien] Is this = 'scion,' a word of many spellings? Or should it be 'agrowing *seen*'?

The infant lustre lightly laid
  Was curiously o errun
And careful Nature perfect made
  Her beauty board begun
    Each lineament
    She did acquaint
With a proportion due,
    And every limb 910
    Fashion d so trim
Was hid in heavenly hue

LVIII

The favour of my face was such
That beauty else though ne er so much
  (If that I came in place)
Was but a foil to make mine fairer
That fairness made mine seem the rarer
  That glory gave mine grace
As former eye contenting flowers
  Lose lustre by the Rose 920
As *Phoebe's* glore eclipsed lowers
  When *Sol* his sight out throws
    Even so did mine
    Others outshine,
Though fair in their degree
    The looks they lost
    Which more them boast,
If parallel d with me

LIX

Some would say *Venus* when at rarest,
And fancied most for to be fairest
  (With *Adon* hot in love) 931
Look d like me but that I more chaste
Look d constant she did care to cast
  Such looks as lust could move
Others would say such *Dian s* look
  (But more to wrath inclin d)
When hapless (bathing in a brook)
  Acteon did her find
    Of goddesses
    They did express 940
The goodly gifts by mine
    Not mine by theirs
    Their doom declares
They deem d me more divine

LX

These these the tyrant so admir d
As with their sight his heart was fir'd
  With more then lawful love
He now thinks *Progne's* parts were poor
He wonders how they could allure
  Or his affection move 950
He wishes now he were unwed
  So I would hear him woo
He sighs he with my sister sped,
  Or had with her to do
    As parched hay
    Whereto we lay
Quick fire takes sudden flame
    So burn d his heart
    With every dart
That light like from me came 960

LXI

He s so enrag d he would not spare
To tempt my fellows faithful care
  (If that could do the deed)
My Nurse s faith, nay e en myself
He would seduce with precious pelf
  If so he could come speed
He cares not for the Kingdom s broil
  To take me thence perforce
And to maintain his ravish d spoil
  By slaughter d souls divorce 970
    His reinless love
    So much doth move
What is it but he dares?
    Nor can his breast
    Those flames invest
Which provocate his cares

LXII

Nor can he now delay endure
He thinks with cunning to procure
  Doth *Progne s* suit renew
He makes it cloak his damn d desire, 980
When more then right he did require
  So *Progne* did pursue

905 Orig perfit The odd phrase beauty board in the next line must be derived from the practice of painting portraits on panel unless it means palette

921 The form glore with glory just before is interesting as showing the tyranny of strict syllabic scansion It recurs below

He would affirm his tongue did
close.
I mute my (pain)
Then moving tears his cheeks
fledging.
As if those *Pryme* sent
Hom human minds.
O amor blinds.
He's thought to be sincere.
His wakedness
We kin in ass grass.
Which doth him more endear.

LXIII

Behold, I for the same do sue.
About my father's neck I threw
My arms, and him embrace,
In often kisses intertwed.
He notes them for his eye is fixed
Still on my dying face:
Each kiss he (covetous) did cure.
He wished he were my sire.
I to him sought each gift I gave
(Good to his kind desire.
My sire or less.
By our request.
Against his will is mon:
Having obtained.
I good bid grant
Did deem but was undone.

LXIV

Now Phœbus steeds sore tired had
His day course was almost done.
The delight they passed have run
And from the steepy sky they beat
With angry hoofs to cool their heat.
Hasting in western cure.
Orphée's angry cries were glad
To correct the mate.
Bacchus Ferdinand golden goblets gadd.
After this did repair.
To go at rest.
Each him of dress.
Not Ferdinand my cure
Was fast in sleep
Or him to weep.
He was so wearie are.

LXV

The true Idea of each part
He saw, was seated in his heart:
What was hid from the sight,
He finds it such as he would have it,
And better than sight could conceive it.
More delicate delight;
He thinks he sees face, feature,
gait,
And doth survey each limb.
So apprehensive quick conceit
Did represent to him.
The night was worn,
A weeping morn
Usherd the doleful day,
When heavenly Fate,
Full of deceit,
Pa this no longer stay.

LXVI

Pandora then with gushing eyes.
Where gorged grief a-bathing lies,
Me to him thus betakes:
My jewel (dearest son) this pearl,
My last, most lov'd, my dearest
girl.
(Her hand them shiveling shakes)
I give thee and thy faith conjure
By all the gods above,
To guard her safety to assure
With a paternal love:
Let known bed
Which you have had.
In [illegible] keep your faith.
And bear in mind
What *Pryme* kind
With me commined hath.

LXVII

And finding, now my sweetest stay,
My age's hope, that from decay
Dennis these [illegible] holds,
Whose presence doth me primely
nourish.
Whose sight yet makes this face to
flourish.
And curbs my coming cares:

[illegible] Orphée [illegible] but these necessary hyphens were then frequent. One [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Goes with me hath her sorrowing sire
(Who did her so much tender)
Twin'd with her? or drunk with desire,
Do I dream he doth send her?
Rouse, rouse you spirits,
Conceited sweets
Of a fantastic love
No power have 1150
So to bereave,
Nor can such pleasure move"

LXXIII

Thus says he, nor doth turn aside
His eyes from me, which still do bide
Beholding with delight
As Adamant the Iron draws
By Nature's close compelling laws,
So did I draw his sight
Look as the Eagle sharp doth pry
Upon his panting prey, 1160
Which in his cruel claws doth lie
Hopeless to scape away
So he beheld,
So I compell'd
Was for to wait his will,
Whom yet in mind
I counted kind,
Not conscious of ill

LXXIV

Our fleeing sails had made such haste,
That now the tedious travel's past,
The toiling sea brings forth 1171
We touch upon the tyrant's coast,
Where hapless I, alas! was lost,
And left of little worth
To shore the tired troops do hie,
Refreshment there to find
The anchor'd bulk lies at a bay,
With sail strook from the wind
All do rejoice,
With cheerful voice, 1180
Their gesture shows they're glad,
They think them blest,
That with such haste
They happy voyage made

LXXV

A winter-wasted aged wood
Near to the landing-place there stood,
Spoilèd (with length of years)
Of beauty, no buds it had borne
For many springs, the wet had worn
The trunk with tempest-tears 1190
The barkless boughs spreading abroad,
Unto the grassy ground
Yielded no shade, with leafy load
The branches were not crown'd
Whereby the heat
So sore did beat
From *Phoebus*' fiery face
Flora for fear
Durst not draw near
To beautify that place 1200

LXXVI

The winding ivy with soft moss
The bodies bound, and did emboss
The rent and ragged rind,
They wrap with warmness to restore
Decayèd age, and to decore
Time's ruins, 'bout them wind
It seem'd sad Desolation's seat
Far sever'd from resort,
Where nought did grow was good of late
For profit or for sport 1210
No harmony
From tree or sky
The birds made, all was sad
The bad aspect,
Show'd the neglect
That nature thereof had

LXXVII

Obscure bushes of fur and fern,
Confus'dly mixt, where robbers learn
For to entrap the prey, 1219
Were rudely rangèd here and there,
Woven with brier and bramble bare,
Which close together lay,
A place most fit for such a fact,
For such a damn'd despite,
Where Mischief meant his part to act,

1145 'Twin'd' = 'twinned,' 'separated' or 'parted'
1147 Note 'spirit,' not only = 'sprite,' but = 'spreet'
1177 'Bulk' and 'hulk' are often interchanged at this time
1217 'fur[ze]'?

And hide it from the sight
The most obdur'd
Would be obscur'd
When they commit a crime
Sin is so sham'd 1230
Lest it be blam'd
It seeks out place and time

LXXVIII

Thither he hales me I did quake
My heart did faint my limbs did shake
I doubted and grew pale
I for my sister ask'd with tears
Not daring to confess my fears,
Yet that did not avail
He did confess his foul intent
Me to the ground he flung 1240
His late lov'd hair he rudely rent,
And careless from me wrung
I call'd amain
But all in vain
On sister and on sire,
On gods above
But could not move
Them mitigate his ire

LXXIX

He forc'd me O how I did tremble!
Grief seem'd to kill but did dissemble, 1250
And would not prove so kind
O had I then given up the ghost
Before my virgin gem was lost
A spotless as my mind,
Then had my body without stain,
In sweet Elysian shade
With the untainted virgin train
A merry mansion had
Where now alas!
It hath no place 1260
Free from tormenting thought
Of that forc'd ill
Which gainst my will
On woful me was wrought

LXXX

The harmless unsuspecting lamb
Torn from the teats of fearful dam
By hungry wolves surprise
Pursu'd by mast'ring mastiff fast,
The robber leaves his prey for haste
Which much amazed lies 1270
Still doubting if it be redeem'd
From such a deep distress
So fainting I confounded seem'd
My fear was nothing less
Fraught with despair
I did not care
What mischief might betide,
As in a trance
Forsook of sense
I for a time did bide 1280

LXXXI

When to myself I did return
My heart did heave my cheeks did burn
My breast I boldly beat,
Rap'd with revenge I did not spare
As cause (though guiltless) face and hair
So lovely look'd of late
From eye no tear, from tongue no words
My passion did permit
The grief that such relief affords
Is soon freed from his fit 1290
With sighs and sobs
And thrilling throbs
My body did rebound
Mine eye him blam'd
Then straight asham'd,
It stares upon the ground

LXXXII

But when as greater grief gave place
Swift trickling tears did other trace
My glowing cheeks bedew'd
Abortive words for birthright long'd 1300
Each pressing first his fellow throng'd
And hastily pursu'd
As respite gave me further leave
I rat'd him in my rage
Thinking I gain'd if he did grieve
My sorrow to assuage

1 33 Orig 'hails
1284 Rap'd though not certainly probably = 'rapt distraught
1300 Orig Obortive

So raging spite
Doth take delight,
(Though thereby not relev'd)
To vex the heart 1310
Procur'd its smart,
And glores to see it griev'd

LXXXIII

"O perjur'd, cursèd, cruel wretch,
To such a wickedness to stretch,
Respectless of the gods
Thou blinded canst them not espy,
Yet doubtless they do draw thee nigh,
With new revenging rods
Could not *Pandion's* prayers move
Thee keep thy promise past, 1320
Nor *Progne's* charge? must marriage prove
Thee base, which should make blest?
A maid to stain,
A bed profane
With an incestuous lust,
Me to deflore,
My sister's whore,
What can be more unjust!

LXXXIV

If there be gods, they'll be reveng'd,
If not, even I (as far estrang'd 1330
From shame, as thou from grace)
This heinous action shall proclaim,
Notorious shall be thy name,
Hateful in every place
If here detain'd, with mirthless moans
The mountains I'll acquaint
My cries shall cause the trees and stones
To pity my complaint
To heaven I vow
I shall strive how 1340
To taint him me betray'd,
The world shall know
I was not slow
To wreck a wrongèd maid"

LXXXV

These words the monster so commov'd,
He hates her now he lately lov'd,
For sin hath this farewell,
It relish'd, straight a loathing breeds,
A minute's pleasure pain succeeds
That lastingly doth dwell 1350
Though Conscience he cannot calm,
Which restless now is rent,
Whose sore to salve he knows no balm,
Yet seeks he to prevent,
Lest I to Fame
Should blaze his shame,
He minds with more mischief
Still to go on,
Regardless grown,
So name may find relief 1360

LXXXVI

Thus arm'd with hate my hands he bound
Behind my back, my hair he wound
About a stubborn tree,
He drew his sword, I hopèd death,
Detesting a distainèd breath,
My soul I sought to free
Yet he proves not so pitiful,
But to be out of doubt
That I should blab, his pinchers pull
My tongue with torment out
Thus joy-bereft, 1371
No comfort left,
He loos'd and left alone
To tigers wild,
Then he more mild,
With worthless speech to moan

LXXXVII

Then to my sister he returns,
She asks for me, therewith he mourns,
Sighs, sorrow suits his face
He feigns my funeral, which drew
The tears, which made his tale seem true, 1381
None doubting my disgrace
Progne her precious garments gay,
That daintily did deck
Her joyful, now she lays away,
And d'ons the mournful black
A sable veil
To ground did trail,

1380 Orig 'fains'

A tomb for me did make,
There incense burns 1390
And for me mourns
That needed no such wake

LXXXVIII

His flaming chariot bout the world
Posting through signs the Sun had hurl d
And yearly course dispatch d
While there I stay d No hope of flight,
My careful keeper day and night
So warily me watch d
I dumb could not the cause delate
Of this my strict restraint 1400
But subtile wit on woe doth wait
Cunning s to caitifs lent
I cast about
How to bring out
His lewdness to the light
Which while I mind
Occasion kind
Doth offer to the sight

LXXXIX

The blissless briers the coat had torn
The fleecy flock had lately worn
And still retain d that spoil 1411
Of party-coloured wool there was
Store sticking on the stalks on grass
Some lay some on the soil
A web I wrought of colour white
Letters with blood distain d
I interweav'd which his despite
And my care s cause contain d
Thus brought to end
By signs I send 1420
Unto my sister Queen
Nor did he know
To her did go
What these mixt marks did mean

XC

This petty present she o erviews
And narrowly doth note the hues
As she doth it unfold
These careful characters express d
How doleful I was so distress d
She blush d for to behold 1430
O er her proud cheek no tear distill d
No bitter word brake out
With vengeance and with hate she fill d
Like fury flies about
She meditates
To move the Fates
To further her intent
To take revenge
By means most strange
Her mind is fully bent 1440

XCI

The hellish hags hatchers of ill
That can seduce a doubtful will
Finding her thus inclin d
Rejoic d and with the Furies join d
To mould a mischief yet uncoin d
So to content her mind
The crime (admitting no excuse)
These imps do aggravate
They malice in the mind infuse
That is at height of hate 1450
Thus do these elves
Busy themselves
To banish from the mind
Pity that pleads
For the misdeeds
Of a dear friend unkind

XCII

Thousand ideas in her brain
They stamp of distinct sorts of pain
To punish each doth press
She s loath the least of them should perish 1460
Pitiless passion doth them cherish
Till grown to excess
They long for birth the time in vites
Swoll n *Bacchus* feast drew near
Which *Thracian* dames with solemn rites
Should celebrate that year
Both old and young
In confus d throng

1419 One feels rather inclined to read This but Hannay is so fond of elliptic con structions that Thus with it remembered after 'send is possible
1462 Till] Until' or 'unto probably written

Do raving run about,
Like beldams mad 1470
That day they gad,
No danger then they doubt

XCIII

When *Phoebus'* fiery Car withdrew,
The Queen with a selected crew
Her princely palace left
The sounding brass so beat the walls,
Glib Echo answering the calls,
The crystal covering cleft
A hair-lace of a leafy vine,
About her temples twin'd, 1480
A hart's hide was her habit fine,
Which 'bout her she did bind,
A small short spear
Her shoulders bear
Thus arm'd away she hies
To search the wood,
Rites of that god
She counterfeits with cries

XCIV

She with disordered fury roves
Through coverts, dens, and shady groves, 1490
With whoops and hollows loud
"So ho!" she sounds a scarce-pac'd-path
Her prying eye discovered hath,
Which seem'd as stain'd with blood
Her mind that mus'd on my mischance,
Seeing the withered knops
Of parchèd grass, her sudden glance
Doth deem them bloody drops
What first the brain
Doth entertain, 1500
There such impression takes,
That oft the sight
It changeth quite,
And false resemblance makes

XCV

So was 't with her, which makes her more
Long for revenge then theretofore,
She hastes, she thinks she hears
My woful plaint, she presseth on,
My prison door, a moss-grown stone,
She breaks, and bushes tears, 1510
She takes me out, she hides my face
With blooming heather sweet
She doth with *Bacchus'* livery grace
Me, as the time was meet
She leads me home,
Where when I come,
My panting breast bewray'd
That my poor heart
With bitter smart
And sorrow was assay'd 1520

XCVI

She having found a fitting place
To vent her woe, unveils my face,
Off *Bacchus'* tokens takes,
She stares on me, I on the ground,
A guiltless shame did me confound,
My face aflame it makes
With scalding tears she strives to stench
The fervour of my face,
Yet could not her eye-conduits quench
My fires, fed by disgrace 1530
If I had had
A tongue to plead,
I had apologiz'd,
And sworn, constrain'd
I had been stain'd,
She 'gainst my will displeas'd

XCVII

My eloquence did so prevail,
Which in sad silence told my tale,
It deep impression took
She reads the story in my face 1540
Of her wrong, and of my disgrace,
Pointed with pity's look
My tears that trickled down amain
She blames, "That's not the way
(Says she in anger and disdain)
My fury to allay
It's fire and sword
Must means afford,
To take a sharp revenge,
Or if aught else 1550
Their force excels
In torment ne'er so strange"

1478 'Crystal covering,' strictly the crystalline sphere of Ptolemaic astronomy but of course here used loosely for 'welkin' or 'heaven' generally

XCVIII

While thus she speaks her pretty child
Itys came whom with looks unmild
She eyes How like his sire
He looks! (her heart could not afford
Her woe tied tongue another word
Swelling with inward ire)
Yet comes he nigh and bout her neck
He winds his wanton arms 1560
He toys he kisses wrath doth check
His childish snaring charms
Against her will
Her eyes distil
She (mov'd with pity) mourn'd,
But when on me
She set her eye
Her tears to traitors turn'd

XCIX

'See I my sister thus defil'd?
And toy I with the traitor's child?
Doth he with prating sport 1571
And sits she silent? calls he dame
And cannot she her sister name,
Distressèd in such sort?
First let him die I gave him breath
And what hath he deserv'd?
His sire gave what is worse than death
Should his seed be preserv'd?
What shall she grieve?
And shall he live 1580
Still to upbraid our shame?
I'll not dispense
With such offence
For a kind mother's name

C

Thus reason'd she thus wrath prevail'd
A parent's part in pity fail'd
Sister she prov'd too dear
Rudely the tender boy she hales
Who flatteringly *kind mother* calls,
Her fury made him fear 1590
Remorse and pity from her fled,
Fell fury took the place
She in his bosom bath'd a blade,
As he would her embrace
Nor so content
She cut and rent
Him piece meal part she boils
Some part she roasts
And thereof boasts,
Blithe of her proper spoils 1600

CI

She hereof makes a dainty feast
For him that it suspected least,
Her husband she invites
Feigning the custom did permit
But one man at the most to sit
At *Bacchus'* blessèd rites
He set in state that food before
Him plac'd thereon he feeds
Too dear a dish he doth devour
Yet nothing thereof dreads 1610
He says Bring here
My darling dear
Itys my lovèd lad
Progne could nought
More hide her thought
Revenge made her so glad

CII

Thou seest him (says she)
'Where? (he said)
I that no more could hide his head
Which quietly I kept 1619
As it was stain'd with bark'ned blood
Did hurl at him as he were wood
He from the table leapt
He wails he weeps he mad doth run
Full fraught with fury's fits
My infant's herse, his tomb undone
I am bereft of wits
(He said) O'erjoy'd
To see him noy'd
We were, Revenge did smile
With naked blade 16 o
He doth invade
Us authors of this guile

1606 blessèd] Orig blissed
1607 set is participial as is 'plac'd Hannay likes these absolute combinations
1620 bark'ned] clotted cf Scott's *Guy Mannering* where Dandie Dinmont uses it. It is Northern English, and not merely Scots

CIII

He eagerly doth us pursue
So swift, as featherèd we flew,
Thereto enforc'd by fear,
Soft pens sprout out, our arms turn wings,
New shape we take, (who'll trust such things?)
Soft plumes our bodies bear
We become birds, *Progne* to town
Doth take a sudden flight, 1640
I wand'ring to the woods did bowne
To wail my woes by night
Some bloody stain
We still retain,
The mark of that misdeed,
Such crimson taint
Our feathers paint,
As they seem still to bleed

CIV

Nor he who us pursu'd doth 'scape
For his foul fault, he loseth shape,
He to a Tewghet turns, 1651
His blade is turn'd into a bill
To exercise his angry will
His voice still sadly mourns,
'Cause once a King, a crown-like crest
He bravely yet doth bear,
His issue hatch'd, away do haste,
Their father they do fear
Pandion heard
These news and barr'd 1660
All comfort, fed on care,
Before his day
Grief made a way
To death, by dire despair'

CV

So far sweet *Philomela* sung,
But here sad sorrow staid her tongue,
Her throbbing breast did bound,
Whereby I well might guess her grief,
And 'cause I could not yield relief,
Her woe my heart did wound 1670
Pity with passion so me pierc'd,
I press'd her how to please,
Her legend if it were rehears'd,
I deem'd would do her ease
Not knowing well
How she could tell
Her tale so well agen,
Returning back
I was not slack,
Thus her complaint to pen 1680

FINIS

1651 Tewghet, teuchit, &c = 'peewit' This seems to be pure Scots

SHERETINE AND MARIANA

To the truly Honourable and Noble Lady Lucy Countess of Bedford[1]

It is a continued custom (Right honourable) that what passeth the Press, is Dedicated to some one of eminent quality Worth of the personage to whom or a private respect of the party by whom it is offered being chief causes thereof the one for protection and honour the other for a thankful remembrance Moved by both these I present this small Poem (now exposed to public censure) to your Honour first knowing the fore placing of your Name (for true worth so deservedly well known to the world) will not only be a defence against malignant carpers but also an addition of grace Secondly the obligation of gratitude (whereby I am bound to your Ladyship s service) which cannot be cancelled shall be hereby humbly acknowledged If it please (that being the end of these endeavours) I have my desire Deign to accept thereof (Madam) with a favourable aspect whereby I shall be encouraged, and more strictly tied to remain

Ever your Honour s in
all humble duty
PATRICK HANNAY

A brief collection out of the Hungarian History for the better understanding of this ensuing poem

After the loss of the battle of Mohacz Lewis (the second of that name King of Hungary and Bohemia) found dead in a rift of the earth half a mile above Mohacz the Turk invests John Zappoly (chosen at Alberegalis) King of Hungary The Arch Duke Ferdinand pretending to be heir of Ladislas, is elected King of Bohemia and growing great thinks of the conquest of Hungary alleging it did appertain to him by right of Prince Albert, and Anne his wife sister to King Lewis He gathering together a strong army enters therewith into Hungary King John unprovided of forces retires to Transilvania Ferdinand pursues and overthrows him he flees towards Polonia and Ferdinand is crowned King of Hungary Jerome Lasky (a man of great power) receives John and practiseth with the Turk for his restitution Solyman undertakes his defence and brings him back Many hostilities past twixt John and Ferdinand Fortune now favouring the one now the other at last (wearied and their forces weakened) they agreed The conditions were that John should enjoy all he then possessed during his natural life and at his death it should descend to Ferdinand John s children (if he left any) to be honourably maintained Within short time after this agreement John dieth leaving a son (named Stephen) of eleven days of age Isabella (wife to John and daughter to Sigismond King of Poland) together with a Friar named George (who had been a follower of John s fortunes) are left tutors to this young Prince John dead Ferdinand requires performance of the agreement which (by the Friar s means) is denied The Queen with her son and George retire to Buda which Ferdinand (by his Lieutenant

[1] Lucy Harington wife of the third earl d 1627, one of the most famous and favourite patronesses of men of letters in the first half of the seventeenth century

CIII

He eagerly doth us pursue
So swift, as featherèd we flew,
  Thereto enforc'd by fear,
Soft pens sprout out, our arms turn wings,
New shape we take, (who'll trust such things?)
  Soft plumes our bodies bear
We become birds, *Progne* to town
  Doth take a sudden flight, 1640
I wand'ring to the woods did bowne
  To wail my woes by night
    Some bloody stain
    We still retain,
The mark of that misdeed,
    Such crimson taint
    Our feathers paint,
As they seem still to bleed

CIV

Nor he who us pursu'd doth 'scape
For his foul fault, he loseth shape,
  He to a Tewghet turns, 1651
His blade is turn'd into a bill
To exercise his angry will
  His voice still sadly mourns,
'Cause once a King, a crown-like crest
  He bravely yet doth bear,
His issue hatch'd, away do haste,
  Their father they do fear
    Pandion heard
    These news and barr'd 1660
All comfort, fed on care,
    Before his day
    Grief made a way
To death, by dire despair'

CV

So far sweet *Philomela* sung,
But here sad sorrow staid her tongue,
  Her throbbing breast did bound,
Whereby I well might guess her grief,
And 'cause I could not yield relief,
  Her woe my heart did wound 1670
Pity with passion so me pierc'd,
  I press'd her how to please,
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Raccandolph) straitly besieges Mahumet Basha succours the Queen, Solyman himself coming to Andrionopolis Mustapha Basha is sent into Transilvania against Malliat Ferdinand's Lieutenant there Raccandolph is quite defeat at Buda by Mahumet, who takes Pesth and divers other fortresses.

Malliat hearing of this overthrow (and despairing of succours from Ferdinand) retires to Fogare, a strong Castle, which by a thousand assaults of the Turks could not be taken He comes to a parly with Mustafa[1], who sends into Fogare four principal Captaines of the Cavalry[2] as hostages, Malliat on this assurance coming forth is betrayed in a banquet, seized on as a prisoner, and sent to Constantinople, where he remained prisoner till his death Solyman (having thus driven Ferdinand's forces out of Hungary) cometh to Buda, from whence he sends Isabel and her son with the Friar to govern Transilvania, depriving her of Hungary against his passed faith The Friar (of an insolent and haughty spirit) governeth all in Transilvania as he listeth, little regarding the Queen She (disdaining to be curbed by one risen from so mean a quality) complaineth to Soliman The Friar (fearing the Turk's force) sendeth privately to Ferdinand, enticing him to a new attempt, promising him the aid of the Transilvanians, with divers fortresses Ferdinand (glad of this offer) sends to his brother Charles the Fifth, then warring in Germany He (jealous of Frederick Duke of Saxon, and Philip Landgrave of Hess, whom yet he detained prisoners) sends him only John Baptista Castalde to be his Lieutenant, who comes to Vienna for his instructions With him came divers Gentlemen, amongst whom was John Sheretine, who there becomes enamoured of Mariana, daughter to Lazare Ardech, and is requited with like affection friends willingly consent, and they are contracted Castalde (with instructions) leaves Vienna, whom Sheretine (after a sad farewell of Mariana) doth accompany While they are in journey to Hungary, Maximilian son to Ferdinand returns from Spain, having wedded Mary, daughter to Charles the Fifth, in honour whereof divers triumphs are done Nicholas Turian (a young Nobleman) coming with Maximilian to Vienna, and seeing Mariana, falls in love with her, by means of her father's kinsman (his entire friend) he comes acquainted with Mariana's parents he sues for Mariana Her parents better liking his present and better means than Sheretine's, (which most depended on hope) force her against her will and plighted faith, to wed Turian

Castalde (come into Hungary) causeth Agria (a town of great importance, yet neither strong by site nor Art) to be strongly fortified, committing the charge thereof to Erasmus Tewfle Castalde proceeds on his journey to Transilvania Arriving at Tiss or Tibiscus, (a large and deep river, which taketh his beginning in Poland, at the foot of the hill Carpatus, and thwarteth Hungary towards the South till it fall in Danubius, between Belgrad and Cenedin, where it loseth the name It is in some places eight miles broad, by reason of quagmires) and having passed the river, they marched in battle till they came to Debrezen there he met with two of the greatest and richest Lords of Hungary, Andrew Buttor, and Thomas Nadasdy, who joined with him By the way Dalmas, holding for the Queen, is besieged, and taken by John Baptista of Arco The Queen hearing of Castalde his approach, calleth a Diet at Egneth, which (by the Friar's cunning) is dissolved without anything concluded She retires with her son to Albeiula with such force as she had The Friar pursues her, and she fearing the weakness of the town, retires to Sassebess (a place by situation far stronger than Albeiula) George besiegeth Albeiula The Queen hearing of the approach of ten thousand Spaniards to his aid, seeks an accord, which George easily grants, knowing Castalde was not nigh The Queen yields the Town on condition to have her movables saved George consents thereto, not suffering one of his soldiers to enter, till her goods were brought

[1] The variation is orig

[2] Orig 'Cavallarie'

out and carried to her Castalde and George meet soon after at Egneth they go to seek the Queen to Sassebess there they sit in council Castalde declares his charge that the Queen should render the kingdom according to the former agreement made with her Husband John He adds also that the Infanta Joan (youngest daughter to Ferdinand, with *100 000 Crowns for a Dowry*) should be given to her son Stephen in marriage with other offers all seeming good to that assembly They send her that message by George whereupon she (knowing the impossibility to keep it by force being destitute of all aid) yields herself to Ferdinand The Friar (fearing lest this agreement might eclipse his greatness) seeks to dissolve it, but she (jealous of his inconstancy and cunning and not able longer to suffer his insolencies) accuseth him to Castalde seeketh to confirm the agreement and at a Diet held at Egneth in presence of her son and Nobility, delivers up the kingly Ornaments which were a Crown of plates of gold mounting on high in form of a high crowned hat enriched with Pearl and stones with a small golden Cross on the top, a Sceptre of Ivory, a Mantle of cloth of gold set with stones a Gown and a pair of shoes of gold The Friar would have had the Crown in keeping, which she with disdain denied him saying She would never consent that a Friar should be King of that kingdom whereof she dispossessed herself and son Then (with great effusion of tears) delivers Castalde the Crown earnestly imploring Ferdinand s relief to her and her son (whose grief showed he disliked the surrender) considering they were sprung from a noble stock The next day after she took her journey towards Cassovia with her sickly son manifesting the great sorrow and discontent she felt to see herself deprived of her Kingdom and by agreement to leave her own which (in time) small help of friends could still have kept At Cassovia she stays with patience expecting a change of Fortune At last is made Vayvod of Transalpinia, seeketh aid of the Turk The Transilvanians (wearied with the Austrian oppression) practise her return She coming drives out Ferdinand s forces is re established and rewardeth those who had still stuck to her Castalde after receipt of the Crown diligently kept it At last finding fit opportunity sends it to Ferdinand by John Alphonse Castalde Pescaire (his nephew) whom Sheretine (longing to see Mariana) accompanieth to Vienna there seeing the inconstancy of Mariana (who had promised never to yield to any other) and the ill dealing of her parents within short time he falleth sick with extreme sorrow and dieth whose death bringeth on their tragic ends as in this Poem more at large doth appear

Canto I

THE ARGUMENT

Marian s Ghost her birth doth tell,
How Sheretine her lov d
And how requited how both griev d
When he to war remov d

I

ONE evening 'twas when the declining Sun
Wearied, gave place to the ensuing night
And silver *Phoebe* had her course begun
To cheer the world with her more feeble light
To rest myself upon a bed I cast
Till gentle sleep seiz d on me at the last

II

As soon as sleep me wholly had possest,
And bid sad cares a time for to depart,
I thought to me a lovely maid addrest,

Whose sight might pierce the most obdurate heart 10
Soft was her gate, and heavy was her cheer,
Ghostly, yet mild, her visage did appear

III

Her golden tramels trailèd down her back,
And in her hand a gory knife she bare
Down from her breast streamèd a bloody track,
A sable sarsenet was all that she ware,
Thoro' which that blood appear'd, as I on lawn
Have seen with crimson silk a currant drawn

IV

Then gently did she by the hand me take,
Saying, 'Fear not, with me vouchsafe to go, 20
Even for thine only Saint fair *Coelia's* sake,
Where thou shalt all my forepast fortunes know'
Then to a flow'ry green she forth me led,
Which was in *Flora's* finest livery clad

V

The Sun nor Moon there never show their face,
Nor yet doth horrid darkness there appear,
Nor nights, nor days, nor seasons there take place,
One night, one day, one season serves the year
Such light as when the early lark doth sing,
Such season as 'twixt summer and the spring 30

VI

Down by this field there runs a deep black lake,
O'er which a ferry-man doth steer a boat
So smear'd with blood, that doubtful it doth make,
Or black or red, with gory pitchèd coat,
With twisted long black hair, and blue lips side,
Lamp-burning eyes, mare-brows and nostrils wide

VII

To him there flock'd of every sort and fashion,
Over that river waftage for to have,
But he devoid of all love and compassion,
Would none transport, but such as passport gave 40
Here would she fain have past, but back he held
Her with his pole, and churlishly repell'd

VIII

Then back she brought me to that flow'ry green,
And set me down, then pitifully said,
'Thou seest how fain I would transported been,
But churlish *Charon* hath my passage staid
Nor ere can I pass o'er this grisly lake,
Unless thou deign pity on me to take

IX

For still I m stay'd till one do write my story,
Whose infant Muse is by a maid inspir'd, 50
To write her worth, and to set forth her glory,

13 'tramels'='chains,' or rather 'network' of hair
23 flow'ry] Orig 'floorie,' which might possibly, though not probably='level,' if it were not for stanza viii, where it is 'flowry'
35 'side' in this engaging picture seems to have the old Scots sense of 'long,' 'trailing'
36 'mare-brows' are penthouse-eyebrows
49 I keep the variation of 'staid' and 'stay'd' in four lines only, for the moral

Who for her parts deserves to be admir'd,
Such is thy fairest *Coelia*, such the Muse
Which her rare beauty bred and did infuse

X

By thy sweet *Coelia's* name I thee conjure
My rueful legend that thou wouldst relate,
This may from her some pity thee procure,
For as hers now, such once was my estate
I bid her say, and I would do my best
To please my mistress, and procure her rest. 60

XI

Then thus At *Vien* first I drew my breath
And at my birth I *Marian* was nam'd,
I at *Vienna* gave myself my death
For that alone not worthy to be blam'd
My parents had not base, nor noble blood,
But betwixt both in a mean order stood

XII

At my wretch'd birth appear'd no ominous star
Which might my future misery divine
None opposite, they all according were
To show my rise, but not my sad decline 70
All did agree to grace my infant years
With happiness but drown mine age in tears

XIII

Kind *Nature* freely her best gifts bestow'd
And all the *Graces* join'd to do me grace
In giving what they gave they nothing ow'd,
Which well to those appear'd, who saw my face,
There was no maid who durst with me compare
My beauty and my virtues were so rare.

XIV

My parents plac'd in me their whole content,
I was their joy, they had no children more, 80
Kin and acquaintance all of me did vaunt,
And bragg'd to see my youth produce such store
Of budding blossoms fairest fruit presaging
All which were nipp'd by adverse fortune's raging

XV

My parents care was chiefly how to train
Me up in virtue from my tender years
They us'd all means, sparing nor cost nor pain,
Nor day nor night me to instruct forbears,
So in short time my virtue had such growth,
As age whiles brings but is not seen in youth 90

XVI

Like as the rising Sun with weaker light,
Steals from the bed of bashful blushing *Morn*
Permitting freely to the feeblest sight
Him to behold, but such beams him adorn
Mounting our height as who him then beholds
Is blinded with the brightness him enfolds

XVII

So I an Infant at the first appearance,
With hopèd beauty did but weakly shine,
But as in years I further did advance,
Perfection's pencil so did me refine

As my accomplish'd beauty at the height 101
Dazzled the bold beholder's daring sight

XVIII

ABOUT this time th' Hungarian state distrest,
(King *John* being dead) by civil discord torn,
Some *Ferdinand* would in the state invest,
The Friar for young *Stephen* others doth suborn,
He with Queen *Isabel* calls in the Turk,
Who seems her friend, but for himself doth work

XIX

Buda by sieging *Ferdinand* is girt,
By *Solymon* his Army's there defeat, 110
Who taketh *Pesthe*, *Mustafa* doth hurt,
On *Malliat* wars The *Transilvanian* state
Swears homage unto *Stephen*; *Malliat* betray'd
To *Stambol's* sent, where till he died he staid

XX

Solyman having *Ferdinand* o'erthrown,
To *Buda* comes; deprives the woful Queen
Of *Hungary*, seizing it as his own
Sends her distressèd with her Infant *Stephen*
To *Transilvania* with the crafty Friar
Her coadjutor, for to govern there

XXI

You easily may guess her heart was sorry, 121
Being depriv'd of what she held most dear
Robb'd of her state, degraded of her glory
By th' injust Lord she call'd to free her fear.
Buda bears witness of her sad complaint,
Which mine own woe permits me not to paint

XXII

To *Transilvania* come, no sorrow ceaseth,
Th' ambitious Bishop governs as him listeth
The Queen he curbs, command in her decreaseth,
Whilst he grows greater and in pride persisteth 130
Till her abusèd patience cannot bear
More the demeanour of the saucy Friar.

XXIII

Her Father *Sigismond* no comfort sends her,
He was but careless, though she thus was crost
Not one of his confederates befriends her,
Seeing him leave her should relieve her most
Ah, wretched Queen, what help can moaning make thee,
When father, friends, kin, and allies forsake thee?

XXIV

Her sorrows now she can no more support,
(Yet peremptory *George* was greatest grief) 140
Since who should love, had left her in such sort,
Her discontented mind hopes small relief
To *Solyman* she sends, O woful wight,
To seek an injurer to do thee right

111 *Pesthe*] The orig spelling 'Pesthe' is required here *met grat.*
118 The evident scansion of this line is 'distressed,' with 'Stephen' pronounced 'Ste'en' as in 'Steenie,' to rhyme to Queen This pronunciation may also save l 113. but of the versification of these historical parts perhaps the less said the better.
132 Friar] = 'Frere' but Frier in orig

XXV

The *Turk* commiserates her sad estate,
George knowing this, to *Sassebess* retires,
Scours ditches heightens walls debased late,
Lays in munition that a siege requires
Then raiseth forces *Isabel* provides
Force gainst his force, which the whole land divides. 160

XXVI

The *Turk Chiauss* in *Isbel's* favour sent
Threatens the Friar, and those to him adhere,
Which did no good but ill, it from her rent
Most part of those that erst her fautors were
Such inbred hatred to the *Turk* they bore,
They hate her cause, cause he would her restore.

XXVII

The Queen (misdoubting of the *Turk's* supply)
Seeks an agreement, which is lightly granted
For the *Friar* knew that the *Turk's* force drew nigh
Intelligence there to her hurt she wanted 170
Agreed the *Friar* forceth the *Turk* retire,
Still misregards her, still doth high aspire.

XXVIII

She once again the Nobles doth incite,
(Disdaining his neglect) and they once more
In a firm league to her do reunite
The crafty *Friar* thinks to provide therefore
To *Ferdinand* he sends, his aid doth proffer
Which *Ferdinard* accepts glad of that offer

XXIX

To *Charles* the Fifth his brother he doth send
In such affair to have his present aid, 180
Yet knowing no great succour he could lend
(In *Germany* his whole force being staid)
Yet at the least an expert Captain brave
For his Lieutenant he doth press to have.

XXX

Charles weighing what this enterprise importeth
John Baptist Castill, Count of *Paden*
Doth single out, and to this charge exhorteth,
He willingly accepts but with few men
He takes his leave, and unto *Iren* comes,
Where he is welcomed with the pressing-drums. 180

XXXI

One of his train (and what concerns me most,
With that she sighed) was one in *Iren* born,
John Sheretine, his kin of him did boast,
As if his stock he chiefly did adorn
And those who have no interest in his blood,
Honour him more, the more he's understood

XXXII

From native home he long time had remained,
In *Padua* ten years at school he staid
And in that time he so much learning gained,

169 Fifth] Orig here and elsewhere 'Fift *Scotce* These survivals in the Anglicized Scots of this period are perhaps worth noting

As virtue's firm foundations sure were laid 190
His father hereof knowing, him commends
To *Castald*, who on bloody *Mars* attends.

XXXIII

He willingly his father's hest obeys,
And in short time made to the world appear
That learning ne'er the haughty spirit allays,
Which honour'd glory for his badge doth bear
And though that *Envy* still doth hate brave deeds,
Yet his worth even in *Envy* liking breeds

XXXIV

He with *Castalde* to *Vien* comes back,
Where hungry expectation longs to see him, 200
Kin and acquaintance to the casements make,
They think him happiest that first can eye him
Yet when they see, they know not whom t' affect,
All-changing *Time* had alter'd his aspect

XXXV

To see these soldiers in the town received,
The confus'd multitude in clusters throng
The better sort, (yet novelty that craved)
In spacious windows rangèd were along,
There was I plac'd, I clothèd was in green,
Embroidered o'er with flowers like Summer's Queen 210

XXXVI

As each did pass, he did our censure pass,
Whom one did like, another did disdain
Sheretine came, and none knew what he was,
Yet each one's approbation he did gain,
Each one him prais'd, and I amongst the rest,
Of all that pass'd said he deservèd best.

XXXVII

Nor was this favour forcèd from affection,
It was desert that drew this verdict fra me,
Love had not then inflam'd me with infection,
No object had had hap from me to draw me, 220
Though love had found me fit to show his power,
Yet did I live at liberty that hour

XXXVIII

Though mine eyes were the arsenal where he hid
His choicest arms, from whence he might take fires,
(Which in continual lightning from them slid)
To kindle in cold hearts most hot desires,
Yet I not knowing what their power meant,
My youth's sweet spring, free from disquiet spent

XXXIX

Some noble thought possessing still my mind,
Whilst gold on canvas ground my fingers place, 230
Or nimbly on a lute light notes out find,
Which with sweet airs my charming voice did grace
These gave no leave to Love to let mine ease,
Which disrespect did the Love-god displease

199 *Castalde*] The addition of the *e* to get an extra syllable is interesting
218 fra me] Note Hannay s utilizing of a Scots form for rhyme and the evidence for 'draw' as 'dra' ' But he drops into it again *infra*, stanza xlix, where no rhyme calls.

XL

He languish'd that the flames which in mine eyes
Were plac'd had yet but darted feeble rays
Now did the brunt of *Sheretine* him please
Of him all speak, all listen to his praise,
He thinks him only worthy of those fires
Which had not kindled others deep desires 240

XLI

Whilst at *Vienna* they for dispatch stay,
They re visit'd by their country gallantry,
Which to express affection doth assay
They with requital quit their curtesy,
For *Sheretine* the *Fates* do lay a train
My father woos, he may hum entertain

XLII

He willing to his suit doth condescend
To be eye witness (to his house resorted)
Whether that *Fame* me falsely did commend
Or if I were such as I was reported 250
For she had blaz'd my beauty everywhere,
Call'd others fair and fairer, me most fair

XLIII

The day did seem to break even at the noon,
My coming so eclips'd the former light
Small stars are dimm'd so by a rounded moon
Which from a cloud comes suddenly to sight
My beauty blaz'd so at the first appearing,
He thinks report my worth had wrong'd by bearing

XLIV

What learned Padua could not effect,
Nor spacious Germany where he had stayed 260
That Vien doth, one beauty there respect
Bred which all theirs conjoin'd in vain assayed
His heart from their attracting baits left free
At Vien he doth offer up to me

XLV

My father his affection to express
Bids him kind welcome as his dearest friend
Vows lasting love meanwhile *Love* doth address
His surest shaft his golden bow doth bend
Mine eye the quiver whence he took the dart
With unavoiding stroke, that hit his heart. 270

XLVI

One might have seen mid-day of his desires
Even from the Last of their new taken birth
He strove to hide the new flame of his fires
But grounded passion is not masqu'd with mirth
His mirth to melancholy sighs redoubled
Did well bewray his musing mind was troubled

XLVII

Thus was he first enamoured, yet he strove
To hide his passion, but we did perceive
Some unaccustom'd accident did move
These sudden fits, yet we no cause would crave 280
He takes his leave, unto his home returns
Whilst in his heart, that new fire hotly burns

XLVIII

He careless casts himself upon his bed,
And 'gins to reason with his restless thought
He curseth Chance that first him thither led,
He straight doth bless it 'cause it there him brought,
He blames it for the breeding his unrest,
Loves it for showing what could make him blest

XLIX

"How did I live with unperturbèd mind,
Passing the day with joy, the night with sleep, 290
(Saith he) where wakenfe cares I now do find,
And new disquiet for my late delight
Are these th' effects of Beauty and of Love?
Heaven Love and Beauty fra me then remove

L

Ah, hateful tongue, recant this foul amiss,
Love is the God that first gave life a being
Beauty 's the breeder of this greater bliss,
How dar'st thou then profane their power weying?
Beauty breeds Love, Love beauty doth requite
With the attractive lines of sweet delight 300

LI

Then welcome Love, I now will entertain thee,
Beauty, I'll thee with reverence adore,
But what if beauteous love should now disdain me,
Since love and beauty I have brav'd before?
Nay, they will not take that as a disgrace,
I saw nor knew not them, till first her face

LII

Her face where wanton love keeps residence,
He takes no progress but when she removes
Beauty projects from thence unto the sense
Such beaming glances, as their brightness proves 310
Young Eaglets, pardon Love, for I had been
Sooner your subject, if she sooner seen"

LIII

Thus passed he the night withouten slumber,
Longing for day, nor did I take such rest
As theretofore, new thoughts 'gan me to cumber,
Making me wakenfe whilst my sleep decreast
Nor could I think what did procure that change,
'Cause unaccustom'd I did hold it strange

LIV

Whilst sleep remov'd, on *Sheretine* I thought,
(The mind must still be busied) I his shape 320
Did think that Nature curiously had wrought,
On which the Graces did their blessings heap,
And Virtue that she part of him might claim,
Had deck'd with rarest ornaments his frame

LV

"Why should I think on him more than another?"
(I say) And straight begin my thought to blame,

298 weying] = 'weighing'?

I would forget his shape, his virtues smother,
Place where he sate, the time he went and came
Yet still the more I wish him out of mind,
Him liveliest represented there I find 330

LVI

I sleepless spend the night I early rise,
Heresstless longeth for to leave his bed
Even then our thoughts began to sympathize
Abroad he walk'd as Morn the East heaven clad
To put him out of mind I did repair
To a Garden yet in thought I found him there.

LVII

Ere noon he came (acquaintance loath to lose)
To visit and give thanks I joy'd to see him
As he to be with me of all did choose
So I was well contented to be nigh him 340
Thus did the *Destinies* draw on our fate,
I knew not *Love*, fear'd not his hidden bait

LVIII

After we often walk'd into the fields
Passing the time with sport and harmless mirth
Where nought did want that fairest *Flora* yields
Or *Tellus* from her treasure bringeth forth
But discontented minds seld find relief
By outward show for inward hidden grief

LIX

For in his countenance we might behold
Some hidden grief, though gilded o'er with gladness 350
Sudden abortive sighs unto us told,
His pensive mind was seiz'd with inward sadness
Ignorant of the cause, I thought to please him,
The more I cherish'd, more I did disease him

LX

Sheretine's love still more and more increast
The more he did my company frequent
His beating breast bewrayed his heart's unrest,
Yet could not (though he strove) my sight absent.
So doth *Farfalla* dally with the flame
Till, his wings sear'd he sinks down in the same 360

LXI

Oft would he strive to look another way
And still endeavour'd me for to neglect
Yet did his eye more steadfast on me stay,
Endeav'ring to dislike bred more respect.
Now look'd he pale, now red, cold straight in fire
Merry, soon sad *how changing is desire!*

LXII

Yet his desire he strove to cover still
And each way to conceal his passion tried,
But love resisted, like a close pent kill
Most hotly burns, when least the flame's espied 370
He thought it would have kill'd it to conceal it
The salve hurt most which most he thought should heal it

340 nigh] 'nigh and see rhymed as above st xxxiv 'see and 'eye
359 *Farfalla*] butterfly, 'moth
369 kill] = kiln

LXIII

Within short time his hid fire out doth blaze,
His strength no longer able to suppress it
He woos *Occasion*, then blames her she stays
To fit him *Time* when he might well express it
Time soon befriends, we to a garden walk,
Unseen, unheard, where we might freely talk

LXIV

"How comes it, Sir," taking him by the hand,
Then said I, "that grief taketh on you seizure 380
(Without presumption if I might demand,)
Where nothing is intended but your pleasure?
For in your visage *Care's* idea's plac'd,
Which hath your late-joy semblance clean defac'd"

LXV

"Love-worthiest *Maiden*, blameless if I durst
(Saith he) lay ope my heart and thought reveal,
I would tell how my sobbing sighs were first
Conceiv'd, took birth, and why they still do dwell"
Then finding me willing to hear inclined,
He thus begins to tell his troubled mind 390

LXVI

"Fair (if that fair be not too base a name
For thee, sweet deity of my affection,)
Before this boldness receive check, or blame,
(My tongue is free from flattery's infection)
Vouchsafe to hear, (and hear without offence)
My rude, yet love-enforcèd eloquence

LXVII

Love now the sole commander o'er my soul,
Elsewhere that could not by his craft or might
Captive my thought, or liberty control,
Hath brought me here (using that cunning slight) 400
To see thy face, which in an hour hath gain'd
Love conquest o'er him, who erst love disdain'd

LXVIII

'Gainst his assaults, hitherto as defence,
A constant resolution I prepar'd
His beauty-batteries poorly beat my sense,
Beauty's neglect 'bout me kept watch and ward
Ne'er could love gain till thy commanding look
Surpris'd my fort and guard, me captive took

LXIX

I am thy prisoner, but no freedom seek,
In this captivity I joy to bide, 410
Only I crave my heart's keeper be meek,
Dear, let not this desire be me denied
For it's my joy, since *Love doth conquer all*,
That I had hap to be thy beauty's thrall

LXX

And thy sweet look (if I do right divine)
Doth promise, thou wilt not so cruel prove,
Nor pitiless to make thy captive pine
By base disdain, and so requite his love,
Which is not touched with least part of folly,
My aim is honest, my pretension's holy 420

LXXI

Then dear (but dearer far if thou wer't mine)
Let pity (the companion of sweet beauty)
Move thee to love him whom *Love* hath made thine
Love to requite with love is but love's duty
Grant love, if not, say thou scorn'st my desires,
That death may quickly quench my loving fires

LXXII

As doth a prisoner at the bar expect
With pity moving look the doubtful doom
And by the judge's more severe aspect,
Doth rather fear than hope what is to come 430
So *Sheretine* torn betwixt hope and fear
His joy or sorrow so awaits to hear

LXXIII

A purple blush with native tincture dyed
My cheek's late lily in a deepest red
Whilst I (abashèd) to his speech replied,
Whose fainting eyes still on my face do feed
I was amaz'd, I musèd what to say
Love seeks consent, modesty bids deny

LXXIV

At last "Brave Sir (said I), I am not train'd
So in love's school as make a quaint reply, 440
Nor think I lovers can be so much pain'd
As they make shew, but thereby only try
Their wit on woman's weakness, to ensnare
That harmless sex before it be aware

LXXV

Or if they be, it's by some rarer beauty
My poor perfection cannot passion move,
Your courage should propose else where that duty
Vain glory cannot so puff me with self love
As to believe mine such, the looks I scatter
Are feeble ne'er inflame nor such I'll flatter' 450

LXXVI

'My speech (saith he) of flattery cometh not,
Love brings it from the oracle of truth
I cannot flatter I nor fain God wot
Nor doth it need where beauty hath such growth
With cunning I would not com passion move,
Nor try my wit with an imagin'd love

LXXVII

My protestations whence they do proceed,
Will soon be seen by sighing out my breath
Unless my martyrdom thy mercy meed,
Thou'lt know thy beauty's force by timeless death 460
Then shall you see character'd on my heart
True holy love, not flattery nor art

LXXVIII

'I must not enter in intelligence
Of such love passion gentle Sir (I said)
If I have answer'd (prompt with innocence)
Seek not the rather to entrap a maid
Th' access which my simplicity doth give
Hence I will bar, unless such suit you leave'

LXXIX

My father's coming hindered his reply,
With him the residue of the day he spent, 470
Then to his chamber went, there down did lie,
Bathing his bed with tears of discontent,
Accompanied with every kind of care
He tumbling lay, *Hope* yielding to *Despair*

LXXX

My mind no less than his was sore perplex'd,
It griev'd me that I granted not his suit
It vex'd my heart to know that he was vex'd,
I reason'd, and my reason did confute
Should I have yielded? no, who soon are won,
Are soon disdain'd, then I had been undone 480

LXXXI

Yet who doth love, and can torment her lover
Yield then, unask'd? may be he'll sue no more
Alas, how shall I then my love discover?
Oh! would to God I granted had before
His love's extreme, if it kill, or take flight,
Or turn to hate, then, all my joys, good night

LXXXII

May be it was not serious that he said,
Oh! I am lost if that he only tried me,
Then my own self I seriously survey'd,
And saw that loving Nature nought denied me 490
Yet priz'd I not my parts, 'cause they were rare,
But 'cause they could my *Sheretine* ensnare

LXXXIII

Yet being doubtful of his back returning,
I call myself too cruel, too unkind
And he that could not hinder inward mourning,
Absents not long, returns to know my mind
He vows, protests, thereto adds sighs and tears,
Which sweeter than sweet'st music pierc'd mine ears

LXXXIV

I was well pleas'd that he came again,
(But better far his love was not decay'd) 500
I thought it folly longer to detain
With doubtful *Hope*, lest *Love* should die denay'd
I (seeming loath) granted all that he crav'd,
Mine honour and my reputation sav'd

LXXXV

Those who have felt the fits of fervent Love,
Which hath the strength decay'd, and vigour wasted
With strongest Passion, and in end did move
Their Saint to pity, and some comfort tasted
Such and none else, can tell if he were glad,
When of my love, this overture I made 510

LXXXVI

My hands he kisses, doth not speak a word,
(Joy chaining fast the passage of his speech)
His gesture did more eloquence afford
By moving signs, than Rhetoric can teach
Therewith o'ercome, I open laid my heart,
And all my loving-secrets did impart

LXXXVII

I told him that I did no less affect
His virtuous parts than he admirèd mine
How I delay'd not cause I did neglect
Or joy'd to see him for my sake to pine 520
But only love's continuance did doubt
The soonest kindled fire goes soonest out

LXXXVIII

No more we then on ceremony stand
Each unto other firmly plighteth troth,
In sign whereof I took his gave my hand
Call'd *God* to witness with religious oath
He unto me vow'd a ne'er bating love
I vow'd my fancy ne'er should other prove

LXXXIX

Our next care was, to gain our friends consent,
Who heard no sooner we did other like, 530
But they did yield and are so well content,
They joy and thank the heavens, that so did strike
Our hearts with equal heat, they hop'd to see
Honour and joy of our wish'd progeny

XC

We sometimes after walk'd to take the air
Sometimes to see them hunt the fearful roe
Sometimes we to the Temple did repair
Sometimes to the Theatre we would go
Thus did we banquet still with fresh variety,
Yet ne'er did cloy or surfeit with satiety 540

XCI

Methinks the sweet remembrance yet me glads,
How in my father's flore perfumèd garth
Where leafy tops chequer'd out motley shades
And *Flora's* minions diaper'd the earth
How we have walk'd discoursing of our love
With kindest appellations *Dear* and *Dove*

XCII

An arbour there fenc'd from the southern Sun
With honeysuckle thorn and smelling briar
Which intermix'd through others quaintly run
Oft hath had hap our loving lays to hear 550
There hath he laid his head down in my lap
To hear me sing feigning to steal a nap

XCIII

There sitting once, I told him how I dream'd,
And wish'd my dream were true! he long'd to know it
And then most eager for to hear it, seem'd,
Yet shamefastness would never let me show it
Before our plighted faith then I it read
It was how I was first enamourèd

538 Theatre] Note the accent (of course in strictness justifiable, like so many vulgar isms) 'Theayter

542 flore perfumèd] 'flore perfumèd garth' is good, methinks

557 read] = expounded

XCIV

There have we talk'd, chaste kisses interrupping
Our kind discourse, which every word did point 560
I from his lips, he from mine nectar supping
Mix'd tears of *Pity* oft our cheeks anoint
There have we spent long time in such like sport,
And that long time, we still thought very short

XCV

Such happiness we had, we none envied,
We counted Keasars caitiffs match'd with us
But permanent felicity 's denied
To mortals here, none can enjoy that bliss
Our joy soon turns to sorrow, we must part,
Which with grief's sharpest prickles pierc'd each heart 570

XCVI

Now *Ferdinand* had everything prepar'd
Was necessary the war to maintain
Castalde who for conduct thereof car'd,
Was ready, and gave warning to his train
To be in readiness him to attend
To *Hungary* to make their valour ken'd

XCVII

Young *Sheretine* prepareth for to go,
Though all his friends persuade him stay behind,
Yet he will forward, though even I say no
"Sweet," (saith he) "*Love* doth not debase the mind 580
What! shall I now obscure my former worth?
No, no, thy love doth no such fruit bring forth

XCVIII

Weep not," (for then the tears stood in mine eye)
"Life of my Life, for so my sorrow 's doubled,
Although thereby signs of thy love I see
Which it assureth, yet therewith I'm troubled
If thou wouldst have me to enjoy content,
Leave, dearest Love, with sorrow to lament"

XCIX

The hapless day being come that must us sunder,
All such persuasions he pour'd out in vain, 590
That my heart broke not then it was a wonder,
Swift scalding tears out o'er my cheeks did rain,
"What, wilt *thou* go? and meanst *thou* thus to leave *me*?"
(Said I) "And wilt thou of all bliss bereave me?

C

Thou saidst thou wouldst my prisoner abide,
Is this thy craft thy keeper to betray?
What, wilt thou, cruel now, my soul divide?
I know thou wouldst not kill me, *Dear*, then stay,
Ah, wilt thou go? and must I stay behind?
Oh! Is this *Love*? Is this it to be kind?" 600

CI

No more could *Passion* suffer me produce,
To whom my grieving *Sheretine* replied,
Each eye a tear-evacuating sluice,
"My *Heart*, my *All*, my *Star* that doth me guide,

559 interrupping] This useful if not elegant form does not seem common

Leave now to greve, my chiefest care shall be
Soon to return, then still to stay with thee

CII

Nor mean I now to leave thee altogether
With its affection I leave thee my Heart,
Let Destiny or Fortune draw me whither
They will yet from thee that shall never part 610
In nought I'll joy deprived of thy sight,
Except the minding of thee breed delight.

CIII

Dear, let the hope of a soon joyful meeting
Better to bear this separation move thee
Think of the joys that will be at our meeting
The *Fates* do force my absence but to prove thee
Hence from my thoughts all else shall be debarr'd
(I said) *My constancy may chance be heard*

CIV

Passion no more permits we did embrace
Each other wringing in our winding arms 620
With mixed tears bedewing others face
Ones heart the other's rous'd with love alarms
Oh! none but such as have felt like distress
Can think how sorrowful this severing was

CV

I think *Ulysses* (feigning to be mad
Loath to depart from lov'd *Penelope*)
No such distracting fits (through fancy) had,
As had my *Sheretine* going away,
Ulysses had reaped the longed crop
Sheretine in the blade had blooming hope 630

CVI

Thus did we part he with *Castalde* goes,
Yet while in sight he still did look behind him,
I stay'd steeping mine eyes in seas of woes
Oft unawares I look'd about to find him
Imagination did delude my sense
I thought I saw him, who was far from thence.

Canto II

THE ARGUMENT

Turian Mariana loves,
She's forced by her friends
To marry him This luckless match
With blood and sorrow ends.

I

OF all the Passions which perturb the mind
Love is the strongest, and molests it most,
Love never leaves it as it doth it find,
By it some goodness is or got, or lost
None yet ere lov'd, and liv'd in like estate
But did to Virtue add, or from it bate

II

Sometimes it makes a wise man weakly dote,
And makes the wariest sometimes to be wild,
Sometimes it makes a wise man of a sot,

Sometimes it makes a savage to be mild 10
It maketh Mirth to turn to sullen Sadness,
And settled brains it often cracks with Madness

III

By cursed all-suspecting Jealousy,
Faint doubtful Hope, and ever-shaking Fear,
(Whom pale-fac'd Care still keepeth company)
It is attended These companions are
No minute's rest who let the lover find,
But with their several thoughts do rack his mind

IV

So was't with me I everything did fear 19
That might unto my *Sheretine* befall,
Sometimes I thought I clatt'ring arms did hear,
Sometimes for help I thought I heard him call
Sometimes I fear'd new beauty him allur'd,
Sometimes my hope his honesty assur'd

V

Now (absent) I did love him more intearely,
It taught me deprivation was a hell,
The parting pangs did touch my heart but nearly,
But now in centre of the same they dwell
I oftentimes lov'd to consult with Hope,
And of his swift return propos'd the scope 30

VI

But now the Fates with Fortune do conspire,
To cross the kind intendements of Love,
And with salt tears to quench his kindled fire,
Not satisfied with my dear friend's remove
My Joys are in the wane, daily grow less,
My Sorrows waxing, daily do increase

VII

To Vien back comes Maximilian,
(King of Bohemia) Ferdinand his son,
With Mary daughter unto Charles of Spain,
In honour whereof divers sports are done, 40
Tilting and Turnay, Feasts to entertain
(With pomp) the coming stranger they ordain

VIII

'Mongst others who to Vien then resorted,
Nicholas Turian (a brave youth) was one,
Most of his friends him from the feast dehorted,
Yet he from it will be detain'd by none
Such warnings oft the unknown Fate forerun,
Yet misconceiv'd, by those must be undone

IX

His straying eyes which wander'd every way,
('Mongst the rare beauties that assembly bred) 50
Seeking fit subject their roving to stay,
At last unto my firing looks were led,
Which with one glance (that *Cupid* fra them prest)
Dazzl'd his sight, and did his eyes arrest

X

He thinks he ne'er such fairness saw beforn,
It did eclipse the beauty that was by,
As doth the fresh-forth-streaming ruddy Morn

25 intearely] I keep this form intact because of the rhyme Hannay would doubtless have justified himself from the Fr *entier*

Put out the lesser lights of nighted sky
He thinks there is not any of such prize
If inward worth do outward equalize 60

XI

He longs to know, and presseth to be near,
The nearer he his courage did abase
Approached he speaks not seems to quake for fear
He shames so to be daunted in that place
Shame him encouraged pricked him on to prove,
The more my mind was known, it more did move

XII

'I thought not, Lady (said he) 'if in one
The rarest beauties of the world had been
By Nature placed, that that one could have shown 69
So great perfection as in you is seen
Whose lustre doth exceed each beauty else
As lively diamond dull glass excels

XIII

'The beauty which you speak of (I reply)
'Is pale but by reflex is fairer made
If it receiv'd not light by those are by,
It should be veiled with an obscure shade'
Some time thus spent in talk he doth depart,
Leaving his freedom with a fettered heart

XIV

Then home he goes with new bred thoughts turmoiling
The late sweet quiet of his beating brains 80
His heaving heart with bitter anguish boiling,
He Love with his effects now entertains
He's pensive, musing company absents
With frequent sighs his smoulder'd fire forth vents

XV

One of my father's kindred very near
(In whom much trust my parents did repose.)
True friendship did to *Turian* endear,
Secrets were common he by grieving shows
Perceives his friend's distress, demands the cause
Turian tells all compelled by Friendship's laws 90

XVI

My kinsman told him who and how I was
To *Sheretine* by solemn oath contracted
No sooner *Turian* heard but cries 'Alas'
(By loving frenzy well nigh distracted)
"Now see I' (said he) that the *Fates* pretend
To bring my wretched life to woful end

XVII

My cousin was astonished that to hear,
Knowing how hard the enterprise would be
To undo what was done, wills him forbear
Instantly urges it, letting him see 100
The stopping lets, which would his love disturb
Therefore whiles young he wishes it to curb

XVIII

But he (whom no dissuasive argument
From that resolve had force for to withdraw)
Unwilling hears, to go on still is bent,

88 shows] Orig 'shoes

Though likelihood of no good end he saw
"In things difficult" (saith he) "worth is shown,
By light achievements courage is not known"

XIX

His friend (whose oratory was in vain)
Doth condescend to aid him to his power 110
He vows to lose his life, or to obtain
Help for the ill that did his friend devour
Hence my mishap, hence had my grief first breeding,
Hence my successive sorrows still had feeding

XX

No more I afterward in public go,
(Loath to bewray my beauty to his eyes)
I shun all that might trouble or o'erthrow
The order I propos'd to eternize
My constant love, unto the Love that hath
My Hand, my Heart, Affection, and my Faith 120

XXI

He cannot brook delay, spurs on his friend
To know the issue, *Danger's in deferring*
Though it prove bad, yet best to know the end,
Protraction is the worst of all love-erring
To know the worst of ill is some relief,
Faint hope and feverish fear are food for grief

XXII

The agent (that his cause had undertaken)
Doth first address himself unto my mother
He thinks if that weak fortress were shaken,
He with assurance may assail another 130
With doubtful speeches he doth try her mind,
Meaning to prosecute, as she's inclin'd

XXIII

He him commends, with best praise tongue affords,
(Yet in no commendation did belie him)
He had *Youth, beauty, virtue, winning-words,*
Behaviour from *detracting hate* to free him
So well he mov'd, my mother was content,
Turian (if 't pleas'd him) should her house frequent

XXIV

He seeks no more, goes, tells his friend, who's glad,
So soon he lookèd not for free access 140
No more he can forbear, he came, did shade
His deep Desire, his Passion did suppress
Acquainted, he comes more than compliment
Requir'd, but cunning Love did cause invent

XXV

He in my father's good opinion grows,
My mother 'gins him well for to affect
As time permits his friend his worth out throws,
With poison'd words, he doth their ears infect
Himself to me imparteth still his love,
And languisheth 'cause it did nothing move 150

122–6 I keep the italics in such passages as this because, as noted above in regard to *Philomela*, they seem to represent a sort of proverbial *aside* rather than part of the text

XXVI

In his pale cheek the lily loseth white,
The red, the rosy livery off did cast
His favour lately that did so delight
With ardour of his hot desire did waste
In inapparent fire he now consumes
His beauty fades as forward frost nipp'd blooms

XXVII

I grieve because I cannot help his grieving,
His pain relenting pity in me bred
I do accompt him worthy of relieving
That he deserv'd to speed if none had sped 160
I blame my beauty 'cause it breeds his woe
I cherish it 'cause *Sheretine* would so

XXVIII

His friend (perceiving what such signs portend)
Knows if he salve not suddenly his sore
Protraction with a perfect cure must end
His woes in death he doth provide therefore
My mother now he plainly doth assail
And by preferment thinks for to prevail

XXIX

Women by Nature are ambitious

With *Turian's* titles tickles first her ear 170
She of her daughter's state solicitous,
That honour is her aim, doth gladly hear
He tells to her his riches and his land
And then for wealth she more than worth doth stand

XXX

Ah that base earth and baser excrement
(Placed by Nature underfoot,) should move
The mind of greedy age with more content
Than Love the life of things that's from above!
Wealth for their Summum bonum *oft is taken*
Loving it most when it must be forsaken 180

XXXI

My serpent seduced mother *Eva* like
Tempts and entraps my pelf affecting sire
Judge ye what pensive pangs my soul did strike,
Seeing parents friends, and furious love conspire
To work my ruin and their power bend
To prostitute my Faith, and wrong my friend

XXXII

My Father with authority commands
My Mother with enticing blandishment
Allures for *Turian* my kinsman stands
With kind persuasions *Turian* doth vent 190
With sobs and sighs his too apparent love
All join my faith and fancy to remove

XXXIII

Yet I resist my Father gins to rage
'How now you minion must you have your will?
Becomes it you to cross us in our age?
It is thy due our pleasure to fulfil
Is this the way for to requite the pain
Which for thy education we have taen?

XXXIV

Thou canst ne'er that repay, thou'lt still be debtor,
Yet still we travail to have thee preferr'd 200
Wants *Turian* worth? deserves *He* not thy better?
Reform thyself, acknowledge thou hast err'd
The law divine (which you so much pretend,)
Commands thee to thy parents' will to bend

XXXV

What though that *Sheretine* be gentle, free?
Yet he hath left thee languishing alone
Turian is no less courteous than he,
He flies not from thee, gives no cause of moan
Had *Sheretine* but half so dearly lov'd,
He had not from thy sight so far remov'd 210

XXXVI

Nor are their fortunes equal near our friends,
Is *Turian's* state, fair lands and signories
Sheretine's most on doubtful war depends,
It is by others' ruins he must rise
Who would such Worth with Certainty forgo,
For Worth and Likelihood, with fairest show?

XXXVII

Then, foolish lass, leave off and condescend,
It is my will and I must have it so"
My mother follows on, as he doth end,
"Ah, daughter, I beseech thee by that woe, 220
By the sore throbs I did for thee endure,
Whilst (yet unborn) these sides did thee immure,

XXXVIII

By these lank breasts at which thou oft hast hung,
And lookèd in mine eyes with childish toys,
Oft fallen asleep whilst I have to thee sung,
Do not now strive to stop our coming joys
Who now can be more tender, wish thee better,
Than she, whom Love to such kind work did set her?

XXXIX

Shalt thou, the only pledge of ancient Love,
The sweet-expected comfort of mine age, 230
That hopèd happiness fra me remove,
Which thy ne'er-disobeying did presage?
I know thou wilt not, dear child, then incline,
Scorn to be his that left for to be thine"

XL

My kinsman urges, adds to what they said,
Turian extols, detracts my *Sheretine*,
Lessens his means, affirms he is unstaid,
Hath wand'ring-thoughts if his love had not been
Quench'd—with my beauty if he still had burn'd,
He had not gone, or sooner had return'd 240

XLI

Turian himself (with tears) doth tell his woes,
He needeth not protest to move belief
Passion is soon perceiv'd, his outward shows
Did well bewray great was his inward grief,
He doth not feignèd (for the fashion) mourn,
As widows oft, and rich heirs at the urn

XLII

'Children obedience to their parents owe
I grant (said I) 'but in a lawful thing
This is not, you me freely did bestow
I did submit, fra *Sheretine* to wring
Me now were wrong in me a foul offence 251
To disobey here is obedience

XLIII

Parents give being noble benefit
If with t content, if not better un born
Yet even the best doth oft times bring with it
A misery whereby the mind is torn
For making children capable of woe
Must they *free Choice*, the best of bests, forgo

XLIV

Our Minds must like, none by attorney loveth
If Love decay we cannot grieve by friends 260
From Marriage Love Misery re moveth,
On Love all wedlocks happiness depends
'Twixt those ne er lik d, what hope is love will last
When twixt those dearliest lov'd oft falls distaste?

XLV

If *Turian* than he is more noblewere,
More virtuous, more rich of higher degree
Sheretine more mean more poor less worthy far,
Yet he hath that that more con tenteth me
It s not in us to love or to despise
They love by Fate whose souls do sympathire 270

XLVI

I grant his worth is worthy of respect
Tears for his grief my cheeks have often stain d
Yet with that love I cannot him affect
Wherewith a husband should be entertain d
Twixt those who wed if wooing love be cold
The married friendship can no long time hold

XLVII

Yet do suppose I could affect him dearly,
How might I with my plighted faith dispense?
Oh, how my conscience is touchèd nearly
Even with the thought of such a foul offence 280
How can that prosper, or have happy end,
Which sin begins, and still must God offend?

XLVIII

For I cannot be lawfully his wife
It s not the act that ties the marriage knot
It is the Will, then must I all my life
Be stainèd with *Unchastity s* foul blot
O grant me then my choice be either free
Or an unstainèd Virgin let me die

XLIX

All would not do, my father so austere
Commands and must not will not be denay d 290
My mother and my kinsman will not hear,
Turian still urgeth, they must be obey d
'O Heaven bear witness, since you force me do it,
(Say I) 'my heart doth not con sent unto it

286 *Uncl asity's*] Orig *'Inchastite s*

L

Thus 'gainst my will I give myself away,
They (glad they gainèd) every thing do haste
Fearing disturbance by the smallest stay,
They think them not secure till it be past
I to my chamber go, on bed me threw,
Which my moist eyes do suddenly bedew 300

LI

With these complaints I entertain the time
"Ah, must I now my hopèd joys forgo?
Must pleasure perish with me in the prime?
Must I be wedded to a lasting woe?
Must I my settled fancy now remove,
And leave a lawful for an unjust love?

LII

Must I recall my promise freely given,
And falsify my faith unto my friend?
Is not my oath now register'd in Heaven?
Is not my Promise to its power ken'd? 310
Ah, ah, it is, and therefore they decree
To tie my life to lasting misery.

LIII

Ah, *Sheretine*, if thou but now didst know
In what a case thy *Mariana* is
How she's surpris'd and taken by thy foe,
Left comfortless, debarrèd of all bliss
Would not relenting pity make thy heart
To melt with sorrow for thy sweet love's smart?

LIV

Free from their forcing to thee shall remain,
Do what they can, my best, most noble part, 320
Which they shall want power and skill to gain,
Reserv'd for thee shall be my Love, my Heart,
Farewell, dear love, and as much joy possess,
As doth thy *Mariana* unhappiness"

LV

The day is come, we solemnly are wed,
That part displeasing I do overpass
You easily may think my heart was sad,
When forcèd thus against my will I was
Vain were their wishes, who did bid us joy,
Sad grief my nuptial pleasure did destroy 330

LVI

Castalde in *Hungaria* arriv'd,
Agria in haste commands to fortify,
A town of great import, but yet depriv'd
Of natural strength, or artful industry
There was his *Rendez-vous*, his men there met,
For *Transilvania* forth by *Tyss* they set

LVII

They in battaillie march *Tibiscus* past,
Till they arrive at small, weak *Debrezen*,
While *Castald* with the Friar to meet doth haste,
A *Diet's* held at *Egneth* by the *Queen* 340
The *Friar* with craft hinders her enterprise,
By fear or flattery makes the Lords to rise

337 battaillie] The form 'battaillie' seems better kept

LVIII

The *Diet* thus dissolv d, the *Queen s* design
Is overthrown vanisheth to smoke
To *Albetula* with her son, in fine,
She doth withdraw, there fearing sieging shoake,
And weakness of the place to *Sassebess*
Makes her retrait, which more strong sited was

LIX

Albetula George besiegeth strait
To take it fairly, or to throw it down 350
Is bent it kept the *Queen s* jewels and plate
The Gown, the Mantle, Sceptre, Shoes and Crown
The cannon vomiting forth fiery balls,
In divers places shakes the mould ring walls

LX

With braver courage than the *Priest* expected
The valiant besiegèd did defend
To *Castald* letters *George* in haste directed,
Post after post with diligence doth send,
Wills him to speed, yet cause he saw small haste
T' accord with *Isabel* he thinks it best 360

LXI

Ten thousand *Spaniards* thither to his aid
Were coming (and now nigh) *Fame* did report
Whereby the *Queen* was troubled sore afraid
Accords with *George* to render in such sort
As she might have her movables of worth
From *Albetula* safely brought her forth

LXII

The *Friar* at *Egneth* with *Castalde* meets
Albetula Dalmas being ta en
With joyful semblance one the other greets
Yet craft and jealousies in heart retain 370
Ferdinand's letters *George* chief guider made
Whereof th ambitious *Bishop s* very glad

LXIII

To *Sassebess* they come to find the *Queen*,
And there arise at third hour of the night
Within two days the Lords they do convene
They sit in counsel, *Castald* to their sight
Shows his Commission, wills the *Queen* restore
That Province as it was agreed before

LXIV

He many arg ments to this end doth urge,
It was concluded by her late *Lord John* 380
The *Turk* (the Christian s common foe and scourge)
Could not be daunted with so weak a one
She held it but with trouble and unrest
At the *Turk s* pleasure might be dispossest

344 overthrown vanisheth] Orig 'overthrowne vanisheth may be 'overthrown vanisheth and so save the metre

346–8] The poet who from his little doggrel mottoes downwards shows various signs of acquaintance with Spenser has taken an extreme Spenserian liberty with shock to get the rhyme though *Scotice* it is fairly phonetic Retrait is actually Spenser s though he usually spells it *retrate*

372 Hannay does not often rise high but he seldom sinks as low as this

LXV

Not only *Hungary* thereon depends,
But the whole good of all the Christian state,
Her Power weak, she wanted help of Friends,
Unable his encroaching force to bate
A mighty *Prince* was meeter him to curb,
If he the common peace durst to disturb 390

LXVI

To the old offers, he now addeth more
Th' Infanta *Joan* to her young son *Stephen*
With crowns a hundred thousand to her dower,
By *Ferdinand* should faithfully be given
All like this well, all willingly it hear,
And send to her this message by the *Friar*

LXVII

Whilst, unresolvèd, things thus doubtful hung,
She with *Castald* hath private conference
Bitterly plaineth of the Prelate's wrong,
Wherewith her patience can no more dispense 400
Constrain'd by need, she yields to *Ferdinand*,
George thereof knowing, seeks it to withstand

LXVIII

He thinks if settled peace were surely plac'd,
And all the civil broils were fully ceas't
His plumes were pluckèd, he should be disgrac'd,
Who now is most, should be regarded least
Often a gold-affecting Prelate proud,
For private ends hinders a public good

LXIX

The *Queen* unto *Castalde* him accuseth,
(Inconstancy and cunning she did doubt) 410
To ratify th'agreement rather chuseth,
Castalde labours how to bring't about
There is a *Diet* call'd at *Colosvar*,
The States from all sides to it do repair

LXX

The day come, and the regal ornaments
Produc'd, the Priest desires the Crown in keeping
With sobs and sighs her inward sorrow vents,
Scorn and *Disdain* detain her eyes from weeping
"What, shall I to a base Friar give the Crown,
Whereof I dispossessed myself and son?" 420

LXXI

She said Then in her hand the *Crown* she took,
In presence of *Castalde* and her *Son*,
And all the *Lords*, her eyes tears cannot brook,
In pearly torrents o'er her cheeks they run
The tears which from her *Son's* eyes did distil,
Show'd the surrender was against his will

LXXII

"Since froward *Fortune* (that in change delights,
Wherewith her fickleness infects the world,
Hath us subverted loaded with despights,

392 *Joan*] 'Jo-an,' as in 'Joanna'

429 despight] The influence of Spenser, which is often strong in the earlier seventeenth century, appears again in this context with the present 'eye rhyme-spelling,' the rhyme of 'entreat' and 'estate' below, and 'Mutability' lower still Each separately would prove nothing but they are *all* Spenserian

And all her mischiefs on our heads have hurl'd) 430
Makes me this woful resignation make
My Mates thy father's Kingdoms to forsake,

LXXIII

Yet shall She not amidst all these annoys
Let us but that in this well take content,
Since we must leave them, that he them enjoys
Who is a Christian, Here I them present
To thee *Castald*, for *Ferdinand*, tell we
Not by constraint, but yield them to thee free

LXXIV

Now we submit ourselves unto his Grace,
With all our fortunes, humbly him entreat 440
(Since sprung of princely blood and royal race)
To take some pity of our poor estate
Let not his bounty now deny relief,
Nor breach of promise add unto our grief

LXXV

And thou (sweet *John*) my dear and tender son,
Since now our fortune s not sufficient
That to repair that malice hath o erthrown
Without the aid of others be con tent,
Midst of such misenes, I thought it best
With private loss to gain a public rest 450

LXXVI

Like to a Prince (though not like to a King)
Yet thou mayst live with some good certainty,
When *Destiny's* disgrace on Kings do bring,
There they govern with Mutability
Dear Child, of friends of aid, of hope forsaken,
For thy repose this course is undertaken

LXXVII

Yet 'mongst these troubles let us not despair,
Nor doubt but thou art kept for more command,
Think it not strange nor be dismay'd with care
Where thou didst first take breath to leave that land, 460
Love *Virtue*, *Virtue's dignity's so great*,
Fortune cannot debar it long from state

LXXVIII

I grant there's cause of grief to give away
This Crown thy father's temples did adorn
And if false *Fortune* had not put a stay,
Had now upon thy Kingly head been worn
But now with *Patience* we must be content,
Each state doth change no king dom s permanent

LXXIX

Thus spoke she with such penetra ting words,
(And therewith did deliver up the Crown) 470
As they did pierce the hearts of all the Lords,
But chiefly *George*, in tears his eyes did drown
Castalde with kind words strives to appease
Her sorrow and to 'swage her swelling seas

LXXX

Within few days she doth from thence depart,
With painful travel and in habit poor,
Dissembling not the anguish of her heart,

She manifests it to her utmost power,
Towards *Cassovia* she doth take the way,
Where a steep hill enforceth her to stay 480

LXXXI

The roughness hinders her in coach to ride,
She 's fain with labour on her foot to go,
Her tender child and ladies by her side,
The only now-copartners of her woe,
Whilst they 're on foot, a sudden storm doth rise,
Black pitchy clouds enveloping the skies

LXXXII

The wind and rain them boisterously did beat,
She blameth *Fortune* that is not content
To be her opposite in matters great,
But even in trifles, thus her spite to vent 490
She attributes it to her Destiny,
That she is subject to such misery

LXXXIII

Therefore a little for to ease her mind,
Under a tree for shelter she took seat
Sic fata volunt carvèd in its rind,
Regina Isabella under-wrait
Ah, wretched Queen, no wonder thou wast sorry
To fall so low, from such a height of glory

LXXXIV

She to *Cassovia* comes, and bears it out
With patience, till *Fortune's* fury's past 500
With *Time*, her rolling wheel doth come about,
And she is of her country repossest
God grant her soon her state, and kingdom lost,
Who with more courage bears it, though more crost

LXXXV

Castalde having what he would obtain'd,
Lord John Alphonse Castald with the Crown
He sends to *Ferdinand* my Lover pain'd,
With ling'ring-stay for *Vien's* ready boun
Castald (though unwilling) condescends,
Loath for to part at once with two such friends 510

LXXXVI

In journeying every hour he thinketh two,
The nearer, he doth think the leagues the longer
His love increases, and he knows not how,
The nearer to Me, his Desire is stronger
Long-look'd-for *Vien* he beholds at last,
Spurr'd by *Desire*, he to it hasteth fast

LXXXVII

Thinks with himself, "O what a joyful greeting
Will't be when *Marian* sees her *Sheretine!*
How shall we bear ourselves at this wish'd meeting?
Can the joy be express'd we shall be in?" 520
Ah, *Sheretine*, how little didst thou know,
How far from joy thou wast, how near to woe

LXXXVIII

No sooner he in *Vien's* come, but hears
The sad news of the thing he least suspected
He thinks them mandrake-sounds, he stops his ears,

496 under-wrait] A little *plusquam*-Spenserian

He trows each tongue with poison is infected
He none believes, he thinks that each tongue lies
Longing to see me to my home he hies

LXXXIX

He came in *Turians* arms me lockèd found,
He could not trust his eyes (though still he gazed) 530
No doubt his heart receiv'd a deadly wound,
Long ere he spoke, he was so much amazed
At last 'Is this the constancy (he said)
'Should be heard of? that spoke, no longer staid

XC

My heart was no less cut with *Care* than his
Because he staid not to hear my excuse
I know he deem'd I willing did amiss
Which did more sorrow in my soul infuse
Taking no leave, he fair *Vienna* leaves
Accompanied with care increasing griefs 540

XCI

All woe begone, he wanders here and there,
Looks most for rest when furthest from resort
Submits himself solely to sad *Despair*,
With cheering comfort he cannot comport
At last he came unto an obscure shade,
Where mirthless *Melancholy* mansion had

XCII

Low on the ground grew Hyssop, Wormwood Rue
The mourning mounting trees were Cypress green,
Whose twining tops so close together grew,
They all seem'd as they but one bough had been 550
Covering a spacious tomb where cursed *Care*
Herself had sepulchriz'd with dire *Despair*

XCIII

No wanton bird there warbled loving lays
There was no merry Merle Gold Finch or Thrush
No other hopping bird in higher sprays
No mourning Nightingale in lower bush
The carcass craving Raven Night Crow Owl
In this dark grove their hateful notes did howl

XCIV

This sullen seat doth suit well with his soul,
There throws himself down in the bitter weeds, 560
His heart did thrust out sighs, his tongue condole
His watering eyes with bitter moisture feeds
These hapless herbs there gins he to lament
With interrupting sighs his woes to vent

XCV

"Ah, cursed *Time* (and there a sigh him staid)
'That ere I saw (that scarcely he had spoken
When that a groan his fainting speech allay'd
With such abound as if his heart had broken,
When sighs and groans had got some little vent
He gins anew his sorrows to lament) 570

550 bough] Orig Bow,' perhaps for 'bower'

XCVI

"Ah, cursed *Time*," (said he) "that ere I saw
The light, and that my Nurse did not o'erlie me,
Ah, cursed *Time*, that first I breath did draw,
Ah, cursed *Time*, that did not *Time* deny me
Ah, cursed *Time*! Ah, cruel cursed *Time*,
That let me pass the springtide of my prime

XCVII

Was it for this I was so sung and dandled
Upon the knee, and watchèd when I slept?
Was it for this I tenderly was handled?
Was it for this I carefully was kept?
Was it for this I was so neatly nurst, 581
That I of all should be the most accurst?

XCVIII

Did *Fortune* smile in my young tender years,
To make me better relish now my pain?
Then pour'd I out no bitter briny tears,
That I should now have store my cheeks to stain?
Did *Fortune* and the *Fates* strive to content me,
That they might now with sorrow more torment me?

XCIX

Did cruel *Love* yield unto my *Desire*,
To know his pain by being dispossest? 590
And did my *Marian* with *Love* conspire,
Did all agree to rob me of my rest?
Since it is *Marian's* will, welcome *Despair*,
Farewell all *Joy*, welcome *Woe*, *Grief* and *Care*

C

Welcome, since it's her will, now wishèd *Death*,
Long may she live, and happy with her choice
I will wish that so long as I have breath,
Nay, even in death I will therein rejoice
Dear (though disloyal) Thou art still to me,
So once (if thou not fain'dst) I was to thee. 600

CI

If that one spark of thy old love remain,
When thou shalt chance my timeless death to hear,
Let that so much favour for me obtain,
As offer at my hearse a sigh, and tear
And if some chance be by when them you spend,
And ask the cause, say *You have lost a friend*"

CII

Sorrow suffers no more, his tongue there stays,
Heart-killing *Care* prepares to stop his breath
His strength and colour by degrees decays,
Grief seems to grieve, and for his help calls *Death*, 610
Who much displeasèd so to see him languish,
Soon with his surest cure doth help his anguish

CIII

No sooner heard I how my dear *Friend* died,
(Soon it was known, for his friends had sought him)
And that his destiny was so descried,
That to his timeless death my deeds had brought him
But that my ill-divining hapless heart
Was suddenly assail'd with unseen smart

614 A syllable seems missing perhaps another 'soon' after 'for.'

CIV

Now *Turian* I will no more come nigh
His flattering blandishments I now disdain 620
He is despis'd yet grieveth more to see
The mistress of his soul thus seiz'd with pain
He with my sadness such a consort bears
Sighs as I sigh doth weep when I shed tears

CV

Sad discontent so wholly me possest,
I seem'd not she that late I was before
My woe that was by fits is an unrest
Which with a still increase grows ever more
From mirthful company I now absent
And melancholy walks alone frequent 630

CVI

Thus many days only heart-killing *Grief*
Me still accompanied and did attend
With black *Despair*, which told me no relief
On earth could my least discontentment end
The days I spent in heavy plaints and moanings,
In night I tire the answering walls with groanings

CVII

Yet never could I sit or walk or lie,
But still I thought I saw my *Sheretine*
With pale and meagre face standing me by,
With wrathful look upbraiding me of sin, 640
Saying his soul could yet obtain no rest
Amongst the souls in sweet *Elysium* blest

CVIII

Twixt *Fear* and *Love* my heavy heart distract,
Knew neither what to follow what to flee,
Love bids me for my *Sheretine* to act
A part that might me ease and set him free
Persuades me and affirms I shall remain
With my *Love* after in *Elysian* Plain

CIX

Fear fore my face makes horrid *Death* appear
In ugly shape seizèd with smarting pain 650
Making to tremble as he drawethnear
Yet I with scorn his terror do disdain
Love doth prevail I am resolv'd to fly
By death to keep my Lover company

CX

Thus mourning on my bed myself I threw
Saying, Sweet *Sheretine* behold and see
For thy sweet sake I bid the world adieu
And now dear Love I come to live with Thee
Then out I drew this blood begorèd knife
Therewith to cut the fatal thread of life 660

CXI

Thrice was my hand heav'd up to give the stroke
Thrice down again my fearful hand did fall,
Still fear dissuades, and love doth still provoke,
Courage her forces to my heart did call
Then gave this death's wound, whilst my latest cry
Was *Sheretine behold thy Mariana die*

665 death's wound] Cf 'deathsm n, &c

CXII

My Mother (with my latest shriek affrighted,
Come in and finding me in such a guise)
With sudden fright is lastingly benighted,
Fear-forcèd *Death* seals up her aged eyes 670
My Father rages, his gray hairs he tore,
Turian (though still amazèd), grievèd more

CXIII

Pull'd out the blade, pans'd the blood-weeping-wound,
Findeth it mortal, saw my soul depart,
A frantic fury did him clean confound,
He stroke himself on sudden to the heart,
Our blood doth mix in death, yet mine would run
From his, what life dislik'd e'en death would shun

CXIV

My Father now doth find (though all too late,)
The misery forc'd marriage doth ensue 680
Unto the poor he gives his whole estate,
The world (with his delights) he bids adieu
He as a pilgrim from *Vienna* goes,
Where, when, or how he died, yet no man knows

CXV

Then to these fields my sad Soul did descend,
With my sweet *Sheretine*, abode to make
But when I came, I found my faithful friend
With *Charon* passing o'er this grisly Lake
For my *Death* had his wrongèd Ghost appeas'd,
So that He might pass over as he pleas'd 690

CXVI

I followed fast, thinking with Him to go,
That I might still enjoy his company
But I was stay'd as I before did show
Until thy *Muse* should pity taken on me
And now by thy sweet *Caelia's* name once more
I thee conjure, keep promise past before'

CXVII

Then back She brought me, and no longer stay'd,
But with more cheerful looks did thence depart,
With confidence she could not be denay'd
What she desir'd, for her sake, hath my heart 700
For *Caelia's* sake my sole-adorèd saint,
The world with *Marian's* woes I thus acquaint

FINIS

667 shriek] Orig 'scrike'

673 pans'd] Another Gallicism

A Happy Husband

OR

DIRECTIONS FOR A MAID TO CHVSE HER MATE

Together with

A WIVES BEHAVIOVR after Mariage

The ſecond Edition

By PATRICK HANNAY Gent

PROPER

Exemplo junctæ tibi ſint in amore columbæ
Maſculus & totum fœmina conjugium

LONDON,
Printed by *Iohn Haviland* for *Nathaniel Butter* and are to be ſold at his ſhop at S *Auſtins* gate 1622

To the virtuous and noble lady, the Lady Margaret Home, eldest daughter to the Right Honourable Alexander Earl Home, Baron of Dunglas, &c

THINKING with myself (Noble Lady) what I might present some way to express my love in remembrance of those not to be requited favours, which have wholly obliged me to your House It came into my mind, that what is offered to Gods, or great ones, ought rather to be apt, than equal and that it was held absurd in old time to offer an Hecatomb to the Muses or an Ivy wreath to the God of War I thought no offering could be more conformable to your virtues than this Husband, which of due doth challenge a maiden Maecenas and none so fit as yourself who even in these years by your budding virtues do well bewray what fruit your riper years will produce Accept it then (Madam) as an acknowledgement of what is due by me to your deservings which have bound me to abide ever yours

In all dutiful observance
PATRICK HANNAY

TO WOMEN IN GENERAL

IN things of weight and moment care and circumspection are to be used with a truly grounded judgement before resolution Now in human actions none is of more consequence than marriage where error can be but once and that never after remedied Therefore in it is great caution required before conclusion the sequel of staid deliberation or unadvised rashness being a happy or a wretched life And therein is another s counsel most necessary (though through the whole course of man s life it be safer than the self conceived) for affection, which in other affairs doth oft over rule reason (even in the wise) doth in this ever hide the faults of the affected under the blinding veil of love This hath caused me for the weal of your Sex to produce this *Husband* to the light not gain or glory, knowing well the vulgar and critic censurers in this age do rather detract than attribute but I care not much for their opinion who dislike may freely abstain if any give better I shall willingly assent take it as it is meant for your good, to displease none, and to content all

P Hannay

To Overbury's Widow, wife of this Husband

LEAVE worthy Wife, to wear your mourning weed,
Or bootless stain your cheeks for him that's dead
But rather joy, and thank this Author s pen
Hath so well match d thee with this matchless man
For *Overbury s* Ghost is glad to see
His widow such one s happy wife to be

R S

Overbury s Widow] Allusions to Overbury s poem of *A Wife* complicated or not with others to his miserable fate, are abundant at the time

Patrick Hannay

To his Friend the Author

THY happy Husband shows thy high ingine,
Whose muse such method in her measures can,
The matter shows thy manners are divine,
Thy practis'd virtues shows thou art this Man
I half envy that highly blessed Maid,
Whose happy lot shall be to link with thee,
And well-nigh wish that Nature had me made
A woman, so I such one's wife might be.
Detraction is distraught thy lines to see,
And swell'd with envy, can no words bring forth, 10
Her baseness cannot parallel thy worth,
Which still shall live unto eternity
For after Ages reading of thy verse,
Shall deck with Laurel thy adorèd herse.

P S

To his Friend Mr. Patrick Hannay

FRIEND, I am glad that you have brought to life
A Husband fit for *Overbury's* Wife,
Whose chastity might else suspected be,
Wanting too long a Husband's company
But now being match'd so well by your endeavour,
She'll live a chaste *Penelope* for ever,
And you brave *Overbury* make to be
Your brother-in-law by act of ingeny

W Jewell

To the Author

WHEN I behold the Author and his book,
With wonder and delight on both I look,
Both are so like, and both deserve so well,
Were I not friend, I in their praise would dwell,
But since I should seem partial, I think fit
To leave their praises to a better wit
Yet Husband like to this I wish God send
To those are chaste, and to me such a friend
Live each in other, be each other's praise,
Time shall not end your glory with your days 10

Edward Leventhorpe

The Argument

MARRIAGE ordain'd, the man made head,
That kind may be, like like doth breed
God blest it, youth it best befits
The Author will not try his wits
To make one man of many parts,
Painters do so to show their Arts
His birth and breeding first he shows,
Equal, and good, the wants of those
What ills they breed, yet self-gain'd glore
He doth prefer both these before 10
His shape must not deformèd be,
Nature makes house and guest agree
His stature neither low, nor tall,
The mean in each is best of all
Not curious to be counted fair,
It 's womanish to take that care,
Free from affecting gifts of others,
That self-weakness still discovers
Such one found, then next is shown
What vice he s'd want, what virtue own 20

20 he s'd] 's'd' for 'should' is, I think, one of the rarest of these contractions The absence of 'h' *Scotice*

Wealth must be set aside to try
(It is a beam in judgement s eye)
What ill doth haunt her weds for gold
Is told with the content of old
When virtue and simplicity
Did choo e then he doth let her see
The Worthies that the World brought forth
Woo d ne er for wealth but still for worth
With virtue this man should be nurst
If t be deprav d he s worse than first 30
Drunkenness gaming, he must want
He shows what ills such unthrifts haunt
He must not haunt aoothers sheets,
With grace foul whoredom never meets
He must have spent well his time past
A wicked crime s bruit long doth last
His humours must with hers agree
Or else true friendship cannot be
He must fear God for on that fear
Wisdom doth her building rear, 40
It s that makes honest Honesty
In show, not deed, is policy
He must propose a certain end
Whereto his actions all must bend
He must have unfeign d piety
And serve in truth the Deity
The four chief virtues in some mea sure
Must hoard up in him their treasure
Whereon the lesser do depend
Age and behaviour do him end 50

Another

To keep him good, his wife must be
Obedient mild her huswifery
Within doors she must tend her charge
Is that at home his that at large
She must be careful idle wives
Vice works on and to some ill drives
Not toying fond nor yet unkind,
Not of a weak dejected mind,
Nor yet insensible of loss
Which doth with care her Husband cross 10
Not jealous but deserving well
Not gadding news to know or tell
Her conversation with the best
In Husband s heart her thought must rest
Thus if she choose thus use her mate
He promiseth her happy state

A HAPPY HUSBAND:

OR,

Directions for a Maid to choose her Mate

In Paradise God Marriage first ordain'd,
That lawfully kind might be so maintain'd,
By it the Man is made the Woman's head,
And kind immortalizèd in their seed
For like produces like, it so should be,
God blest it with *Increase and multiply*
Nature requires it, nothing is more just,
Who were begot, beget of duty must
It Youth becomes, Age is unapt to breed,
Old stocks are barren, youthful plants have seed 10
Then, virtuous Virgin, since such blessing springs
From wedlock (which earth's greatest comfort brings)
Compell'd by love, which to thy worth is due,
How to choose well thy mate, I will thee shew,
Whose sympathizing virtues may combine
Your hearts in love, till death life's thread untwine
It's not my mind the rarities to glean
Of blest perfections I have heard or seen,
And take the best, where bounty doth abound,
And make a Husband, (nowhere to be found) 20
The painter so from boys, and girls did take
Best of their beauties, Helen fair to make,
No, I will paint thy mate in such a hew,
As *Care* may find *Discretion* must allow
To choose aright, know from what stock he's grown,
The birth suits best, is nearest to thine own
Dislike makes higher Birth deem lower base,
Lower will never by thy Birth take place
In Man the fault is more to be excus'd,
Who of low birth (for beauty) hath one chus'd, 30
His lightness therein ever love is deem'd,
Yet as his place, his Wife shall be esteem'd
But when a Woman of a noble race
Doth match with Man of far inferior place,
She cannot him ennoble, he is still
In place as she first found him, good, or ill
His breeding will his birth still to thee tell,
For as the Cask, the liquor still doth smell
A crab, though digg'd and dung'd, cannot bring forth
A luscious fruit, so hardly man of worth 40
Doth from base stock proceed still like itself
Nature produces, force of golden pelf

23 hew] In the general sense of 'character,' 'quality' The rhyme of 'alloo' is of course Scots

To alter that's not able, yet we know
Oft Men of worth have come of Parents low
For Parents place is not the Children's ment
Yet it adds grace if they their worth inherit,
If not, it adds to shame for from high race
Virtue's expected due to such a place
For undegenerate heroic minds
They should possess, are conscious of noble kinds 40
What man's own worth acquires with virtuous ends,
Is truly his and not that which descends.
Cicero brags (and justly) that his line
He did in glorious virtue far out shine
Which was his honour They no honour have,
Who (idle) add not to what they receive
It is his own worth every Man doth grace,
Less or more eminent as is his place
For Virtue (though aye clear) yet clearest shines
When she doth dart her lights from noble lines 60
A glorious flame blazing in valley low,
Is soon barr'd sight, nor doth it far way show,
Obscur'd with neighbour objects but on high
A little Beacon to both far and nigh
Shows like a bearded Comet in the air
Admir'd of some of most accounted rare
Choose thou a Husband equal to thy race
Who's grac'd by virtue and doth virtue grace,
Things different do never well agree
True liking ledges in equality 70
Better than birth his Parents virtues know,
From poison'd springs no wholesome waters flow
As for his shape, I would it should be free
From (Nature's note of spite) Deformity
Deform'd shape is of so bad a nature
That it's dishk'd even in a noble creature
Where comely shape with love attracts the eyes,
By secret sympathy of all it sees
England's third Richard, and the wife of Shore
The one deform'd, the other grac'd with store 80
Of bounteous Nature's gifts, do show th' effects
Of Love and Hate, to good and bad aspects
She (when she bare-foot with a taper light
Did open penance in the people's sight)
Went so demure, with such a lovely face
That beauty seem'd apparell'd in disgrace
But most when shame summon'd the blood too high
With native stains, her comely cheeks to dye
In scarlet tincture She did so exceed
That even disgrace in her delight did breed, 90
Among beholders hearts that came to scorn her
So Beauty clothed in baseness did adorn her
That even the good (who else the vice did blame)
Thought she deserved pity more than shame

85 86 A couplet not quite unworthy of Dryden, yet unborn

Condemning cunning Richard's cruel mind
Who caus'd her shame, the multitude to blind,
Lest it his greater mischief should behold,
Which his ambition-plotters had in mould
So in them was the force of feature seen,
Who, if less famous, had more happy been 100
Thus Nature makes each body with the mind
Some way to keep decorum for we find
Mark'd bodies, manners cross accompany,
Which in well-shap'd we seld, or never see
For she doth, builder-like, a mansion frame
Fit for the guest should harbour in the sâme
No stature choose too low, for so in time
Thy offspring may prove dwarfs, yet do not climb
To one too tall *for buildings mounted high,*
Their upper rooms seldom well furnish'd be 110
Herein observe the mean, it's best of all,
Let him not be observ'd for low nor tall
Fresh, lively colours, which fair woman grace,
Modest, effeminate, alluring face,
Is not so much in Man to be respected,
As other graces are to be affected
The bloom of beauty is a fading flower,
Which *Age* and *Care* consumeth every hour,
It blasted once, is ever after lost,
Like to a rose nipt with untimely frost 120
A manly face in Man is more commended
Than a fair face from sun and wind defended
A *Carpet Knight*, who makes it his chief care
To trick him neatly up, and doth not spare
(Though sparing) precious time for to devour,
(Consulting with his glass) a tedious hour
Soon flees (spent so) whiles each irregular hair
His barber rectifies, and to seem rare,
His heat-lost locks to thicken closely curls,
And curiously doth set his misplac'd pearls 130
Powders, perfumes, are then profusely spent,
To rectify his native nasty scent
This forenoon's task perform'd, his way he takes,
And chamber-practis'd craving curtsies makes
To each he meets, with cringes, and screw'd faces,
(Which his too partial glass approv'd for graces)
Then dines, and after courts some courtly dame,
Or idle busy 'bout misspending game,
Then sups, then sleeps, then rises for to spend
Next day as that before, as t'were the end 140
For which he came so womaniz'd, turn'd Dame,
As place 'mongst *Ovid's* changelings he might claim

130 pearls] Orig 'purles' = 'pearls'? Or is it in the sense of 'purling'? Cf 'purling billow' in 'On the Queen' *inf*, and 'purling Zephyr' in the second Elegy
138] Orig 'busy-bout' But the subst 'bout' would make no sense, and my alteration seems pretty certain

What? Do not such discover their weak mind
(Unapt for active virtue) is inclined
To superficial things and can embrace
But outward Habits for internal Grace?
The mind's gifts do the body's grace adorn
Where that's defective to affect is scorn
For Action's hinder'd by too much observing
Of decency but where a well deserving 150
And settled reputation is, then there
Each thing becomes and is accounted, rare
Where that's defective striving to affect
Another's worth, their weakness doth detect
Let thy Mate be what such do strive to seem,
Thou must the substance not the shade esteem
When thou hast found this well form'd cabinet
Try what rich jewels are within it set
Set wealth apart thou shalt more clearly see
His Virtues (*Riches dazzle judgement's Eye*) 160
Who weds for wealth she only wealth doth wed
Not Man which got and in possession had,
Love languishes yet till one's death she's forced
To live with him though wealth fail yet divorced
They cannot be, so is she all his life
His riches Widow though she be his Wife
That golden Age when sullen Saturn reigned
For Virtue's love, not gold's the glory gained,
To be so styled it was not then demanded
How rich in gold, or how that he was landed 170
When they did woo simplicity had wont
Be first which now is last in least account
With *Virtue* leading *Love* be Wedlock's aim
And greatest wealth, a pure unspotted name
They lived and loved, then joying each in other
Not fearing that their *Mate* should love another
Seduced by tempting Gold, their time they spent
Free from distrust or open discontent
But the next Age when as our mother Earth
(Fertile before in voluntary birth)
Was sought into and had her bowels torn 181
For hidden wealth then when the keel was worn
Ploughing the Ocean for his hidden store
The sweet Content did vanish was before
The silly Maid (then ignorant of ill)
Having no Wealth might live a Maiden still
And die (except seduced) so the poor swain
(Though virtuous) was straight held in disdain
But yet the Worthies that the world brought forth
Since that blessed Age postponèd wealth to worth 190
Great Alexander did disdain the offer
Declining Darius with his Child did proffer

192 Darius] Hannay is guilty either of Darius or of bad metre Declining is of course to be taken with D not A and equals falling In the next line Maced's is textual and short for Macedon's but I do not know whether the genitive with full as a noun or the plural with full as an adjective is the more likely

Nor Maced's full of Gold, nor Euphrates' brim,
To bound his Empire, could inveigle him
But he for that rather contemn'd his foe,
For thinking he could have been conquer'd so
True worth doth wealth as an addition take,
Defective virtue's wants of weight to make
Virtue's best wealth wherewith he should be nurst,
That smell stays long, a vessel seasons first 200
Yet build not there, for good natures depraved,
Are still the worst, so thou may'st be deceived
See that he have so spent his forepast time,
That he be free from censure of a crime
Youth's apt to slip but a notorious deed
From Nature, not from Age, doth still proceed,
And though that Fortune herein oft hath part,
Yet th' actions still are judgèd from the heart
Adrastus thinking to revenge the harms
Of his dead Love, his naked weapon warms 210
In his brother's bosom (too dear blood to spill)
Instead of his that did his Lady kill
Fleeing to Croesus, he him entertain'd,
Where his behaviour so much credit gain'd,
As Lydia's hope, young Atis, Croesus' heir,
He got in charge, whom, hunting, unaware
His hapless hand unfortunately slew,
Whiles at a boar his dismal dart he threw
Yet was it thought intention, and not chance,
Till being freely pardon'd the offence,
Lest more disast'rous chances should fall out, 221
His own self-slaughter clear'd them of that doubt
Thus when opinion hath possessed the mind,
It leaves a deep impression long behind,
And they must do much good, that have done ill,
Ere they be trusted, wer't by fate or will
See Drunkenness (from which all vices spring)
Do no way stain him, for that still doth bring
Contempt, disgrace, and shame *Circe* made swine
Of wise *Ulysses'* fellows, drunk with wine 230
The Macedonian Monarch (lately nam'd)
Is not for worth so prais'd, as for that blam'd,
He in his drink destroy'd his dearest friend,
That did 'fore him his Father's deeds commend
Nor could his after-tears wash off that stain
Which doth to blot his actions still remain
For if one would his glorious actions show,
How strong, chaste, valiant, mild to captiv'd foe,
With such brave deeds though he the world hath fill'd,
Yet this still stays, He drunk, dear *Clytus* kill'd 240
No Gamester let him be for such a *Man*
Shall still be loser, do the best he can,
His mind and money it frets, and destroys
And wastes the precious time he here enjoys

Some in less time unto some Art attain,
Than others spend in play, some's pleasing vein
Will seem so mild, in this dear double loss,
They outwardly not take it for a cross
But when all's gone (for they but then give over)
Their smother'd anguish they at last discover, 250
Whereof man's foe the Fiend, advantage takes,
Whiles on self slaughter'd rooks, he gathers wrakes
Examples hereof we may daily see
How some by halter, some by poison die,
And who go not so far yet their last ends
Contemned need and misery attends
For this ill haunts them, who to play are bent,
They seldom leave till their estate be spent
With other's sheets let him not be acquainted,
(They are still stain'd whom once that sin hath tainted) 260
And never hope to have him true to thee,
Who hath oft prey'd on chang'd variety
Be sure who hath had choice, will ne'er digest
To feed on one dish, (though of sweetest taste)
And whoso strays, loves not but lusts, in one
Doth *Love* delight when that leaves, *Love* is gone
For *Grace* and *Lust* ne'er harbour in one Inn,
And where *Lust* lodges, ever lodgeth *Sin*
Which *Sin* when it is to a habit grown
Not fear of God (but Man lest it be known) 270
Doth stay the execution but be sure
Though the act be hinder'd yet the heart's impure,
Whose lusts will predomine in time and place
Not over rul'd by God's preventing Grace
Besides he will be still suspecting thee,
Though thou beest pure as spotless *Chastity*
For vice is ever conversant in ill
And guilty as itself thinks others still
Upon this Earth there is no greater Hell
Than with suspecting Jealousy to dwell 280
See that his humours (as near as may be)
Do with each humour of thy mind agree,
Or else contention, and dissension still,
Will bar your sweet content, while the one's will
The other's doth resist, Love cannot be,
Twixt fire and water, they will ne'er agree
True friendship must express 'twixt man and wife
The comfort, stay, defence and port of life
Is perfect when two souls are so confus'd
And plung'd together (which free will hath chus'd) 290

246 vein] Orig vaine but this is a very usual spelling of vein and I do not think 'vain makes sense

252 rooks] pigeons rather but the birds often interchange parts There is a complicated play on words in this line Wrake is properly in Scots = wrack' = sea weed, with which sense 'rook has to suggest rock' But it may also mean 'anger, revenge cf wreak

As they can never sever'd be again,
But still one compound must of both remain
From which confusèd mixture, ne're proceeds
Words of good turns, requitals, helps of needs,
For it is ever after but one soul,
Which both their wills and actions doth control,
And cannot thank itself for its own deeds,
(What is done to itself, no self-love breeds)
But this holds not where humours disagree,
There's no concordance in disparity
See he fear God, then will he fear to sin, 301
Where Vice doth leave, there Virtue doth begin
Sin is nipt in the bud, when we do mind
That God's all light, and can in darkness find
What we can hide from Man, the reins and heart
He searches through, and knows each hidden part,
And each thought long before, we cannot hide
Our faults from Him, nor from His censure slide
The Wiseman saith, it's Wisdom's first degree,
To have a true fear of the Deity,
For that makes Honest Honesty's commended, 311
Whether sincere, or for a cloak pretended
The vulgar *Honesty*, servant to Laws,
Customs, Religions, Hope and Fear it draws,
Be more or less according to the times,
It still is wavering, difference of climes
Makes it unequal, rather Policy
I may call such respect, than Honesty
Which still aspiring, quickly oft mounts high,
And in short time unto that mark comes nigh 320
At which it aims but builded on false grounds,
A sudden fall it unawares confounds
But Honesty doth always go upright,
With settled pace, not wavering for the might
Of winds, times, nor occasions it goes slow,
But still attains the end, towards which doth go
Now such an Honest man I wish thee find
As still is Honest, out of Honest mind.
That's Wisdom's first ground next is to propose
A certain form of life, for ever those 330
(Who divers in themselves) aim at no end,
But as occasion offers, each way tend,
Never attain the mark *If Hawk assay*
To truss two Birds, she doth on neither prey
These grounds being laid, an unfeign'd Piety
Must build thereon, and though that divers be
Religions, Laws, yet ours amongst them all
Is truest, purest, most authentical
Religion true, loves God, and quiets us, 339
And rests in a soul free and generous
Where superstition is a frantic error,
A weak mind's sickness, and the own soul's terror

293 ne're] Sic in orig but 'never,' which is the usual expansion of 'ne're,' does not seem to suit 'There' is possible, and no doubt there are other possibilities

313–6 This passage is a mere *jam* of ellipses, &c —expansible, but perhaps not worth expanding

Religious men do still fear God for love,
The superstitious, lest they torments prove.
Let thy Mate be a man whose settled faith
In true Religion sure foundation hath
For twixt those bodies love doth best reside,
Whose souls no self opinions do divide
The four chief Virtues next in order 60,
From which the rest as from four fountains flow, 310
Prudence the first place hath to see and choose,
Which is so needful, and of so great use,
That with it weighty things do seem but light
Without it nothing can be done of weight,
By it things even gainst Nature are achieved
A wise mind gains what man hands hath grieved
Just he must be himself first to command
For sensual things at *Reason's* Law must stand,
The *Spirit's* power keeps the *Passions* still in awe,
And strictly bounds them with an austere Law, 360
With *Moderation* it guides our desires
(We must not all condemn Nature requires)
To love things neat and needful, base things hate
It's wantonness to live too delicate
But it's mere madness to condemn the things
Which needful use, and common custom brings
Next to his Neighbour he that right must do
Which he expects (freely, not forced thereto,)
Whom Law construns they falsify all trust
It's conscience, not constraint, that makes men just 310
As just so valiant would I have him be,
Not out of rashness or stupidity
It is a constant patient resolution
Of bashless *Courage* gainst the revolution
Of times and fortunes it regards not pains,
Where *Honour* is the Hire *Glory* the gains
It's sensible careful man's self to save
Not daring offer wrong more than receive
As *Prudent*, *Just* and *Valiant* so he must
Be *Temperate*, this *virtue* hath foul lust 380
And pleasure for its object it commands
Laps and reforms our sensual thoughts it stands
'Twixt a desire and dullness of our nature,
And is the spurrer on or the abater
Of ill or good shamefast in refusing
Things filthy honest in things comely choosing
Though with perfection these no one man fits
Yet let him be free from their opposites
He must be sober not given to excess
It cures and keeps in health *mind* it doth dress 390
Making it pure and capable of good
Mother and good counsel is the Brood
Excess doth dull the spirits, and breeds disease
So after punish'd by what first did please

362 I have shifted the bracket from 'condemn to requires'
385 One might suggest is before 'shamefast

Learn'd let him be, his learning general,
Profound in none, yet have some skill in all,
Who's deeply learn'd, his Book is most his Wife,
Conversing still with it, so of his Life
His Wife not half enjoys, for most is spent
In study, so what should yield most content, 400
Society's debarr'd, I do wish then
Who are mere Scholars, may live single men
Learning besots the weak and feeble mind,
But polishes the strong, and well inclin'd
The one *Vain-glory* puffs with self-conceit,
The other's brain is settled *Judgement's* seat
Then so learn'd let him be, as he may choose
Flowers of best Books, whose sweet scent he may use
To rectify his knowledge, and distil
From thence life-blessing precepts, which so will 410
Temper his understanding, that the frown
Of fickle *Fortune* never shall cast down
Not bold in speech, no man of many words
Choose thou a Husband, leafy tree affords
The smallest store of fruit · *Both words and deeds*
Seldom or never from one man proceeds
Who guides his words, he in a word is wise
Yet let him not be sullenly precise,
But gentle, pleasing, not crabbèd, or tart,
The wise man's tongue is ever in his heart, 420
The fool's heart's in his tongue *it is great gain*
For to be silent, and one's self contain,
And see with whomsoever he converse,
(Lest he be thought ill-nurtur'd, or perverse)
That he be kind, obsequious, affable,
To fit himself unto their humours, able
To change condition with the time, and place,
Is wisdom, and such levity doth grace
So Aristippus each face, each behaviour
Did still become, and was a gracing favour 430
Choose thou a Husband older by some years
Then thou thyself art, Man age better bears
Then Women for bearing of children makes
Their strength decay, soon beauty them forsakes
Many crops make a field soon to be bare,
Where that that bears not long continues fair
Now, Lady, such a man I wish you find,
As here I have describ'd, with whom to bind
Yourself, is to be blest, leading a life
Full of content, free from contentious strife 440

A Wife's behaviour

BUT to find good, is not enough to show,
But having found him, how to keep him so,
Then since I have advis'd you how to choose him,
I will give some advice how you should use him
Obedience first thy will to his must fit,
(He is the pilot that must govern it)
It man condemns of inability,

When women rule that are born to obey
Nor is it honour to her, but a shame
To be match'd with one only man in name 450
But if imperious he should more desire
Than due respect doth of a *Wife* require,
Think not harsh stubbornness will ever procure him
To be more mild (it rather will obdure him),
The whip and lash the angry horse enrages
Mild voice and gentle stroke his ire assuages
From steel struck flint we see the lightning flies,
But struck 'gainst wool the flashing flame none spies,
Nor is the clangour heard the one's soft nature
Is to the other's hardness an abature 460
Win thou thy mate with mildness for each cross
Answer'd with anger, is to both a loss
Like as the sea which 'gainst a churlish rock
Breaks braving billows with a boistrous stroke,
Seeking by raging force to throw on sands
The stiff resisting rock, which unmov'd stands
Repelling his bold billows with like scorn
As th others bravery had bounced them beforne
Thus both still strive and striving are overcome,
The rock is worn, the billow 'scrush'd in foam 470
Whereas the sea calmly the sand embraces
And with smooth forehead lovingly it graces
Being content that it should bound his shore,
Yielding to mildness where force fail'd before
So let thy mildness win thy Husband to it,
If that do not, then nothing else will do it
Beware you (willing) to no anger move him,
If he perceive't, he cannot think you love him
If anger once begin twixt man and wife
If soon not reconcil'd, it turns to strife 480
Which still will stir on every light occasion
What might have ceas'd in silence, then persuasion
Of friends will hardly end *for every jar*
Is ominous presaging life long war
And where two join'd do jar, their state decays
They go not forward, who draw divers ways,
Being yoked together your first care must be,
That with your husband you in love agree.
As far from fondness be, as from neglect
Mixing affection with a staid respect 490
If toying fondness were man's only aim
Not reason, but his lust should choose his dame,
Where whores lascivious, that can ways invent,
Should equalize thee, nay give more content
No, these are not the joys he hopes to find
The body not so much he weds, as mind
Be never fond nor without cause unkind
These are the fruits of an inconstant mind

Thou must not if his fortunes do decline,
Be discontented, or seem to repine,
But bear a constant countenance, not dismayed, 501
As if you were of misery afraid
His fortunes you must good or bad abide,
With chains of mutual love, together tied
The loss of that which blindfold chance doth give,
Cannot a worthy generous mind aggrieve
For it will never take it for a cross,
Which cannot make one wicked by its loss,
Nor by the gaining good Both fool and knave
Are often rich if such afflictions have, 510
They drive them to despair, but draw the wise,
With elevated thoughts, such things despise
Seneca saith, the gods did take delight
To see grave Cato with his fate to fight
O! what should we, whose hopes do higher rise,
If heathens thus could worldly things despise?
Affliction oft doth mount the wiser high,
Joseph and Job rose by adversity
It's sign of a weak mind to be dejected
For worldly loss (such never are respected) 520
If thou wouldst not be irksome to thy mate,
Be cheerful, not succumbing with his fate
Yet if that anguish doth afflict his mind,
You must not seem so from the world refin'd
As to disdain what human cross brings forth,
Pride to be singular, that is not worth
Nay, thou must be a mirror, to reflect
Thy husband's mind for as is his aspect,
So should be thine Pale Phoebe yields no light,
When th' interpos'd earth bars her Phoebus' sight 530
But when no object intercepts his streams,
She decks herself with light-rebating beams
Even so as is thy husband's joy, or pain,
So must thy joy and sorrow wax or wane
Be not too curious in his ways to pry,
Suspicion still makes the suspected try
Jealousy's fear for why should she suspect
That knows herself guilty of no defect?
If he perceive thee of thyself despair,
He will think sweeter joys are otherwhere, 540
Which thou dost want, so thou thyself shalt give
The first occasion to what may thee grieve
Thy own desert must him unto thee bind,
Desert doth make a savage to be kind
It is an adamantine chain to knit
Two souls so fast, nought can them disunite,
Where that most sweet communion of the minds
Save each in other, no contentment finds,
And whatsoever the one touches near,
Jealous, the other ne'er conceals for fear 550

Brutus his honour (dearer prized than life)
Concredited to Portia his wife
What fear from dearest friends caused him conceal
Worth and desert made him to her reveal
Great Caesar's death, and who his consorts were,
With their designs he did impart to her
Nor is their birth, or beauty of such might
To alienate their hearts or give delight
Who had more beauty than that captived Queen
The fair Statira, when in grief was seen 560
The pearly hail blasting her beauty fields
Which seeminess even clothed in sorrow yields?
Being graced with modesty, and unstained faith
More force still fairness with such fellows hath
Yet could not her fair beauty move the thought
Of Alexander (though less fair have brought
Oft captains to be captives), nor her state
(She being married) did affection bate
For then her virgin daughter yet unstained
(Whose beauty all comparison disdain'd 570
Going her lovely mother so before,
As she did all the rest of Asia's store)
Should quickly have entangled his desire
Whose heart all one Roxane's love did fire
For if proportion, colour, wealth or birth
Could have captiv'd the Monarch of the Earth,
These should have won but he did her prefer,
Whose only merits pleaded *love* for her
Deserve then not in show, but from the heart
Love is perpetuated by desert 580
As it befits not man for to embrace
Domestic charge so it's not woman's place
For to be busied with affairs abroad
For that weak sex it is too great a load
And it's unseemly, and doth both disgrace
When either doth usurp the other's place
Leave his to him, and of thine own take charge
Care thou at home, and let him care at large
Thou hast enough thyself for to employ
Within doors bout thy house and huswifery 590
Remember that it's said of *Lucrece* chaste
When some dames wantonized, others took rest
She with her maidens first her task would end
E're she would sleep she did not idle spend
Swift running *Time* nor gave allurring pleasure
The least advantage, to make any seizure
On her rare virtues *A soul vacant still*
Is soon seduced to do good or ill
For like perpetual motion is the mind
In action still, while to this flesh confined, 600

552 Concredited] This rare English derivation from the not unclassical *concredo* might have been made common with advantage for it expresses in one word what requires a long periphrasis without it

590 huswifery] I keep this as well as 'housewifery'

(From which soul-prison it takes often stains,
For absolutely good no man remains)
Employ'd if not 'bout good, about some ill,
Producing fruits which do discover still
How it is labour'd like a fertile field,
Which fruit, or weeds abundantly doth yield,
As it is manur'd, be not idle then,
Nor give vice time to work upon thy brain
Imagined ill for what it there conceives,
It oft brings out, and in dishonour leaves 610
The purest things are easiest to be stain'd,
And it's soon lost which carefully was gain'd
Penelope did wheel and distaff handle,
And her day's work undid at night by candle,
Nor labour-forcing need compell'd that task,
Which toiling days, and tedious nights did ask
(For she was Queen of Ithacke) 'twas her name,
Which virtuous care kept spotless, free from blame,
One of so many suitors of each sort,
As for her love did to her Court resort, 620
Not speeding, would have spoke that might her stain,
(The greatest hate, when love turns to disdain)
If colour could have made their knavery stronger,
But Envy could not find a way to wrong her
Be thou as these, careful of housewifery,
With *Providence* what 's needful still supply,
Look thy Maids be not idle, nor yet spend
Things wastingly for they so oft offend,
When careless is the Mistress, yet with need
Ne'er pinch them, nor yet let them e'er exceed 630
The one doth force them seek thee to betray,
The other makes them wanton, and too gay,
It is no shame to look to every thing,
The Mistress' eye doth ever profit bring
Salomon saith, *the good Wife seeks for flax*
And wool, wherewith her hands glad travail takes
She's like a ship that bringeth bread from far,
She rises ere appear the morning Star,
Victuals her household, gives her maidens food,
Surveys, and buys a field, plants vines, with good 640
Gain'd by her hands what merchandise is best
She can discern, nor doth she go to rest
When Phoebus hides his head, and bars his sight,
But by her lamp, her hands do take delight
To touch the wheel and spindle, she doth stretch
Her hand to help the poor and needy wretch
Her words are wisdom, she o'ersees her train
That idle none do eat their bread in vain;
Her children rise and bless her, sweet delight
Her husband takes still in her happy sight 650
Be thou this careful goodwife, for to lend
Thy helping hand, thy husband's means to mend.

Last let thy conversation be with such
As foul mouth'd malice can with no crime touch
I cannot but condemn such as delight
Still to be sad and sullen in the sight
Of their own husbands, as they were in fear,
(*Sure guilty of some crime such women are*)
But when they gossip it with other wives
Of their own cut, then they have merry lives 660
Spending and plotting how they may deceive
Their husbands rule themselves, and mastery have
O let such women (for they make bates be
Twixt man and wife) never consort with thee
But shun them, as thou dost see one that s fair
Flee the small pox, both like infectious are
The grave staid blameless, and religious dames
Whose carriage hath procur d them honest names
Are fit companions, let such be thy mates,
When wearied with affairs thou recreates 670
Thyself with harmless mirth yet do not walk
Often abroad that will occasion talk,
Though thou hast store of friends yet let none be
(Saving thy husband) counsellor to thee
He s nearest to thee and it will endear him
He is thyself, thou needest not to fear him
Be free with him, and tell him all thy thought
It s he must help when thou hast need of ought
And constantly believe he ll love thee best
When he sees thou preferr'st him fore the rest 680
Thus lady, have I show d you how to chuse
A worthy mate and how you should him use
So choose so use so shall you all your life
Be in a Husband blest he in a Wife
And when death here shall end your happy days
Your souls shall reign in heaven on earth your praise

FINIS

654 touch] Orig 'tutch

ELEGIES

ON THE

DEATH OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN

QUEEN ANNE

WITH

EPITAPHS

To the most Noble Prince Charles

Disdain not Sir, *this offering which I make*
Although the incense smoke doth tower so black
Nor think my fires faint cause they darkly shine,
Tapers burn dim are set before a shrine
Some better hap to have their first fruit glad,
This Common woe masques mine in mourning shade
And s strange, You (solely left for our relief)
For salve, do prove a cor'sive to our grief
Weigh what is it to add to those opprest
Then by Your woe, ours shall not be increast 10
I grant, nor Son nor Subject good, can smother
Grief for so great, and good, a Queen and Mother
Yet moderate this sorrow as you're seen
To use in joy, so use in grief a mean
O'ermatch thy matchless self that all may see
Her courage worth and love, do live in Thee
Then may this pen which with tears draws my plaint
In gold Thy glorious actions after paint
Your Highness' most humble servant,
Patrick Hannay

The First Elegy [1]

As doth a Mother, who before her eyes,
Her age s hope, her only Son espies
Butcher'd, and bathing still in bloody strands
Ravish'd with sudden grief amazèd stands,
Nor weeps nor sighs, nor lets one tear distil,
But (with fix d eye) still gazeth on her ill
But when with time her smothered grief forth vents,
She wastes her eyes in tears, her breath in plaints
So we astonish d could not tell our woe,
Who do grieve most, least signs of grief do show, 10
Yet time to those, in time a time affords
To weep and wail and show their woe in words
Time grant us now in time lest of her praise
Our offspring hearing and when her swift days
Had run their course, they hear none of our plaints
Do either think some Poet s pen her paints
Or that they are of the same stones all sprung,
Which backward Pyrrha and Deucalion flung
So that will seem no fable, but a story
If we do leave no witness that we re sorry 20

[1] This poem, in the original (as well as its companion) is a sort of debauch of italics, which the poet or his printer has showered on every line, for the most part with no discoverable excuse of emphasis or anything else They have been most troublesome to alter but unaltered they would have been still more troublesome to read

Each senseless thing shall us upbraid to them,
And as less sensible (than they) condemn
Since in each object offer'd to the eye,
Signs of sad sorrow settled there we see ·
The Heavens (tho' grac'd with her) for us are griev'd,
And weep in showers for that we are bereav'd
Of her in, and for whom the World was blest,
In whom her kind's perfection did consist
Aquarius seems to have a solemn feast,
And that each other sign's his household guest 30
Not one of them now influence downpours,
But what distils in liquid weeping showers
The Skies of Clouds now make them mourning weeds,
And general darkness all the world o'erspreads
What? hath the Sun for a new Phaeton
Abandonèd the Heavens, and beamy throne?
Is the cause theirs? or doth it touch us nigh?
(Since with their sorrow we so sympathy)
No, it's because our Cynthia left this sphere,
The world wears black, because she moves not here 40
Her influence that made it freshly flourish,
Leaves it to fade, and will no more it nourish
Leaves it? hath left How can it then subsist?
Can that be said to be, which, dispossest
Of soul, wants vigour? this Queen was the soul,
Whose faculties world's frailties did control,
Corrected the ill humours, and maintain'd
In it a wholesome concord, while she reign'd
But now (she gone) the world seems out of frame,
Subord'nate passions now as Princes claim 50
Seignory o'er the soul, which do torment
The whole with anguish, make the heart to faint,
Whose sad infection generally's so spread,
Grief's character on every brow is read
Our eyes so drop (wer't not God frees those fears)
The world might dread a new deluge of tears
Dread? (thus distress'd) we rather should desire
With the world's dissolution to expire
Our latest woes, 'twere better have no being,
Than live in woe, so as we are still dying 60
Leave foolish passion, dares thou thus repine
'Gainst what's enacted by the powers divine?
Humbly submit, yet passion were a word,
Useless, a nothing's name, speech should afford
No place for it, if it should not now show
It's being by our grieving in this woe
Yet the woe's short, which on each soul hath seiz'd,
It and the cause can ne'er be equaliz'd

38] Note 'sympathy' as a verb

61 dares] Hannay often uses this form for the second person Cf *A Happy Husband*, l. 670.

I will not blaze her birth, descent or State,
Her princely progeny, her royal mate 70
They are known best, and greatest, yet these are
But accidental honours but this star
With proper beams was so resplendent here
Others (though bright) yet when she did appear,
Did lose their lustre she honour'd her place,
Her place not her she Queen was Queen's sole grace
Twas she the Antique Poets so admir'd,
When with prophetic fury they inspir'd
Did feign the heavenly powers they did see
(As in a dream) that such a one should be 80
And for each several grace she should contain,
One Deity they did for that ordain
Not one for all, for that too much had been,
To feign her like whose like was never seen
Nor is their number equal to her merits
For she afar off was show'd to those spirits
Now had they liv'd her virtues to have seen,
The Goddesses sure numberless had been,
But's well they did not for then she should be
(Though guiltless) yet cause of Idolatry, 90
For they who honoured her shade before,
Seeing her substance needs must it adore
The Moralists did all of her divine,
When they made every virtue feminine,
And but they knew that such a one should be,
Doubtless with them virtue should have been HE
Peruse all stories are compil'd by Man
Or Poets fictions since the world began,
You shall not find (true or imaginary)
Like worth in one whose all in nought doth vary 100
Nay, take the abjects in these books revil'd
For basest parts, so vicious and defil'd
As they seem Nature's monsters, made in scorn
As foils her other fair works to adorn,
(*Contrar's oppos'd do others best set forth*)
They serve not all to parallel her worth
They are deceiv'd, who say the world decays,
And still grows worse and worse as old with days
For then this Age could never that have shown
Which was long since to *Salomon* unknown, 110
A woman but had he lived in our times
He might have found one so devoid of crimes,
That her own merits (if merits could save)
Might justly (as of due) salvation crave
I rather think the world's first infancy
Growing more perfect with antiquity
(As younglings do) travail'd till now at height
Big of perfection brought this birth to light
This second to that Maiden Mother Daughter,
She only was before, this only after 120

For on this Grace and Nature spent such store,
As after her we need expect none more
And those who read her praise when we are gone,
Would think we but describ'd a worthy one,
Not that there was one such, but that she here
Left part of her, which and its seed shall bear
Successive witness to all doubtful ages,
Of her rare virtues, which in those dear pledges
Still live they'll say our praise came short, we dull,
With speech defective, could not to the full 130
Set forth her worth, which she at death did give
Others may goods, not goodness' off-spring, leave
But she bequeath'd her goodness, for her merit
Obtain'd her issue should that wealth inherit,
Which we possess in them, while they do prease
(As usurers) that stock still to increase
Only ambitious to augment that store,
Robbing the world, which either is but poor,
Or seems so, set by them, beggars may boast,
But they alone have all that wealth ingrossed 140
And though that God the world's gold hath refined,
And took the tried, He left this vein behind,
Pity ng the dross the lustre should obscure,
Of her bright soul, while flesh did it immure
Yet did He not with it of all bereave us,
But with her offspring, happiness did leave us
For her preferment, why then should we toss
Our souls with torment? or grieve that our loss
Hath Heaven enrich'd? or 'cause we held her dear,
Wish we her punished, to be living here? 150
We rather should rejoice she thus did leave us,
And nought but Heaven alone of her could reave us
O! since that Cedar fell so right at last,
Which way it standing lean'd, may well be guessed
And since the End doth crown the actions still,
How lived she, who dying, died so well!
For asked, if she did willing hence depart,
Said (rapt with heavenly joy) WITH ALL MY HEART
Though flesh be frail, yet hers so void of fear
(For Death did not in his own shape appear) 160
Did entertain so kindly its own foe,
(Who came to Court, but un'wares killed her so)
As she esteem'd it only one hard thrust
At that strait gate by which to life we must
Faith, *Hope*, and *Love* possess'd her heart and mind,
Leaving no place for fearful thoughts to find
Troops of white Angels did her bed impale,
To tend the soul's flight from the fleshly jail,

135 'prease' = 'press'
167 impale] Orig 'impaile,' in the sense apparently of 'surround like a paling'
168 jail] Orig 'gaile'

It to conduct unto that heavenly throne
Which Christ prepared, with glore to crown her on 170
O ! how my flesh clogg'd soul would scale the sky
And leave that dear companion here to lie
To see her entertain d with glory crown'd
While troops of Angels her arrival sound
To that new kingdom they all God do praise
For her translation, and their voices raise,
In sign of joy but yet that joy comes short
Of what they make for most to them resort
For, for the greater sinner, Christ hath said
That doth repent the greater joy is made 180
Yet that's made up in glore for she so far
Doth those exceed, as one another star
What may we think unto her soul is shown
When from her baser part such virtues flown
As a sad reverent fear their senses pierce
Who sighing see her sorrow suited hearse
What would they do if their veil d soul could spy
Her sitting crown d above the starry sky?
Sure they would do (nay in their hearts they do)
Even at the thought thereof with reverence bow 190
But leave to speak nay not so much as think,
Least of those joys which ne er in heart could sink
Let s not envy her but inveigh 'gainst our Fate,
That we behind her are staid here so late
And let 's not mourn for her, that she s gone hence,
But for ourselves, that we are kept from thence
Whither she 's gone yet let no tear o erflow,
(*Sorrow soon ceaseth that's disburd'ned so*)
Let them strain inward, if they ll needs distil
And with their drops thy heart s sad centre fill 200
And when it s full, it can no more contain
Let the cask break, and drown thee in that main

On the Queen

The World's a Sea of errors, all must pass
Where shelves and sands the purling billow blinds
Men s bodies are frail barks of brittle glass,
Which still are toss'd with adverse tides and winds
Reason s the Pilot that the course directs,
Which makes the vessel (as it s light) hold out
Passions are partners, a still jarring rout
Succumbing thoughts are life invading leaks
How built her body ! such a voyage made
How great her reason ! which so rightly sway'd 10
How pliant passions ! which so well obey d
How dauntless thoughts, vain doubts durst ne er invade
Her body, reason passions, thoughts did gree
To make her life the Art to sail this Sea

The Second Elegy

EACH Country now contributes to the *Thames*,
Which a support of every current claims
Why dost thou so, sweet *Thames?* Is not thy sorrow
Sufficient for thyself, but thou must borrow?
Or wants thy waters worth for such a charge,
As to conduct Great ANNE's last body'd barge?
Or is it 'cause so just and kind thou art,
Thou'lt not encroach that, wherein each hath part?
Sure that 's the cause; the loss is general,
And that last Office must be help'd by all 10
Yet wonder not they come not now so sweet,
As they do use, when they to solace meet
They're not themselves, they are compounded things,
For every one his latest off'ring brings,
And sends it by these brooks, unto Her Shrine,
Whose waters with their tears are turnèd brine
Each subject's cheek such falling drops distain,
As if to dew, sighs had dissolv'd the brain
Which from their eyes still in abundance pour,
Like a moist hail, or liquid pearly shower 20
Which in such haste, each one another chases,
Making swift torrents in late torrid places,
Disgorging in these brooks, making them rise,
So's sovereign *Thames* almost fear a surprise
Fear not (fair Queen) it is not their ambition,
But swelling sorrow, that breeds thy suspicion
Its sorrow feeds those currents and those rills,
Which thy vast channel with an ocean fills,
Which eye-bred humour so hath chang'd thy nature,
Thy fishes think they live not in thy water 30
It or their taste is alter'd, for they think
For thy sweet streams they briny liquor drink
How wearied is thy Sister, famous *Forth*,
Bringing sad Scotland's sorrows from the North,
Who comes not out of duty, as the rest
Who unto *Thames* their careful course addrest,
She comes, her equal will not yield in tears,
In subject's sorrows nor in country's cares
Great *Neptune's* self doth fear invasive wrong,
Seeing her strange waves through his waters throng, 40
And causeth *Triton* to found an alarm
To warn the Sea-Gods in all haste to arm,
Who bringing billows in brave battle-'ray,
Do mean *Forth's* fury with their force to stay
But when they see her thus all wrapt in woe,
And the sad cause of her just sorrow know,
They lay not their defensive arms aside,
But as a guard, her through their gulfs do guide,

Striving with all the pleasures of the Main
This grieving stranger *Queen* to entertain 50
Out through their bowers of clear transparent waves,
Crystalline wainscot pearl the bottom paves
Her they conduct, and to abate her woe
Their Sea delights and riches all they show
Which *Neptune* (now in love) would gladly give her
For love, yet dares not offer lest he grieve her,
Who loves and would not have his love unkind,
Must woo a pleasant humour, vacant mind
This makes him stay his suit and strive to please
With all the love allurements of the Seas 60
Yet all do not so much as move one smile,
An anxious sorrow soon discover'th guile
Yet he will guide and guard her grieving streams
Whom at her entry in the wishèd *Thames*
He leaves and vows in discontent to mourn
Till fairest *Forth* back to the Sea return
Her sister her receives with kind embrace
Their liquid arms clasping they interlace
In love so straight they cannot be untwined
They seem both one in body and in mind 70
O happy *union!* labour'd long in vain
Reserv'd by God to James his joyful reign,
And *Anne's*, O blessed couple, so esteem'd
By all foreknowing Jove, that He them deem'd
Worthy each other, and to wear that Gem
Blest *Britain's* now united Diadem
He esteem'd none worthy to wear't before them
But kept it still in store for to decore them
How did He suffer those two Kingdoms try
All open power and private policy 80
Yet still increasèd discord other's force
Made separation greater sued divorce
How did one tear the other, spare no toil
To bath[e] in blood the neighbour's fertile soil
Wrath discord, malice envy, rapine, strife
Thefts rapes and murderous mischiefs were so rife
None liv'd secure, while each King did protect
The other's fugitives (for his respect)
Thus looking for no rest or end of hate
But with the ruin of the adverse State 90
God He effects it (that to Him alone
We might ascribe the honour and being one
We might love better *Twixt united foes,*
And separated friends, love and hate grows
To greatest heights) And for this end doth raise
(Using the means) the honour of his days
Great JAMES the joy presaging Northern Star,
Whose radiant light illuminates so far
As it doth warm with its all quickning beams
The frozen love betwixt the *Tay* and *Thames* 100

59 60] A couplet nearly as early as Waller's earliest of the same style

With wonder and delight, drawing all hearts
And eyes, to love and see his Princely parts
And (what is strange) who hated most before,
With admiration, most his worth adore,
Wishing they were his subjects He is King
Already of their hearts, the poison'd sting
Of rancour is remov'd, for love they call him,
And with their Kingdom's ornaments instal him
Great confidence his virtuous life must bring,
Whom, such old foes, love forces make their King 110
Where was e'er heard, of emulating foes,
(Rooted in hate with others, overthrows
Such and so long) that did their wrath appease,
And yield (won but by love) to right, as these?
Yet do they not repent, they find report
Sometime is wrong'd, and may indeed come short
In commendations, yet it's rare (as here)
For she's a woman, and (by kind) will bear
More than she should but his last subjects find
Themselves with *Saba's Queen* of self-same mind, 120
That fame (though saying by belief) had wrong'd
Two Kings, not telling half to each that long'd
For *England* heard not, nor could it have thought,
That *Scotland's king* such wonders could have wrought
Long may he live, and die well, full of years,
And when his death shall draw us dry with tears,
On *Britain's* throne may his seed ever reign,
Till *Christ* do come (to judge the world) again
Who would have thought from the Scot-hated Dane,
Whom vanquish'd England so much did disdain, 130
(Oppress'd with base subjection) they did turn,
(Being freed) *Lord-dane* to *lurdane* for a scorn,
Who would have thought (I say) from *Dane* should spring
One, who from *Scots* and *English* eyes should wring
Such hearty tears, must not her worth be much,
Since we do find its love-effects prove such,
How great that worth (in such, such love could breed)?
O let it live for ever in her seed
And let that love in our hearts never die,
But ever live to her Posterity 140
And those sweet streams her mate and she combined
In love, O let their arms be ne'er untwined
From kind embraces, and though now their greetings
Be not so joyful as at other meetings,
Yet is their love all one, they take one part,
The one joys not, the other sad at heart
They surfeit now in sorrow, then in pleasure,
Joy then exceeds, grief now is above measure
To honour *Charles* (our hope) when they met last,
How did they rob each meadow as they past, 150
Of sweets, each bank a posy did bestow,
Of fairest flowers, that on his brim did grow.

These and such like, they brought from every part,
And gratulations from each subject's heart
They swell'd with pride, rising in lofty waves
And all the neighbour bord'ring banks outbraves
Their fishes frolick'd showing joy by gesture
The waters (wantonizing) woo'd their Master,
So fast their billows bout his blest barge throng'd
They hurt themselves oft, oft their fellows wrong'd 160
Each would be first, on others backs some ride
Some under others' slipp'ry shoulders slide
Though beat with oars yet will they not turn back
For they their humble prostrate homage make
The Sun then gilt each glistring glassy coat
Those marine masquers wore, danc'd bout his boat
Who by the music measur'd not their paces,
Deaf'd with a confus'd cry from divers places
Of maidens matrons aged men and boys
Which from each quarter made a confus'd noise 170
Of hearty *Aves*, welcoming their Prince
Echo (with answering tir'd) was mute still since
The City with the suburbs did appear
Like a large Theatre when he came near
Each window wall, each turret top and steeple
Was fill'd with every age, sex, sort of people
So as some thought (who erst had never seen
Such numbers) that the buildings all had been
Of Imag'ry contriv'd, by cunning Art
For on the ground the brewer in his cart, 180
The sculler carman, and the baser sort,
Seem'd strong and rudely carv'd clowns to support
The stately frame maids prentices and grooms
Made shop-door window stale and lower rooms
The battlements house-coverings and the leads,
As tiles or slates young boys and girls o'erspreads
The middle rooms all round about the *Thames*
Which ladies held, and choicer city dames
Such took for spaces which fair statues held,
Where carver and the painter both excell'd, 190
So pure complexions these seem'd made by Art,
As *Nature* never did the like impart
To lovely youth, the large low open breast,
Full, white round swelling azure vein'd increast
The error, for they thought none living would
Lay out such parts for all eyes to behold
So curious were the colours which were shown
As *Nature* hardly could from *Art* be known
So that they could adjudge them due to neither
But participles taking part of either, 200

184 stale] in the sense of stll It occurs dialectically as stool, &c, and is of course a form of stall.

Yet all by voice and gesture seemèd glad,
Wonder it was to see a thing look sad
Now it 's not so, the off'rings are but tears,
The sighs and groans of *Britain's* blest-reft sheres
Are now the acclamations, these two streams,
Compounded waters of mix'd sorrow seems,
Yet walk *they* hand in hand with equal pace,
T'wards that late pleasant, but now pensive place
Where sorrow suited in a sable weed,
Doth with a mourning veil each heart o'erspread, 210
And *Phoebus* for to make the world and mind
To wear one livery all his beams confined,
Dimming each eye in darkness of the night,
Either asham'd to mourn in open sight,
Or loath to alter with his brighter streams,
Our late obscurèd *Cynthia's* lesser gleams,
For her fled soul which doth with glory shine,
Left with its lodging something that's divine,
Which with reflection smileth on these rays,
Which her bright soul now from the skies displays 220
And these light orbs which with such swiftness roll
About the Heavens, acquainted with her soul
To light her corpse do set in every porch
Of the damantine *Heaven*, a starry torch,
Which dark'ned with the weeping Earth's moist vapours,
Are her last lamps and never-dying tapers
Thames trembles, *Forth* doth feverize for fear,
Both roar to see their sovereign thus appear
Their billows break their hearts against the shore
Their fishes faint (yet cannot tell wherefore), 230
But when they float upon the water crop,
And see the tears from eyes and oars which drop,
They think them all too few, and add their own
And swim in proper *waters* (erst unknown),
The water-Nymphs now round about her boat,
Cloth'd in sad sable mourning habits float,
The Hamadryads, and the Silvans all
To bear a part in this complaint they call,
Who since her death had practis'd in their tears,
Streams deep enough none now the water fears 240
They brought with them sweet camomile and rue,
Mint, spikenard, marjoram, her way they strew,
With flowers of choicest colour and of scent,
Which from the slender weeping stalk was rent

204 'blest-reft' = 'bliss-reft'? Of 'shere' for 'shore' I do not know any other instance, but it is etymologically defensible, and the form 'shear' is actually used in senses very close Of course it *may* be for 'shire,' not 'shore'

224 'damantine' for 'adamantine,' if H wrote it, is a particularly agreeable instance of the almost insane terror of hiatus or trisyllabic foot—for it happens to reverse the meaning

231 'crop' for 'top' is quite conceivable

Her Exequies these Nymphs together sing,
Till with this consort, Heaven and Earth doth ring
Heaven's envying our waters, walks and woods,
Hath reft our joy, and plac'd her mongst the Gods
No more our wandring waves shall wantonize
No more shall swelling billows brave the skies 250
No more shall purling *Zephyr* curl our head
No more we'll foamy powders there on spread,
No more shall now Meandnan walks delight us
No more Despair with Death shall now affright us
Since Heaven envying our late happy floods
Hath reft our joy, and plac'd her mongst the Gods
We'll take no sport now to pursue the fawn,
We'll no more tread light measures on the lawn
We'll deck our heads no more with *Flora's* flowers
We'll woo no more our woody paramours 260
We'll bear no part hereafter with the birds
We'll weep for woe, and teach them wail in words
Since Heaven envying our late happy woods,
Hath reft our joy, and plac'd her mongst the Gods
We'll hide our heads within our shores and shelves
We'll dwell in darkest cypress groves with elves,
No more we'll solace in great *Neptune's* halls
No more we'll dance at *Sylvans* festivals
Because she's gone whose glory grac'd our floods
Because she's gone, who honour'd walks and woods 270
Thus sung they her along but come to shore,
Where she must leave them, they ne'er see her more,
They sink to bottom, either in a swoon,
Or else themselves (now loathing life) to drown
The *Forth* and *Thames* losing their so lov'd sight
Vow, yearly to renew their woes that night

An Epitaph

Power to do ill, and practise only good
Humblest in heart, highest in place and blood,
Fairest and freest from loose desires in thought
Pleasures to tempt, yet not disdain'd in aught
With anxious care in courage ne'er dejected
Though cause of joy with no vain joy affected,
Know Reader whensoe'er these lines you scan
Such (and none such but she) was our Queen Anne

247 248] The italics here and later are kept because they seem to indicate not merely the poet's usual asides, but a sort of stanza burden to the unitalicized couplet blocks behind them

Patrick Hannay

An Epitaph

A Wife, a Daughter, Sister to a King,
Mother to those, whose hopes do higher spring,
Chaste, fair, wise, kind, first, Crown-United wore,
We knew her such, and held her for no more.
That she was more, God's daughter and Heaven's heir,
We know, since parted hence He crown'd her there

SONGS AND SONNETS

To the Right Honourable Sir Andrew Gray, Knight, Colonel of a foot regiment, and General of the Artillery to the high and mighty Prince Frederick, King of Bohemia

If of these labours I did none direct,
Brave sir to you for offering or for shield
Since you so fatherly did me affect
When first you did conduct me to the field
I justly might be taxèd as ingrate,
Deservedly your love might turn to hate

Let shriller Musket, Cannon Culvering
(Part of thy charge) with the sky tearing balls,
Which treble base mean, tenor rudely sing
To bloody Mars forcing the dancing walls, 10
Give place a space while I do entertain
Your ears with Music of a milder strain

Stern Mars himself hath oftimes danced a measure
(Arms laid aside) his Minions most dear
Have wooed the Muses, and have taken pleasure
To tune their own and others notes to hear
Thou art a proof hereof thy self most plain
Who in their Art hast had so sweet a vein

To none more aptly can I then direct
These lines than thee who both hast skill to prove 20
And worth (more than their errors) to protect,
To none I m so indebted for such love
Accept them as they re sent with love sincere
With kind construction read them whilst you re here

I know thy haughty spirit much disdains
This loathèd detention for I have been by
When thy hot courage well nigh cracked the reins
Of strict command (when the fierce foe drew nigh)
That to thy valour freedom was not given,
Those Lopish hirelings might by thee be shriven 30

Nor was it wage or want that spurr'd thee on
No hope of spoil nor thirsting after blood
But worth bred love of that rare Paragon
Thy dear King s daughter, whose cause doubtful stood
Had doubted Mansfelt led you had your will
Pylsen prevented had this hap ne'dill

Yet shrinks He not nor thou you both earn more
(That cross your courage rather doth inflame)
With sharp revenge the lost state to restore
To that most worthy best deserving Dame 40
Whom even her enemies so much do honour
As women s rarest praises they throw on her

There are nine Worthies hitherto of men,
But of all women I not read of any
I know not then, whether she makes them ten
Or of her sex first number unto many
In spirit, courage valour to those nine
She s equal Women none yet so divine

Go in Her cause, success crown thy desires
Soon may I change this softly tuned song, 50
Inflamed with new and unacquainted fires
To sing the Enemies revengèd wrong
Oh how I long in high heroic verse
Their ruin and Her rising to rehearse

Ever yours most affectionate in all humble duty
PATRICK HANNAY

37 'earn = yearn

Song I

SAD *Sheretine* was seiz'd,
And wounded so with woe,
Fra he fair *Mariana's* faith
Was falsified did know
Fra time he knew that her
Another did possess,
Whom in his heart he had propos'd
His height of happiness.
His tongue was sorrow-tied,
His passion inward pent, 10
His woes no passage could procure,
Forth from his heart to vent
He scarce believes it so,
Although himself it sees
To free her of so foul a fault,
He blames his blameless eyes
But when he found her false,
Her vows and oaths untrue,
As after he could joy in nought,
He bids the world adieu 20
His woes to aggravate,
He causes doth invent,
Though cause of care he had enough,
How he might more lament,
A woful banishment
He willing undertakes
And comfort-causing company
He utterly forsakes
In a care-clothèd shade,
From eye and ear removed, 30
He thus with woe begins to wail
The loss of his beloved
'Ah, *Mariana*, ah!
Is thus my love repaid?
Do my fires still so freshly burn
And are thy flames decayed!
How constant have I proved!
Though many baits there were
Where I have been, yet none had force
My fancy to ensnare 40
Nor since thy favour first
Kindled my quenchless fire,
Did I see beauty that could breed
A dram of dear desire,
Or if 'mongst fairest fairs
I thought one did excel
My love was jealous of that thought,
And straight did it repel
Wherein then did I fail?
My heart doth hold it strange,
That seeing I have lov'd so well, 51
I should find such a change
No doubt the gods were griev'd,
That I did thee adore,
'Cause therein I idolatriz'd,
Have plaguèd me therefore.
Yet should not that in thee,
Least alteration mov'd
It rather should thy love endear
To be so dearly lov'd 60
Hadst thou with proud disdain
My favour first refus'd,
I might have blam'd my hapless fate,
But not thy crime accus'd
My love with time had died
Or if it still had liv'd,
My care this comfort yet had had,
That I for worth had griev'd
But thou by granting love,
Didst bring me to such height
Of hopèd joys, to such a low 71
Hast cast me with despight,
That the sad souvenance
Of such a love so lost,
Is now my greatest cause of grief,
And doth molest me most
For if I ne'er had gain'd,
My grief had not been such,
The once-rich poor man grieveth more
Than he that ne'er was rich 80
Whom Nature with her gifts
'Bove others did indue,

3 'Fra' = 'from' as usual but, as shown by l 5, in sense of 'from the time when' It may be worth observing that in the *Songs and Sonnets* the pitiless rain of italics ceases These are quite rare and generally justifiable In the First Song the keeping of the old 'Poulter's Measure' (Alexandrine and Fourteener, divided or not into a quatrain of 6, 6, 8, 6), which had given so much dreary work in the middle of the sixteenth century, may be worth noticing

73 souvenance] Again a Gallicism

79, 80 The, &c] A somewhat vulgarized variant of *Nessun maggior*, but to be noted with others

O! that adds woe unto my woe,
That she should prove untrue
If whilst on bloody *Mars*
I boldly did attend
By some brave hand had I exhal'd,
Before thy crime was kend,
Then had my wronged Ghost
(Not conscious of this) 90
With joy expected thy approach
To thy *Elysian* bliss
Or if it there had grieved
The sole cause of its moan
Had been lest that thou shouldst
have grieved
To hear that I was gone
But now methinks I hear
Thy *Turian* with scorn
Upbraid thy crime as my disgrace
Fond *Sheretin* s forlorn 100
Methinks thou seconds him
Not sensible thereof
And thy true loving *Sheretine*
Remembered with a scoff
Another being wronged
By such a deep disdain
Lnraged might count it greater good
To lose such than obtain
But that the world may see 109
My first fires were not feigned
They shall not therefore be extinct,
Cause I am thus disdained
No *Turian* whom I most
Do hate and least respect,
Cause thou dost love and honour
him,
I'll honour and affect
By that (still dear!) thou'lt know
By leaving me what's lost,
If love disdain'd can do so much
What had it never been crost?
But now since it's thy will 121
That I do suffer woe
I do endeavour for thy sake
The greatest grief to know
Bear witness with me woods
Weeds watered with tears
How I do live devoid of joy,
But you there s none me hears
Nor ever shall more content
Seize on my heavy heart 130
Witness with me while from this clay
My sad soul do depart
And *Mariana* fair
My first and latest love,
My last words shall be that the
heavens
May bless thee from above
That thou mayst still enjoy
The best of sweet content,
And let my death (since love could
not)
Move thee this fault repent 140
That when from hence thou fleetst,
Thy unafflicted spirit
May with of like fault guiltless souls
A joyful peace inhent
That said he and no more,
But on the bitter weeds
His flesh forsaken feeble limbs
He languishingly spreads
His weary soul removes 149
Death seized him by degrees,
So true Lovers Martyr (not so wronged
As he deemed) thus he dies

Sonnet I

Eye, beauty, admiration love desire,
Did join in one to set my heart on
fire
My eye did see that beauty did sur
pass,
That boundless beauty made me
much admire
With admiration love conceived was
And love brought forth and nourish'd
my desire,
Which now is grown unto so great
perfection,
It sees, admires conceives, feeds
sans direction

Sonnet I] That this is not strictly a sonnet at all is an almost unnecessary observation It is less so that the printing illustrates the wholly *unprincipled* character of this typography Italics or at least initial capitals, would have been quite in place here and there is not one in the original

Sonnet II

EXPERIENC'D nature in this latter age,
Willing her masterpiece should then be wrought,
Such my fair *Coelia* set on earth's large stage,
As all the Gods in emulation brought,
For they did think, if Nature only might
Brag of her worth, she should insult o'er them
Wherefore they 'greed to have an equal right,
That they of her perfection part might claim
Pallas gave wisdom, *Juno* stateliness,
And the mild Morning gave her modesty 10
The *Graces* carriage, *Venus* loveliness,
And chaste *Diana* choicest chastity
Thus heaven and earth their powers did combine
To make her perfect, kind Love! make her mine

Sonnet III

WHILST wand'ring thoughts unsettled in desire,
Did rove at random in the fields of love,
Where fancy found fair objects fit to fire
Frozen affection, choice did choice remove
Cupid contemn'd taking it much at heart,
For spite his dame's loose darling made delight me,
She, leaving *Venus*, taking *Juno's* part,
With new chaste thoughts and fires 'gins to requite me
Proud *Cytherea* angry with her wench,
Seeks in my heart a hate of her to breed, 10
So blaz'd her faults, which soon my fires did quench,
But Malice still lights on the owner's head
For this the ill that all her envy wrought,
It made her chaste, me author of that thought.

Sonnet IV

ONCE early as the ruddy bashful *Morn*
Did leave *Dan Phoebus'* purple-streaming bed,
And did with scarlet streams East-heav'n adorn,
I to my fairest *Coelia's* chamber sped
She Goddess-like stood combing of her hair,
Which like a sable veil did clothe her round
Her ivory comb was white, her hand more fair!
She straight and tall, her tresses trail'd to ground,
Amaz'd I stood, thinking my dear had been
Turn'd Goddess, every sense to sight was gone 10
With bashful blush my bliss fled, I once seen,
Left me transformed (as it were) in stone
Yet did I wish so ever t' have remain'd,
Had she but stay'd, and I my sight retain'd

Sonnet V

WHILE I do hope my thoughts do high aspire,
In deep Despair these hopes are quickly drown'd,
Sometimes I burn with an *Etnean* fire
Sometimes I freeze I swim, straight sink to ground

O since such changes in my love
I find,
Death change my life, or Love my
Coelia s mind

Sonnet VI

Alluding to Hope

HOPE makes the Sea be plough d in
furrows white
That in the end sweet gain may
thence arise,
Hope makes the toiling tradesman
take delight
To labour ear' and late with watch
ful eyes
Hope makes the shepherd in the
Winter care
To tend his flock and lodge them
from the cold.
Hope makes the Soldier fight, sense
less of I ear
Mongst hot alarms both watch and
ward to hold
The seaman s hope rich merchandise
repays
The tradesman s hope is answer d
with his hire, 10
Young lambs and wool, the shep-
herd s charge defrays,
The soldier's wage is that he doth
require
I do for *Hope* more than all these
sustain,
Yet *Hope* with no reward repays
my pain

Song II

Amantium irae amoris redintegratio est

I

Coelia jealous (lest I did
In my heart affect another)
Me her company forbid
Women cannot passion smother

II

The dearer love the more disdain,
When truth is with distrust re
quited
I vow'd (in anger) to abstain,
She found her fault and me invited

III

I came with intent to chide her
(Cause she had true love abus d),
Resolv d never to abide her 11
Yet her fault she so excus d,

IV

As it did me more entangle
Telling *True love must have fears*
They ne er lov d that ne er did
wrangle,
Lovers jars but love endears

Sonnet VII

WHEN as I wake I dream oft of my
dear,
And oft am serious with her in my
sleep,
I am oft absent when I am most near,
And near whenas I greatest distance
keep
These wonders love doth work,
but yet I find
That love wants power to make
my Mistress kind

Sonnet VIII

I LOV D was lovèd, and joy d in con
tent,
Our souls did surfeit on the sweets
of love
While equal heat our hearts affec
tions lent,
The one the other to content did
prove
Thus bove the pitch of other hap
less wights
Whose sweets are sunk still in a sea
of sours,

VI 4 ear] This abbreviation must be very rare yet it is etymologically defensible without the apostrophe

VIII 4 This line in the original is another interesting example of the elision and apostrophe mania of the time It is printed Th one th other thereby quite falsifying the metre

Our hearts swam in the depth of dear delights,
Pleasures seem pains, not equalizing ours

But love 's not love, wherein are no disasters,
Time tried my trust was by my love betray'd, 10
And she (for state) had got for me some tasters,
Which lovers like not, so our love decay'd

Though she lov'd others, hereof I may boast,
I lov'd, was lovèd chastely first and most

Sonnet IX

Lover, Mistress

L HENCE loose alluring looks, no more of Love,
No more thy seeming virtues shall deceive me
M Come, come my dearest, speak not thus to prove
How well I love, thou think'st it doth not grieve me

L Thy beauty was a bait to draw mine eye
M And with thy blink my heart was set on fire
L I thought to find a suiting soul in thee
M Thy love 's the limit that bounds my desire

L Thy looseness makes my love's date now expire
M Where then thy vows? *L* Gone with thy seeming worth 10
M And made to me? *L* No, virtue brought them forth
Which failing now no fuel feeds my fire

M My heart 's the harbour where thy hopes must stay
L Where ground 's not good, an anchor drags away

Song III

I

I CAN love, and love entirely,
And can prove a constant friend ·
But I must be lov'd as dearly,
And as truly to the end
For her love no sooner slaketh,
But my fancy farewell taketh.

II

I cannot endure delaying,
I must have her quickly won ·
Be she nice (though not denaying)
By her leave I then have done:
For I am not yet at leisure, 11
To dwine for a doubtful pleasure

III

My eyes shall not still be wailing,
Where I'm answered with neglect,
My hurt is not at her hailing,
Who my pain doth not respect
He 's a fool that seeks relieving,
From her glories in his grieving

IV

With beauty I will not be blinded,
Yet I will none foul affect 20
With wealth I will not be winded,
If in behaviour be defect,
Beauty stained such love dieth,
Wealth decayed such love flieth

V

Gifts do good, yet he is silly
That therein expendeth store,
If he win not, tell me, will he
Not be meetly mock'd therefore?
It is better to be keeping
Than to sow not sure of reaping

VI

As I would not words be waring 31
Where there 's no assurance had,

VIII 10 Time tried] Orig 'try'd' The construction is ambiguous 'time tried' with 'trust' would be, perhaps, most poetical, but I think 'Time tried my trust [and it] was' more Hannayish

Song III 31 waring] = 'spending,' *Scotice*

So I would not gifts be sparing,
Where I woo and know shall wed
Giving so is no decreasing
I have hers in her possessing

VII

Be she rich, and fair, and gained,
If I fickleness do find,
My desires are quickly waned,
I can steer with other wind 40
For Virtue I have vow'd to chuse her
When that fails I will refuse her

Song IV [1]

I

Now do the Birds in their warbling words
Welcome the year,
While sugared notes they chirrup thro their throats,
To win a fere
Sweetly they breathe the wanton love
That Nature in them warms
And each to gain a mate doth prove,
With sweet enchanting charms

II

He sweetly sings, and stays the nimble wings
Of her in th air, 10
She hovering stays, to hear his loving lays
Which woo her there
She becomes willing hears him woo
Gives ear unto his song
And doth as *Nature* taught her do,
Yields sued unto not long

III

But *Coelia* stays she feeds me with delay,
Hears not my moan
She knows the smart in time will kill my heart
To live alone 20
Learn of the birds to choose thee a fere,
But not like them to range
They have their mate but for a year
But sweet, let 's never change

IV

The *Turtle dove* let's imitate in love
That still loves one
Dear, do not stay, youth quickly flies away
Then desire s gone
Love is kindest and hath most length
The kisses are most sweet, 30
When it 's enjoy d in heat of strength
Where like affections meet

Sonnet X

As doth *Solsequium* lover of the light
When *Sol* is absent lock her golden leaves,
And sealed mourns, till it regain his sight
Whose flaming rays soon counter vail its griefs—
Far more thy absence me of rest bereaves
The hopèd morn, the Marigold doth cherish
But when my Sun this blest horizon leaves,
Hopeless of light my joys in darkness perish
Stay then my Sun! make this thy *Zodiac*
And move, but make my arms to be the sphere 10
Make me thy West with me thy lodging take
Move to my breast and make thy setting there
So shall I be more glad of thy decline
Than *Phoebus* flower when he begins to shine

Song V

I

SERVANT, farewell is this my hire,
Do my deserts no more require?

[1] There is some music in this

No, do not think to cheat me so,
I will have more yet ere you go

II

Thy lov'd *Idea* I'll arrest,
And it imprison in my breast:
In sad conceit it there shall lie,
My jealous love shall keep the key

III

The drops my wounded heart shall bleed, 9
Shall be food whereon it shall feed
The tears are shed when I do think
On thee, shall be its only drink

IV

My restless thoughts shall range about,
My cares shall care it come not out
And when these fail their watch to keep,
I'll chain it fast in leaden sleep.

V

Nor think it ever shall part thence,
Or that I will with it dispense.
Thy love alone can me avail,
Thyself alone I'll take for bail 20

Sonnet XI

SWEET is the Rose and fair, yet who the same
Would pluck, may wound his finger with the briar,
So sweet, so fair is my belovèd Dame
Her darting eye wounds those that come her near
They both are fair, both sweet, they both make smart,
The rose the finger, *Coelia* the heart

Sonnet XII

MY love is such as I can ne'er obtain,
Nor can I think which way to ease my pain
If I conceal 't, there 's no hope of relief,
If I bewray 't, scorn will increase my grief,
Grief hid brings soonest death, there help remains,
Reveal'd life lingers, languishing in pains
Since my love 's hopeless, and without relief,
I scorn her scorn should add unto my grief,
Therefore my thoughts I'll bury as they rise,
And smother in my soul my infant cries · 10
So hasten death then if she chance to hear
I died for love of her I held too dear,
And say 'twas pity with her heavenly breath,
That shall requite me well even after death

Sonnet XIII

WHEN I do love, let me a mistress find,
Whose hard repulse doth me small hope procure,
Not yielding *yielding-no* · the constant mind
Is long in gaining, but obtain'd is sure.
The diamond is cut with care and pains,
But being cut, it still one form retains
That which is lightly got is valued least,
'The memory of care sweetens content'
Most feelingly we do those pleasures taste,
That are procur'd with pain, made known by want 10
It's better never any comfort taste,
Than relish sorrows by the pleasures past.

Song VI [1]

I

A MAID me lov'd, her love I not respected,
She mourn'd she sigh'd nay sued yet I neglected
Too late too late alas, I now repent
For *Cupid* with her love hath me infected

II

As erst *He* hers so love my heart now burneth,
As I at her, she laughs at me that mourneth
Too late, too late alas, I now repent
Since her disdained love to hatred turneth

III

On her alone doth health and hope rely,
Yet still she scorns and doth me love deny 10
Too late too late alas I now repent
Since she joys in my death, I for her die

Sonnet XIV

THE loving *Lizard* takes so much delight
To look upon the face of living man
As it seems for to feed even by the sight
And lives by looks which it enjoyeth than
But when that pleasing object leaves the place,
(As wanting that which only did it cherish)
It fainting dies, deprival of that face
The only cause is why it so doth perish
Even so my *Coelia's* love hath lately proved,
It joy'd it liv'd to me, while I was eyed 10
It vigorous was, but I from sight removed
It fainted soon grew weak, and quickly died
My *Coelia's* love thus prov'd a lizard right,
I seen it lived, it died I out of sight

A Paradox

I LOVE my *Love* the better she doth change,
(Which some may chance hold a position strange)
Women's extreme if [2] love were still at height,
Like ever shining sun it could not delight
A still fruition dulls respite relieves
An intermission still new relish gives
A changing favour puffs not up with pride
Because uncertain how long it shall abide
It lets not languish with a long disdain
No sooner ebb'd but it doth flow again
Then in my turn I shall be well respected 11
Late favourites as much shall be neglected
I love her cause she's woman (if her mind
Not wavering were, she were none of that kind)
The more she's woman I the more do love her,
The more inconstant I more woman prove her
The more a woman's of a woman's mind
The better (best degener least from kind)

[1] Did Hannay know *Robene and Makyne?*

[2] If women's extreme ?

The most inconstant they degener least,
The most inconstant therefore are the best 20
The best I vow'd to love, therefore none else
I'll love but whose inconstancy excels

Sonnet XV

WHILST Fortune's fondlings dandled in her lap,
Swim in the depth of undeserv'd desires,
Careless of cross, unmindful of mishap,
Still floating higher than their hope aspires

Poor hapless I, whose hopes soar'd lately higher,
(With promise-pens plum'd which ne'er fail in flight)
Deferr'd, disdain'd, heartless dare(s) not draw nigh her,
My wearied wand'ring wing can nowhere light

And Fortune, still the more to show her spite,
The nearer that my hope seems to obtain, 10
With unexpected crosses curbs them quite,
Which nigh gain'd good makes me but taste my pain

Yet, fickle Fortune, I disdain thy frown
'Base minds thou may'st, but never brave cast down'

Sonnet XVI

THEY Fortune much do wrong that call her blind,
And that she knows not how to give her gifts,
That she's inconstant, wavering as the wind,
Which in a minute many corners shifts

That she delights in nought but turning states,
The misers raising, mighty ones o'erthrowing,
She loves not long, and long she never hates,
At random (as it lights) her gifts bestowing

If she were blind, some gift I might have got
By chance · if loving chance, I had rise higher, 10
If long to love or hate inclining not,
I once had found her friend, but I will free her

She sees, can give, is constant, long can hate,
Too well I know 't, she still hath cross'd my state

Sonnet XVII

WHEN I consider well how *Cupid* kind
First did inflame my heart with loving fires,
And did remove the quiet of my mind,
And for it plac'd wakerife (yet dear) desires

And how the friend I truly did affect
With like sincerity repaid my love
How we did strive each other to respect,
And no contention else did ever prove

How that our souls so nearly sympathiz'd,
We oft did think and oft did dream the same, 10

XV 7 If dares is what H wrote, he had either forgotten 'I' or, more probably, was thinking of 'hopes,' and gave them a singular verb—as he and his contemporaries so often do

XVI 1 'Say' must be understood from 'call'
10 rise] 'rose' for 'risen,' or 'ris'n' itself?

What one approv d the other highly prizd,
What one dislik d the other s heart did blame

O how thy envy, *Fortune*, makes me wonder,
Whom *Love* so join d, thou shouldst have kept asunder

Song VII

Horac Car lib 3, *Ode* 9 *ad Lydiam*

I

Ho WHILST I was welcome, and thy chief delight
And no youth else more wishèdly did bring
His arms about thy neck so lovely white
I liv d more happy than the *Persian* King

II

Ly Whilst thou didst not burn with the love of other
And *Lydia* no less grace than *Cloe* found
Lydia was famouser than any other
Liv d more than Roman *Ilia* re nown d

III

Ho But *Thracian Cloe* now com mandeth me
Skilled in sweet Music cunning on the Lute 10
For whom I would not be afeard to die
To save her life so that my death could do t

IV

Ly *Calais Ornith s* son with loving fire
Burns me, and I affect him with like strife
For whom I willingly would twice expire,
If so the fates would spare my youngling's life

V

Ho What if our ancient love should come about
And join us jarring with a lasting chain
Were fair hair d *Cloe* fra my heart cast out,
And cast off *Lydia* receiv d again

VI

Ly Though *Calais* fairer than a blaz ing star 21
Lighter than fleeting cork although you be
And than the *Adrian* sea more testy far,
With thee I'd love to live and willing die

Sonnet XVIII

WHY dost thou doubt (dear *Coelia*) that my love
(Which beauty bred, and virtue still doth nourish)
That any other object can remove,
Or faint with time? but still more freshly flourish

No know thy beauty is of such a force
The fancy cannot flit that s with it taken
Thy virtue s such my heart doth hate divorce
From thy sweet love which ne er shall be forsaken

So settled is my soul in this re solve,
That first the stars from crystal sky shall fall 10
The heavens shall lose their influence, dissolve,
To the old Chaos shall be turn d this all

Ere I from thee (dear *Coelia*) remove
My true my constant, and my sincere love

Song VIII

I

When curious *Nature* did her cunning try,
In framing of this fair terrestrial round
Her workmanship the more to beautify
With chang'd variety made it abound,
And oft did place a plot of fertile ground
Fraught with delights, nigh to a barren soil,
To make the best seem better by a foil

II

Thus first were made by *Thames* the motley meads,
Wearing the livery of the Summer's Queen
Whose flowery robe o'er them she freely spreads, 10
With colours more than are in *Iris* seen,
And all the ground and hem of grassy green,
Whereon the silly sheep do fearless feed,
While on a bank the shepherd tunes his reed

III

Next shady groves where *Delia* hunteth oft,
And light-foot *Fairies* tripping still do haunt
There mirthful *Muses* raise sweet notes aloft,
And wanton birds their chaste loves cheer'ly chant
There no delightful pleasure e'er doth want,
There *Sylvian* with his Satyrs doth remain, 20
There Nymphs do love and are belov'd again

IV

This place doth seem an earthly Paradise,
Where on fit object every sense may feed,
And fill'd with dainties that do thence arise,
Of superfluity help others' need,
Yet no satiety that store doth breed
For when the sense nigh surfeits on delight,
New objects the dull'd appetite do whet

V

This place, I say, doth border on a plain,
Which step-dame *Nature* seems t' have made in scorn, 30
Where hungry husbandmen have toil'd in vain,
And with the share the barren soil have torn,
Nor did they rest till rise of ruddy morn
Yet when was come the harvest of their hopes,
They for their gain do gather grainless crops

VI

It seems of starv'd *Sterility* the seat,
Where barren downs do it environ round
Whose parchèd tops in Summer are not wet,
And only are with snow in winter crown'd,
Only with bareness they do still abound, 40
Or if on some of them we roughness find,
It 's tawny heath, badge of the barren rind

VII

In midst of these stands *Croydon* cloth'd in black,
In a low bottom sink of all these hills:
And is receipt of all the dirty wrack
Which from their tops still in abundance trills
The unpav'd lanes with muddy mire it fills

20 *Sylvian*] Note the unnecessary : It is probably a misprint, as the form is correct below

If one shower fall or if that blessing stay,
You may well smell, but never see your way

VIII

For never doth the flower perfumed Air 50
Which steals choice sweets from other blessed fields
With panting breast take any resting there
Nor of that prey a portion to it yields
For those harsh hills his coming either shields
Or else his breath infected with their kisses,
Cannot enneh it with his fragrant blisses

IX

And those who there inhabit suiting well
With such a place do either negroes seem
Or harbingers for *Pluto*, Prince of hell,
Or his fire beaters one might rightly deem, 60
Their sight would make a soul of hell to dream
Besmear'd with soot, and breathing pitchy smoke
Which (save themselves) a living wight would choke

X

These with the demi gods still disagreeing,
(As vice with virtue ever is at jar)
With all who in the pleasant woods have being
Do undertake an everlasting war
Cuts down their groves and often do them scare,
And in a close pent fire their arbours burn
While as the *Muses* can do nought but mourn 70

XI

The other *Sylvans* with their sight affrighted,
Do flee the place whereas these elves resort,
Shunning the pleasures which them erst delighted,
When they behold these grooms of *Pluto's* court,
While they do take their spoils and count it sport
To spoil these dainties that them so delighted,
And see them with their ugly shapes affrighted

XII

To all proud dames I wish no greater hell
Who do disdain of chastely proffered love,
Than to that place confin'd there ever dwell, 80
That place their prides dear prince might justly prove
For if (which God forbid) my dear should move
Me not come nigh her for to pass my troth
Place her but there and I shall keep mine oath[1]

Sonnet XIX

FOND doubtful *Hope Reason* deprav'd false fires,
Deceiving thoughts and plaints proving but wind
Ill grounded grief springing from vain desires
Have led me in a maze of error blind
But *Thou* whose eye surveys this earthly ball
And sees our actions ere they be begun
High and Eternal Mover of this all
Whose mercy doth man's misery fore run

58 negroes] Orig 'Nigros
The *Collier* (charcoal burner) *of Croydon* illustrates this song

Now in the right way turn my wand'ring heart,
Teach me to bid farewell to fond desire 10
Deceiving *Error* and *Vain-joy* depart,
With Thy all-quick'ning spirit my soul inspire
Grant, Lord, I may redeem my mis-spent time,
And (if I sing) to Thee I praise may chime

Song IX

I

O HOW my sin-clogged soul would soar aloft,
And scale the crystal sky to seek remeed
But that foul Sin (wherewith I stain it oft)
Makes it to sink through doubt of my misdeed
In scroll of guilty conscience I read
The rueful legend of my passèd life,
The thought whereof maketh my heart to bleed,
Finding my foul offences are so rife

II

Fear makes me faint to find such, and so many
As there are ranked in that ragged roll 10
Despair doth say there was ne'er such in any,
Weeping cannot them wash nor heart condole
God's Wrath and *Justice* showeth to my soul,
For every sin that must be satisfied
What will become of me with such a scroll,
Since *Death* the wage of Sin is sure decreed?

III

Never to blooming virgin truest mirror,
Did represent beauty with more delight
Than subtil *Satan* with affrighting terror,
My guiltiness doth show me with despight 20
What erst as trifles seemèd to my sight
Now are death-worthy, my late-liking sin
Is now displeasing, and would bar me quite
All hope of help, since such I wallowed in

IV

Hope to my heart my *Saviour* doth present,
With all His *Passions* prov'd for sinners' sake,
Yet none but he that doth from heart repent,
Can use of that great satisfaction make
I hold of Him by a firm faith must take,
And all His sufferings to myself apply 30
If penitence want not, nor *Faith* be weak,
Of *Heaven* I know He cannot me deny

V

But where's *Repentance* for so foul a stain?
Why stint you, eyes, continually to shower?
The humid liquor of your moist'ning-rain
Doth make to sprout the fair *Repenting-flower*
Give tears no respite, nor no truce an hour,
And since with wand'ring looks you did offend
With still-distilling drops your canker scour,
With coming care your passèd 'scapes amend. 40

VI

Ah hapless heart, why rend'st not with remorse?
For quick conceiving what the flesh hath wrought
Hast thou (depravèd) bent to ill thy force?
And knows thy *Maker* thy most secret thought?
And wilt thou yet be negligent in aught
Thee may reclaim or with contrition wound?
Bleed bleed to think that who so dear thee bought
Thou st crucifi d *again* with thorns hast crown d

VII

And thou frail *Flesh*, shame not now to begin,
Thee to submit to the reforming spirit 50
Think of the by ways thou hast wander'd in
Which lead to Hell, and Death deserved merit
Why art thou proud? Thou canst not heaven inherit
Lie down in dust do no works of thine own,
But what the soul commands oh! willing hear it
By thy obedience let its rule be known

VIII

But *Lord!* without Thy sweet assisting grace
I can do nought, all my attempts are vain
I cannot come without Thou call, alas!
Grant me this grace, and bring me home again 60
Let Thy blest *Spirit, Faith Hope* and *Love* remain
Still in my soul the *Flesh*, the *World* and *Devil*
Deprive of power let them no more reign
Or if they tempt, deliver me from evil

IX

Thou rt not desirous that a sinner die
But that he may repent his sins and live
Thou bidst the heavy laden come to Thee
And Thou wilt ease the weight that doth him grieve
Thou bidst him knock and Thou wilt ope the leave
Of that strict gate that leadeth unto bliss, 70
Grant I repent, do come, do knock, receive
Life lightning entrance where no anguish is

X

Lord! grant me grace my coming days to number
To wisdom then I shall my heart apply
Roll me out of this lethargy and slumber
Of sin and sloth wherein I now do lie
Sinners (that seeing) soon shall draw Thee nigh
Shunning base thoughts, their *souls* to Thee shall raise
And with a sweet consort shall pierce the skies
Of Thy great mercy and eternal praise 80

Sonnet XX

O *Father God* who by Thy word didst make
The Azured vault, and all the host of heaven
The hills vales plains freshstreams, and briny lake
And unto each inhabitants hast given
O *Word* which (for our sakes) didst flesh become
With sinners to purge sin hadst habitation

Crimeless accus'd, condemn'd, the Cross Thy doom,
Suff'redst Death, Burial, rose for our salvation

O *Holy Ghost*, which dost from Both proceed,
Sweet soul-inspiring Spirit, with peace and love, 10
Comfort to all, cast down for sinful deed,
Lessening their woes with hopes of Heaven above

O *Trinal-one*, one *God* and *Persons* three,
Reform my ways, and draw me unto *Thee*

FINIS

To his singular friend

Mr. William Lithgow [1]

The double travail (*Lithgow*) thou hast ta'en,
One of thy feet, the other of thy brain,
Thee, with thyself do make for to contend,
Whether the Earth thou 'st better pac'd or penn'd
Would *Malaga's* sweet liquor had thee crown'd,
And not its treachery, made thy joints unsound,
For Christ, King, Country, what thou there endur'd,
Not them alone, but therein all injur'd
Their tort'ring rack, arresting of thy pace,
Hath barr'd our hope of the world's other face 10
Who is it sees this side so well express'd,
That with desire, doth not long for the rest?
Thy travail'd countries so describèd be,
As readers think they do each region see.
Thy well-compacted matter, ornate style,
Doth them oft, in quick-sliding Time beguile,
Like as a maid, wand'ring in Flora's bowers,
Confin'd to small time, of few flitting hours,
Rapt with delight, of her eye-pleasing treasure,
Now culling this, now that flower takes such pleasure, 20
That the strict time whereto she was confin'd
Is all expir'd whiles she thought half behind,
Or more remain'd So each attracting line
Makes them forget the time, they do not tine
But since sweet future travail is cut short,
Yet lose no time, now with the Muses sport,
That reading of thee, aftertimes may tell,
In Travel, Prose, and Verse, thou didst excel

Patrick Hannay

[1] Printed by Laing, in his Introduction, from the third edition of Lithgow's *Travels*, 1623 The torture referred to in the poem is rather well known from the passage describing it in these *Travels*, which has found its way into books of 'Selections' 'To his singular friend' seems not to occur till the fourth edition of 1632 but it would be unsafe to infer that the writer was still alive

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